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"LE COMMENCEMENT."

Bright college days! What joy and bliss

Thy presence brings each year!

What mortal in this world would miss

Thy rare, delightful cheer?

Though Autumn's days bring leaves of gold

Foretelling life's decay;

Yet college days new dreams unfold,

New scenes of life portray.

New dreams of fancy shall they be?

New scenes of worthless toil?

To man rich blessings are not free

The soul must prove the soil.

Shall it be soil of richest mould,

That nourished brings forth fruit?

Or shall it be soil, damp and cold,

That stays forever mute?

Forever mute? It cannot be,

For God's demands are few,

And man must reap eternally

The beautiful and true.

J. S. Albert, '09.

THE AUTUMN SPORT.

JOHN S. ALBERT, '09.

It is with a feeling of intense trepidation that I undertake to write a short article in defence of that great American game, which has such a strong hold upon the minds of students and faculty in most of the colleges and universities of the land; that great American sport, without which autumn would be in a state of chaos—namely foot-ball. It is heralded in with great enthusiasm and forms one of the main features in the autumn campaign.

Many people shake their heads, doubting the saneness of this ideal college sport. But how many are so enthused that they cannot wait for the referee's whistle, announcing that the battle is on—the battle of supremacy between the different colleges of the land. Their thoughts often are of such a nature,—I mean those who doubt—does it not develop men of brute strength, of inhuman kindness and further bring out the animal nature? Alas, what fools these mortals be!

Football, in the first place is very healthful and invigorating. This may seem paradoxical, because many think that after a strenuous game, the vitality of one is completely exhausted, that he needs a stimulous to bring to life his deadened spirits. The opposite effect is more often the case. But the greatest danger lies in this fact,—that men who are physically weak, who have a frail constitution, engage in this strenuous sport, and exert themselves to their utmost capacity, and succumb to the strain

and exertion. The danger of being killed in football is the same as in baseball. Gather statistics, and in the years 1904-1905 and 1906 fortynine were killed playing baseball, and fortyeight lost their lives in football. Do we condemn baseball? Not in the least. Yet the percentage is the same.

Who does not realize that a few hours exercise after a strenuous day in the class-room, with books, is not beneficial? The mind is relaxed from the strain placed upon it, the body is brought into full play, and a process of rebuilding is taken up. The cry is "well he needn't play football. Many other games are just as beneficial." But there is something in football which appeals to the individual, which in itself is restive in its character,—the fascination of the game.

Secondly, football is a great developer of mental equilibrium, of keen perception, and concentration of mind. With marvelous rapidity, the game is progressing that scientific principles will completely outgeneral brute force and animal strength. Behold the desperate struggle! Everyone is on the alert, neither side wishes defeat. A false move, a poor display of generalship, and the game is lost. Coolness of nerve, quickness of dispatch, outdistance and outgeneral one who has had no mental equilibrium, no concentration of mind, no keen perception. With dexterity and promptness to flank the enemy with a counter strategic move demands a mastery of the subject, demands celerity of thinking, and quick

execution. He who cannot call all his faculties into play at the proper moment; who cannot concentrate his whole intellect, will and feeling upon the play of his opponent is a poor soldier and deserves defeat.

Greece boasted of her powers in more than one line, architecture, sculpture, literary art, and finally her strong and able soldiers, who were first of all athletes, who trained themselves under rigid instructions. They realized the true saying "A sane mind in a strong body". Of course, we do not want to be Greeks, but I am sure that if the American nation cared more for the development of the mind and body, then there would be no need of hospitals for those who were unable to control their sensual desires of greed, of lust, and of gluttony. The sooner one learns that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the better will it be shown in the morals of any country.

Thirdly, football teaches self-control and discipline. These elements in a man's character are of great importance. Who when he is offended, does not strike. Self-control on the football field is often a deciding factor in the outcome of a game. Discipline is necessary, and he who is able to discipline himself so as to be in good physical condition, need not fear the outcome.

Finally, football fosters loyalty. Athletics in general have that tendency. The encouragement of a spirit of loyalty is developed in the student body, because the students are all bound to one common cause. If their Alma Mater suffers defeat, they feel it in their very bones. Her experiences are their experiences. Defeat has power to influence them to nobler efforts, to greater sacrifice, to more splendid heroism. He will raise her when she falls, succor her when she calls for help, and mark it well, a loyal student makes a loyal alumnus.

I know that many criticise the turn that athletics have taken in college activities, yet what is the ideal of the modern youth? He does not long to sit and fill his mind with facts like the monks of the Middle Ages, without exercise, without the social functions which should be indulged in moderately, but he longs for a life which will make him a man, a man of character. He looks forward to the time when athletics are a part of the college, but it must be the subordinate part.

Remember, I am not over-emphasizing the place of athletics in a college, of which football is an interesting factor, but I contend that they are essential and I earnestly and ardently look for the time when all prejudices against inter-collegiate sports will be banished forever.



CHEERFULNESS, A DUTY.

KARL L. REISNER, '10..

If I were asked what is the most effective principle in the outward influence of man in all his relations to his fellow men, I would answer Cheerfulness.

If I were asked what power above all others has gone farthest in smoothing the rough places in all the common duties of life, I should again proclaim for Cheerfulness the first place among those qualities which lighten our earthly existence and tend to bring us closer to the Divine.

But Cheerfulness besides being an expression of good fellowship and passing good will among men, is even more, it is a solemn duty, which if kept can work wonders in the hearts and minds of all those with whom it comes in contact.

It not only marks him who by its exercise seems to carry the heaviest burden as if it were the lightest joy but it marks all those who come in contact with him.

Cheerfulness is hardest to be assumed yet by him who recognizes in it a duty, it can be easily put on and by the continued wearing of it, it becomes as a beautiful, well fitting garment which the wearer cares not to lay aside and grows brighter and more beautiful in the wearing.

Cheerfulness exercised as a duty becomes a virtue casting its rays to the highest heavens and touching with happy tenderness the lowest realms of the universe.

Is it not a divine command that we do even the little things of this life cheerfully? On that degree of good cheer which characterizes our work is placed the extent of our reward.

This helpful quality has won battles in every department of life and without it no battles could be begun, without its influence none would be complete. Carlyle says, "Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

Because Cheerfulness should be the duty of all men the devil has made of it a tool, God has made it a power unto salvation.

This duty is a requisite for all true servants of man, whether they be in the sanctuary, in the sick-room or in the field of honor and valor. When the business man says *smile* he is only impressing that duty which has gone far in writing success above his efforts in the commerce world.

It is as old as the foundations of the earth and as new as the latest achievement on the earliest dawn of the future.

Take away all virtue, all the glory of man's achievement in art and letters but let Cheerfulness stand and the world would still be right.

If this quality be considered a duty then must it come from within and as surely as it comes from within, it will become a wonderful power for good to each and every individual who earnestly feels its responsibilities. "He makes a July's day short as December; And with his varying children, cures in me thoughts that would thicken my blood."

Therefor, to your duty as a Christian, as a scholar, as a citizen, add the duty of Cheerfulness and in that conscious principle make your life a perfect joy and a blessing to all who know you.



"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE".

WHY COLLEGE MEN SUCCEED.

CHAS. E. McCORMICK, '09.

In times gone by the controversy was generally on the question whether the college man had been able to prove his superiority over the trained apprentice or so called self-made man. Now in our modern progressive times the heretofore questioned superiority has been universally acknowledged but our insatiable nature of investigation and criticism, which distinguishes the thinker of today, while it accepts this empirical decision, nevertheless demands to know the reason why it is that, when college men go out into the world, they are more apt to receive positions of trust and confidence than those who have not had a college education.

This success is due to a number of reasons some of which I shall endeavor to demonstrate to the best of my ability, in consideration of the paucity of the space permitted me.

It has been, and among a great many still is, the prevalent but erroneous idea that the college education makes the man. A college education does not make the man; it develops him. But it almost enables the man of native ability to strike his own gate more quickly.

Employers have lately come to realize this fact. Experience has taught them that the best value is found in the young man who enters business a little later in life but with better educational training and a more mature judgment, even though they are compelled to pay him four or five times the salary at which they used to start the office boy.

It is the trained mind of the college

man that gives his employer confidence in him. When he finishes his course at the university, college or technical school, he may have little practical knowledge of business to grasp a vast amount of detail, to observe the fundamental principles that form the real basis of this or that occupation, to profit by his mistakes and finally to learn to achieve results.

He does not work blindly. Before he has been occupied very long, he knows exactly what part his duties play in the routine of the business. Here the mental training, as a resultant of his college education, has the first real and tangible opportunity of displaying itself. He will not only see the weaknesses of some system but will be capable of suggesting a better one. In case of unforeseen complications, his logically trained mind will grasp at once the difficulty and at the same time suggest new devices for overcoming it. He is not left to the mercy of mere empirical knowledge, but mounting on the incidents of the past he rises into the future. Thus his knowledge not only enables him to fill his position well but to advance rapidly into something better. He is a man who will be ready for promotion, will merit promotion, and will "live up to" his promotion whenever promotion comes.

The breadth of his views and his superior knowledge enable him to see enormous possibilities and opportunities that this life affords; and thus, the field before him continually widening, his ambition to do great things becomes almost

limitless. This ambition is another reason for the great success and rapid advancement that usually attend the efforts of the college-bred man. He sees that this world offers wonderful opportunities to the right man; and the right man is generally the one who is better and more quickly able to grasp the importance of the present and project the results into the future. He sees some economical weakness at this point or some diplomatic mistake at that. With grim determination he battles his way through the pall of darkness that surrounds the beginner and with a breathless rush he surges up into the brilliant daylight of success and stands strong and confident on the pinnacle of triumph.

The fact that the young college graduate's head is often crammed full of theories was once used as a strong ar-

gument against him. But now that our view of the theoretical is becoming more and more lenient, now when we live in a time when we see the theory of yesterday become the fact of to-day, this same argument has redounded to his favor. Men who can devise theories and put them into practice are everywhere in great demand. The man whose field of theoretical expansion is greatest is the man whose mind has been logically trained in some college of good repute. Thus, it is to the man with the superior mental training that the greatest and only true kind of success most rapidly comes. We have our phenomona of so called self-made men rising to wonderful, dizzy heights; but think what they might have attained and how much more rapid the attainment had they had the advantages offered by a college education.

NOTICE.

A public debate will be held in the Lyric Theatre, on the evening of February 30, 1909. Question: "Resolved, that it pays to advertise." Affirmative: The Allentown Police Force. Negative: Sophomores and Freshies of Muhlenberg College. Admission: \$6.50 to \$1.50.

TRUE MERIT.

WALTER W. BROSSMAN, '12.

It is the custom of the twentieth century, or, at least, of a great number of the people living in the twentieth century to think and speak, both lightly and uncomplimentary of all such persons whose personal appearances do not seem to them to be ideal and whose education and social culture is insufficient to admit them to *their* social plane. In other words, many of the people of this century are prone to judge and to make decisions pertaining to their fellow human beings. Nor is this number small. Far from it. Many of these would-be refined people become prejudiced and ready to condemn the lower class simply on account of the fact, that they imagine themselves above them and to hold any communication with them would be a woeful blunder. Often this "lower" class is condemned without even any of their good qualities being at all noticed. Some are against them without any further reasons than that the influencing words of press articles or the gossips of their companions have influenced *them*.

In reality, a great injustice is being done. If it would only be remembered that God created all and that not even he has made a distinction between any two persons, or any two classes, possibly considerable hesitation would precede their condemnation. Very beautifully has Cincinnatus Heine Miller (Joaquin Miller) expressed in verse, what has just been said relative to the making of classes:

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,

In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God has not."

And yet, nevertheless, the almost incredible thing is that even when God has not made a distinction between any two classes and upheld one and condemned the other, the already mentioned self-considered, above-the-ordinary class are ready to and in fact frequently have separated all persons who do not appeal to them; they have made a barrier—(and I do not believe I am exaggerating)—almost as broad as it could possibly be made.

Why do they act thus? Is one wrong in contributing the cause solely to their unwarranted self-conceit? They imagine that a person in order to be worthy of even the slightest recognition, must be of a winning personal appearance, must dress in a manner becoming to the times and must, at all times, act just as is prevalent among the special few.

We frequently read or hear of men of more than ordinary attainments and should no descriptions of them be given, it would be but natural for us to form some idea of their appearances. Usually we would imagine them to be men of wonderful physique, of pleasant features and very leaders among their fellow men, and, yet, often, should we be brought face to face with some of them, we might involuntarily express our disappointment with a noticeable sigh.

Two gentlemen happened to be sitting in a restaurant in London one day when a third entered. "That", whis-

pered one of the men to the other, "is Sir Isaac Watts". "What!" exclaimed the other, rather loudly, "who would have thought a little fellow like he to be so eminent. He doesn't seem to have any education whatever". Watts overheard the remark arose and said:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,

Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,

The mind is the stature of the man."

Had Watts been less modest he might have said (and thus would have prevented Alexander Hamilton for saying it many years later): "The native brilliancy of the diamond needs not the polish of art; the conspicuous features of pre-eminent merit need not the coloring pencil of imagination, nor the florid decoration of rhetoric."

The above is merely an illustration

to show how often a hurried opinion of a person will not be doing even small justice to their ability or abilities. Let us take time in forming opinions of persons. Hurried opinions are never satisfactory and even in the lower classes we may find much merit which possibly has never before been thought to exist. After all, to follow the example of God we have no right whatever to judge any person and avoid him on account of merely superficial reasons. In more than one person is true merit which has never been brought to light and which surrounding humanity is entirely ignorant of. Let us remember this and look at the lower class from a different point remembering Bancroft's words, "the common mind is the true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a God."

The Sophs and Freshies have been puzzling their brains over the question: how did those would-be County Commissioners and County Clerks succeed in tacking up their election appeals: "Vote for Adam Smith for County Commissioner" and "Vote for William

Jones for County Clerk", without being caught. We would suggest that they see these various gentlemen in person. Probably they received reduced advertising rates from the Captain of the Allentown Police Force before putting up their aforesaid placards.



WHEN THE CHIEF AND HIS TRIBE RETURNED.

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

When Braddock was defeated in 1715 all his military as well as private papers were captured by the French. To this possibly more than any other cause may be attributed the disastrous campaign of that year. The French, in full possession of all plans for the campaign, followed up the advantage very closely and the result with but one exception was defeat to the English forces. Later when Pitt and the colonies organized an immense army under Forbes, who, although a brave general, was defeated in his first encounter with the enemy, a military pay-chest and a box of papers were again captured. Why the French, profiting by former experience, did not again follow up this advantage and cause another disastrous campaign to the English is a question unsolved by Military genius. The truth is that its solving is only another instance of unrecorded and unrewarded services rendered for home and country.

When the English were making such enormous preparations for the "Final Struggle", as the French and Indian War is sometimes called, the French were by no means inactive. To every Indian tribe of which they had any knowledge they send agents to stir up the savages against the English. One of these emissaries found his way as far east as Eastern Pennsylvania among tribes apparently friendly to the English. The wily Frenchman, however, enlarging the causes of the war to Indian size and painting very elaborately

the amount of booty and scalps, finally persuaded a young chief of the Delawares and ten braves to accompany him. The old men shook their heads in disdain but the young men lured on either by love of adventure, or possibly more for the scalps and gold, whose value they had already learned from the settlers, accompanied the Frenchman to the western part of the state and camped in the vicinity of Fort Kasiaska.

The sudden disappearance of so large a number of men without cause occasioned the settlers to suspect treachery. They immediately asked for an explanation. The old men explained that meat was scarce in the camp and game still scarcer, so that the braves had departed on a long hunting expedition and would probably remain for many moons. The settlers seemed to be satisfied, although the term 'hunting' was very often a convenient Indian mask used to conceal acts of treachery. Consequently when General Forbes and his company of Americans and English had their first encounter with the French, this small party participated in his defeat. They captured an army pay-chest, a box of valuable papers, and one prisoner.

As suddenly as the chief and his braves disappeared, so suddenly they reappeared though the English were unaware of their precious burden.

The prisoner who afterward gave us this bit of information was one of Washington's Virginia Rifle-men. His edu-

cation comprised the three only essentials of a frontier life, namely,—the art of using the tomahawk, scalping-knife and rifle to perfection. Thomas Lee, for by this name he is best known, was well aware of all the wiles and tricks of Indian life so that his capture did not seem to displease him in the least. He was soon daily initiated as a brave into the tribe by the old process of washing and hair-pulling and in due time was given a seat in the council.

He had not been in the council long before, by a scanty knowledge of the language and signs he realized that the captured pay-chest contained some valuable military papers belonging to the English. He further realized that if these would fall into the hands of the French it would be dangerous to the English cause. He immediately meditated on some plan of getting those papers into his possession.

The undertaking was both dangerous and difficult. During his capture he seemed outwardly content with his surroundings, though inwardly he was restless. Knowing that a fatal step meant a speedy death and the foiling of his plans he acted cautiously. Accordingly he put into use his favorite attitude which served him admirably,—that is, he kept his eyes and ears open and mouth closed. His vigilance was soon rewarded.

One day he heard two old warriors talking together very earnestly and in low tones not very far away from his own lodge. He listened very carefully and soon learned that they were trying to decide upon the best manner of disposing of certain papers now in their possession. The old men came to no conclusion that he could learn save that

they take another look at the papers. Having heard this Lee immediately followed the two Indians into the forest, where, from the hollow stump of an old tree they took the papers and looked at them.

After the frontiersman was in the tribe for a few months and had shown no signs of escape, he was allowed more freedom. Soon he associated freely with the settlers, cautiously at first, then more and more frequently. Having found the hiding place of the treasure he realized that he must act quickly if he acted at all. He determined to take one of the settlers into his confidence. Picking out a seemingly trustworthy fellow he revealed the secret to him bit by bit, thinking that his red brother might consider a lengthy conversation suspicious. When the treasure was mentioned the man's avaricious nature got the better of him and he would hear of nothing but the treasure. Thinking this would be his only opportunity, however unfavorable, he resolved to trust fate and take it. Accordingly the two put their heads together, set a date, and formed plans.

In the mean time all was well at the Indian camp. Not the least suspicion was noticed by the frontiersman. The right was favorable for the successful carrying out of their plans. It was almost pitch dark and a storm was coming up. However cunning our young frontiersman was his frequent conversations with one particular settler had not escaped the vigilant eye of a young brave. He divined the cause and watched his man. Fortunately for the two Englishmen the brave, who had discovered Lee's absence almost immediately, lost his way in the darkness and was sometime in finding it again. Dur-

ing this time the two men had already secured the treasure-chest and put it to a place of safety. Just as Lee and his companion were in the act of returning to get the box of papers the young brave again lost his way and immediately he heard the two men. Before another second had passed the shrill war-hoop of the Delawares was heard and in an equally short time a score or more yells announced that they had heard the signal. Lee now knew that it was war to the teeth but fortune favored him. His companion had started off as soon as he heard the first yell and Lee resolved to take an opposite direction thus dividing the forces of his pursuers.

When the Indians reached the spot a low howl announced that the loss was discovered. The vigilant brave having mistaken Lee for his companion took the wrong route and thus gave our hero more time. The result was that the settler was soon captured and another low howl announced their disappointment. Lee realized his own peril as soon as they realized their mistake. He could hear distinctly that they were gaining on him every minute, he himself being encumbered by the heavy box of

papers. He soon saw that his only safety lay in the discarding of the box. Unwilling to have them fall into the hands of the savage again he determined to make a desperate effort to hide them. Coming to a small lake formed by an overflowing creek, he, in wading across, found an idea. He quickly dropped the heavy box which as quickly sank to the bottom and, taking a great stone, he cautiously threw it in and by luck he heard it drop on the box. After an all night travel Lee finally escaped.

Many years later Lee returned and made a fruitless search for the papers but he was consoled by the fact that the Indians failed to recover them too.

For fear of detection Lee's companion buried the treasure. This bit of information settles two points in history formerly somewhat hazy. First, it answers the question of the military authorities, why the French did not follow up their first success with similar success since they had all plans in their possession. Second, it settles the fact that not Indians but the English buried the gold frequently found by the present generation in stumps, hollow trees, and old houses.



IN SEARCH OF AN AFFINITY.

WACH, '09.

Christy looked pale, gaunt, and worried. His appetite was poor, he could scarcely sleep at night, and when he did he was generally toiling up a steep hill with a great wagon load of ledgers. As he neared the top a whole host of figures would roll, tumbling and swarming down the incline burying him and his wagon in a great smothering heap. Of course the whole affair would clatter pell mell down the the hill side and plunge over the customary precipice but just as he was about to strike the bottom Christy would wake with a start in time to hear the inevitable half-past seven tolled out by the clock in the court-house tower. Thus life became to Christy a mere existence with figures and ledgers overwhelming him both by day and by night.

At length one day he screwed up enough courage to face the banks president and ask for a weeks vacation. But the president was curt and shortly informed him that, under the existing conditions, it was an utter impossibility. When Christy weakly protested the president turned to his desk and told him to come back in about two months and he would see what he could do for him. So Christy ambled listlessly out.

"No go?" questioned Williams coming out of the vault as Christy climbed back on his stool again.

"No go", responded Christy smiling languidly.

"Say," said Williams placing on the table the tin box which he had been carrying. "I don't believe that you were

cut out for this kind of work. Banking's no fun unless you're born to it."

"I used to think that you were wrong," replied Christy biting the end of his penholder, "but now I am beginning to believe that you are right."

"Whatever made you go into it, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. I had an uncle who made loads of money in this business and I used to think that would be nice. Those were the days when money seemed everything."

"What's your uncle's name? Oh, I beg your pardon!" Apologetically — "I'm such an ass."

"No, no. That's all right. I suppose you've heard of him before. He is quite prominent in financial and business circles. His name is Park, John Park." Then, as Williams' jaw dropped and his eyes opened wide with surprise and astonishment. Christy added, half-humorously, "I see you know him."

"Well I'll be — !" Williams finally found breath to gasp. "You don't mean to say that your old man Parks' nephew and are—Well I'll be—"

"Sh! Keep quiet. I didn't tell you to make it public. Besides he doesn't know me from Adam; to my knowledge I have never so much as laid eyes on him."

"Well, I bet he'd know me from Adam if I were his nephew. Why on earth don't you—," but at this point the president appeared; so, grabbing up his tin box, Williams fled.

Work went hard for Christy that morning—exceptionally hard. He was running up a column of figures for the fifth time trying in vain to find a three cent deficit when a pounding and thumping at the door leading into the corridor attracted his attention. Jumping down from his desk he ran over and looked out through the glass partition. A short, stout, smooth-faced man, well up in years, wearing a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat as marks of distinction stood before the door, growling to himself, and alternately thumping the tiling with his cane and the panels with his fist. Christy, not a little amused, watched him for about a second and then opened the door.

"These accursed, newfangled locks!" growled the stranger stumping over the threshold. "They're no good. They'll bore a hole fill it with glycerine and blow the place to pieces anyway. Where's Jenkins?" he demanded, glancing up at Christy.

"You wish to see the president, Mr. Jenkins?" questioned Christy, politely.

"Of course I do! Whom did I ask for?"

"Please take this chair. What name shall I—" began Christy.

"Get out! I'll see Jenkins myself," interrupted the stranger and as he seemed to be some person of note and perfectly confident of his bearings, Christy permitted him to wend his way over to the president's office without interruption. As he disappeared within closing the door after him Christy turned to his desk. Somehow he felt better. He discovered a sudden unaccountable elation surging thru him and to make things brighter he found the missing three cents and balanced his accounts to the penny.

A quarter of an hour later the door of the president's office opened and the stranger appeared followed by the president himself. The former was talking energetically and expostulating with a good deal of emphatic shaking of the head. As they reached the door leading out into the corridor he stopped and bringing his cane down with unusual force Christy heard him say: "Jenkins, sometimes I am constrained to think that you're nothing but a blamed mint!" Then without another word he plodded his way thru the open door and left the building. The president retired to his office and ten minutes later reappeared and called for Christy. Wondering what could be up Christy immediately responded.

"I have reconsidered your request for a vacation, Mr. Christy," he said as Christy closed the office door after his entrance. Christy remained silent at this news deeming it wiser to do so until matters should more fully develop.

"I don't suppose you have changed *your* mind," he added looking up from a bundle of documents which he appeared to be scrutinizing.

"I believe that I had," said Christy, speaking slowly and deliberately, "but under the existing conditions I am not to be out done in reconsideration."

The president actually smiled.

"Very well, then. You may go whenever you please. Hand your books over to Mr. Gordon—with any explanations that may be necessary, of course. That is all," and he turned to his papers.

Christy did not leave at once, however, but spent the remainder of the day fixing up his books and getting them into shape for Mr. Gordon.

For the next three days he could, with difficulty, adjust himself to the change

in program and insisted every morning, from force of habit, upon jumping out of bed at seven thirty prompt. By this time he had decided upon spending the rest of his vacation in the rural districts with rod and line but when he returned from his early morning walk in the park on Thursday he found a portentous letter awaiting him. He examined it as one will when trying to decipher who the sender might be but being able to come to no satisfactory conclusion he tore it open. It was type-written but he was forced to read it over several times before his bewildered brain could grasp the importance of the document. Such a strange, unprecedentedly puzzling missive had never passed thru Christy's hands. But there it was as plain as day, every proposition as clear as crystal and at the end was signed, in an old-fashioned somewhat trembly hand-writing, the name with which financiers were wont to conjure—John Park.

At first he had concluded that it was some joke engendered by Williams but the very beginning of the letter and the enclosed bit of paper at once refuted that. Williams could not afford to say: "Enclosed you will find check for five hundred dollars" and then actually enclose it. He read and reread that sentence and then examined again and again the check. The hand writing was identical with the signature of the letter. But probably the check was a false one. Then for the first time it came into his head to go and consult Mr. Jenkins, the president of the bank. Within five minutes he was seated in an elevated impatiently watching the miles and stations fly past. An hour after leaving his rooms he was seated in the office calmly

waiting for the president to finish looking over some papers.

At length that personage turned and saluted his visitor. "Well, good morning, Mr. Christy. Have you grown tired of your vacation so soon?"

But Christy's only reply to this was to hand to him the check and say: "Mr. Jenkins, is that genuine?"

The president took the proffered piece of paper and squinting his eyes and pursing his lips he carefully scrutinized the writing.

"Yes," he said after a minutes deliberation, "Yes, I am sure that the signature is perfectly genuine. I am sure that I ought to know, too. John Parks is an old friend of mine. I see that the check is made out in your name. Do you wish to cash it at once?"

But Christy without replying merely handed the peculiar letter to the president with the request: "Will you read this please and kindly advise me just what I am expected to do."

At the first paragraph a broad smile spread over the president's face. At the second he laughed outright.

"Well, well," he said, "if I had at all questioned the validity of that signature, every doubt would have been cleared away by this letter. I have yet to find the man would could write letters equal to those of John Park. If you would know him—but I suppose you do."

"No," said Christy, "I have never so much as laid eyes on even his picture."

"Well, well. He seems to be very anxious "that you should marry." The president referred to the letter and read: "I will assign to you rail-road and mining stock, Italian, French, and American Government bonds, and various blocks

of real estate, with a total value of two million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, on condition that one year from the date of the receipt of this letter you are married to some woman whom you actually love." That was the sum and substance of the entire letter. He was to have the benefit of interest from money deposited in the Merchants National Bank for the ensuing year; he was in no way to represent himself as a man of extensive means but merely as a gentleman in moderately comfortable circumstances. Andrew Jenkins was the only person whom, under pressure, he would be allowed to consult. Andrew Jenkins was president of the Merchants National Bank where the aforesaid money had already been placed in deposit.

"Just one minute and I'll call Williams. He will in all probabilities know whether the money referred to has already come to the bank."

"Mr. Williams," he said, as the individual entered the office, "have any monies been placed in interest accruing deposit by John Park in the name of William P. Christy?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt response.

"How much does it amount to annually?"

"Eight thousand dollars", replied Williams after a moments hesitation.

"Thank you", said the president.

"That will do." Williams left the room. "You see," he continued, "all doubt as to the sincerity of John Park has been swept away by this last revelation. It corresponds with the statement in the letter."

But Christy looked puzzled. "Yes", began Christy, "it seems to be genuine enough; but what I can't get at is his

reason for doing it. I feel almost sure that he doesn't know who I am. I did not think that he know of even my existence."

"Well, now, I wouldn't let that bother me," returned the president with a smile. "If you knew John Park you would not question the peculiarity of the proposition. Sometimes I am inclined to think that he is peculiarity personified. He is such a cranky old bachelor himself that, I presume, he has determined to save you from a like fate. I hardly think that one could find a more pleasant and congenial occupation than searching for his affinity. Now what I advise you to do is travel. It will serve three purposes. It will help materially in finding the object of your search but it will make you a little more selective besides broadening your views in an educational way. It hasn't been more than three or four years since you left college and you will be just in the proper position to appreciate several months of travel. Besides you do look a little run down and I could recommend nothing better as a health restorer."

Christy laughed. "All right," he said. "I desire that you do just one thing for me before I take the plunge and that is: keep my old position open for me."

"Your position here will be ready for you any time you desire it," replied the president.

So Christy departed hardly knowing whether he was awake or dreaming. He cashed the check as he passed the Teller's window. Williams payed out the money and congratulated him. "I knew it would come sometime" he said, "but I honestly didn't think it would be so soon."

When Christy stepped out upon the

pavement he turned, sub-consciously, toward the Central depot. Five minutes later he found himself confronted by an advertisement in glaring letters which informed the general public that for the small sum of one dollar they could enjoy the sea-breezes at Marlon-on-the-Beach. Whereupon Christy at once made up his

mind to go to the sea-shore and hear what the wild waves had to say about it. Long Beech, however, he made his objective point; and so for the first time that day, since his receipt of the letter, he started out with a perfectly rational feeling and a purpose in view.

(To be continued.)

RETROSPECTION.

In the quietness of evening
 As I sit in my arm-chair,
 Visions of my youth are passing
 Vanishing in mists of air;
 Still I seek to find their meaning,
 But I grasp in mute despair.

At the sadness that was brewing
 In my life has now come on;
 Heavy-hearted, deep in sorrow
 Come these visions, but are gone;
 Do not call them, they are vanished
 I am friendless and alone.

Hark! I hear a bell is tolling
 I am wakened from my dream
 What can be its mystic meaning?
 'Tis a passing soul, I deem.
 Death has won another mortal,
 All are under its regime.

"Jean le Louge."



OUR ALUMNI.

'69. We are greatly pleased to learn that Rev. Revere F. Weidner, D. D., L. L. D., President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, is again able to attend to his duties. He has largely regained his former health and strength.

'70. At the very successful summer schools for Sunday-School workers held at Muhlenberg College and Thiel College, Rev. William F. Krick, D. D., of Milwaukee, Wis., was one of the principal lecturers.

'71. We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Achilles J. Long, of Stouchsburg, Pa.

'74. Hon. James L. Schaadt, formerly Mayor of Allentown, and Mrs. Schaadt, have returned from a prolonged stay in England.

'78. Rev. Charles L. Fry has been installed pastor of the Lutheran Church of Catsauqua, Pa., formerly served by Rev. Edwin F. Keever, who has gone to Utica, N. Y.

'80. At the annual picnic of the Lutheran Sunday School of Effort, Pa., Rev. A. C. Wuchter, pastor, Dr. George T. Ettinger, of the Faculty, delivered the principal address. He is also announced as one of the lecturers at the City Institute of the Public Schools of Allentown.

'79. Dr. C. N. Conrad, of Rochester, N. Y., has founded a new English mission in that city.

'80. The Rev. S. B. Stupp, pastor of the St. Luke's congregation, of Springfield, Ohio, the only General Council congregation in this Lutheran city, has been elected, or appointed chaplain of

the Clark County Infirmary, and will attend to the duties of this office in addition to his regular pastoral work, holding services twice in the month, in the County Home. The Lutheran.

'82. Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph. D., Professor of the Biological Sciences in the West Chester Normal School, West Chester, Pa., has published a volume on "Nature Study" in the Lippincott Educational Series, that has been highly commended by *The Critic* of New York. In addition to his regular work at the Normal School, Prof. Schmucker is in great demand as a lecturer. Among the most prominent engagements he has recently filled may be mentioned the courses at the New York Chautauqua and the Public Lectures in New York City.

'88. Rev. J. M. Wenrich, the pastor of the Stoutsville parish, Ohio, and the Treasurer of the District Synod of Ohio, is visiting his old home in Pennsylvania, and enjoying a well-deserved vacation.

'89. We wish to congratulate the Rev. J. H. Raker, the head of the Home for Crippled Children, recently established in Allentown, upon the contents and the appearance of the first number of a paper called "Sweet Charity", published in the interests of this worthy institution. Dr. Wackernagel is the Assistant Editor of the paper.

'90. John F. Saeger, Allentown, Pa., has returned from a three months' tour through Europe.

'92. Rev. Adam L. Ramer, Ph. D., has returned from his sojourn in Hungary and taken up his residence in Allentown, Pa.

'93. We are very glad to learn that Prof. Edwin T. Kunkle's Academy, at Broadheadsville, Pa., is in a flourishing condition.

'94. Rev. Edwin S. Woodring has charge of an Evangelical Congregation in Philadelphia.

'97. Fire recently destroyed the handsome church building of the Lutheran Congregation at Shiremanstown, Pa., Rev. Harry K. Lantz, pastor.

'98.—Rev. William E. Steckel, of Marietta, Pa., was elected pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Doylestown, at a congregational meeting.

The moderator read the call for the benefit of those present, and it was decided to pay the pastor a salary of \$2000 per year with manse rent free and one month's vacation annually. The members of the session and trustees were authorized to sign the call.

Rev. William E. Steckel is the son of Mrs. and the late W. R. Steckel, former residents of this city. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College with the class of 1898, and Princeton University, and has been in the ministry five years, having been pastor at Milroy three years and at Marietta two years. During his ministry at Marietta a very handsome chapel has been erected, largely the gift of one of the active members of the congregation. He organized a boy's choir, which has added greatly to the interest of the services. He is probably the youngest member of the Westminster Presbytery, but has taken a leading and prominent part in the proceedings. He is a pulpit orator of more than average ability for a young man, and a strong feature of his success is his social qualities. Rev. Mr. Steckel is married and has one child.

The Chronicle and News.

1901. Clarence Bickel has a position in the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

1901. The first Christian Kindergarten to be opened in the West is to be found in the Church of the Epiphany, Milwaukee, Rev. G. Keller Rubrecht, pastor. It has been in successful operation for a few weeks and will be the model school for the students entering the Milwaukee Motherhouse to take up the newly established Kindergarten course. The work is in charge of Sister Tabitha Ritzmann, who has recently returned from Germany where she made a thorough study of the Kindergarten work, and an assistant. *The Lutheran.*

1902. The installation of Rev. J. F. Scholl, a graduate of this year's class at Mt. Airy, as pastor of Christ Church, West Newton, Pa., took place on Sunday, August 2nd. The congregation had been without a pastor since last September, when the Rev. E. L. Reed resigned on account of poor health. The members of the congregation were very sorry to lose their faithful pastor who had been with them for about ten years and were also very glad to have a man installed as pastor after being without one for about ten months. *The Lutheran.*

1903. At the last commencement of the University of Pennsylvania Jacob D. Heilman received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for work done in Education and Philosophy. After his marriage to a daughter of Alderman P. H. Steltz, of Allentown, Dr. Heilman, with his bride, went to Greeley, Colorado, where he has accepted a position in the Colorado Normal School.

1904. Charles A. Haines, of Slatington, Pa., last June was graduated as a Mechanical Engineer from Cornell University.

1904. William H. Keboch is the director of the Cetronia Band.

1905. Frank H. Reiter after graduation at the Mt. Airy Lutheran Seminary, has entered the Gallaudet Institute, Washington, D. C., to fit himself for work among the deaf and dumb.

1906. We are glad to report that Warren E. Bittner of Allentown, is recovering from a severe automobile accident.

1907. Edward T. Horn, Jr., Reading, Pa., after one year's post graduate work at Yale received the Master's degree.

1907. We are glad to be able to announce that Edward T. Horn has recovered from a recent illness and is, at present, convalescing in Atlantic City, N. J.

1907. Charles W. Ettinger is a reporter on "The Morning Call" of Allentown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The part that the general Alumni play in the publication of The Muhlenberg has heretofore been vested in the single department of the Alumni Editor and forms but a small portion of the entire magazine. It is the aim and hope of the present management to make the columns of this paper as interesting to the Graduate as the Under-graduate body. To a great extent the success of a college depends on the interest and support extended to her by her Alumni. Now it is our purpose to encourage this support by inviting the members of the Alumni body to contribute articles for publication in these columns. We, therefore, urge you to send to us such efforts of your experienced pen as you may deem advisable to print in a college monthly. In this way we hope to add not only to the interest of our present Graduate readers but likewise to afford to the Student body the opportunity of profiting by the empirical observation of

those who have already entered upon that great inevitable struggle which confronts all.

We feel that we, by no means, go too far when we declare that Rev. J. C. Seeger's address, at the opening exercises of the college this fall, is the best that an audience in Muhlenberg Chapel has had the pleasure of hearing in a good long time. Rev. Seegers seems to have the happy faculty of coming down within the range of his hearers and actually making things interesting. Of course he could not refrain from giving expression to his Southern disposition; but then we Yankees are big hearted and generous enough to smile at such racial idiosyncrasies. We earnestly advise every Student to read this most interesting and excellent address which is to be published in the coming issue of The Bulletin.

EDITORIALS.

The auspices under which Muhlenberg has just opened are, beyond question, the most favorable ever witnessed by any faculty and student-body of this institution. Our teaching force has been enlarged by the addition of two new instructors while the opening day saw the enrollment of a Freshman class of forty, three new Sophomores and one Senior. Thus we enter upon another year filled with golden opportunities—opportunities along mental, literary, and physical lines. Let us hope that the results may be proportionate.

The usefulness of a college cannot be measured by the perfection of its equipment. It is a well known fact that the first years of every institution have produced some of the strongest men of the entire graduate body. This is in keeping with all pioneer life where sturdy qualities are developed and the spirit of independence and self-culture blazes its path thru the wilderness of life. A glance at the list of our first graduates reveals names that would be a credit to the highest grade universities.

And yet favorable opportunities are not to be despised. The student who passes thru the Muhlenberg of to-day, with all her splendid equipment, and does not lay deep the foundations upon which to build the architecture of his life lacks either that force of character which makes the best of all advantages or the persistency of purpose to use aright each passing privilege. It is a recognized fact that all the departments of Muhlenberg are furnished with appliances for giving to theoretical study

that practical turn which the modern era demands. This is our opportunity. Let us make the most of it.

It is the practice of some institutions, when a member of the faculty has spent his strength in years of service, to send him abroad that he may recuperate, to some extent, his physical powers and probably enjoy the actual scenes upon which his life-long labors have been spent. This is indeed praise worthy. But Muhlenberg, with that foresight of a rising institution has adopted a more practical policy. She sends her young professors to the best universities at home or abroad where they may take special courses in those branches which belong to their respective chairs; thus elevating the standard of her teaching force and giving to the students the benefit of their broadened experience. At present our able and energetic professor of natural and applied sciences, Wm. H. Reese, is enjoying anew the trials and tribulations of a student at the University of New York; while Professor Horn has just returned to his college duties after a year's work in the Greek department of Harvard University.

"This issue of 'The Muhlenberg' marks the advent of a new staff". We believe that is the stereotyped way of apologizing for the crime. But we are not in the mood just now for making apologies. The material from the pens of our worthy student-body has been flowing into the editor's office like molasses in January. It seems to be the prevalent but, we wish to assure you, the decidedly erroneous idea in this college

that "The Muhlenberg" is a paper carried on by an Editor-in-chief and seven assistants. Banish this thought from your mind at once. We give you our word that it is the organ of the student-body backed by the Literary Societies of the college. Upon you it rests whether the material be good or bad; and we will add whatever other features are needed to make it attractive. We have marked the opening editorials of several chiefs of by-gone staffs and without fail the greater portion was occupied with an appeal to the students to contribute more material. This is a condition that should not exist; and yet we find ourselves forced into the same position, compelled to raise the same cry: "Give us more material." We are very desirous of maintaining the high standard of excellence to which "The Muhlenberg" was raised by the Editors of last year and to this end we appeal to you to help us as you alone can. We were extremely fortunate, in this our first attempt, to secure the cooperation of some very able men; but Fate may not be so lenient the next time. Every man in the institution is privileged and invited to contribute and if his work doesn't happen to be a classic, don't bemoan the fact. Be consoled by the information that

Shakespeare never wrote classics in college. So let us have more material and it will be our fault if you don't get a good magazine.

We are going to make a special effort this year to have some of the stories that are to appear from month to month, made more attractive by illustrations. In just how far we will succeed depends to a large extent on the condition of our finances and the number and quality of sketches handed in. We invite every man of any ability whatever to contribute to this department. You need not overlook this statement as of no account; for the possibilities of attaining our desires are at present decidedly positive. What we really need is sketches; the money is on hand to print them.

All contributions for October issue of "The Muhlenberg" must be handed into the Editor on or before the fourteenth of that month. Persons desiring to have their articles illustrated must hand in same on or before the tenth of October. For the November issue all articles must be handed in by the fifth of that month and articles for illustration by the first.



"The Firing Line" by Robert W. Chambers, is one of the best novels of the year; no one can afford to miss reading it.

The average reader will doubtless observe that the first seventy-five or hundred pages are merely introductory. After that the story becomes genuinely interesting.

Mr. Chambers is sometimes classed with our "society" novelists, and in his latest work he seems to justify the title as several of his characters are society personages. They impress us as being decidedly unique and original—particularly Malcourt, who, when he first appears scarcely seems to be the character that makes the story what it is.

Malcourt is a man of keen satire, a surfeited man of the world, with no very good reputation, nevertheless a hero at heart, faithful, self-sacrificing, and of tender sentiment.

There are several other well drawn characters—Portlaw, Wayward, Constance Palliser and Miss Snyder, all of recognizable types, and all worthy of study. A dash of physical phenomena, which characterize so much modern fiction, is inserted in the story. But the book will charm most readers chiefly because of the striking character of Louis Malcourt.

The columns of this department of "The Muhlenberg" for at least the next half-year, will be devoted to reviewing the literary contributions that have appeared in the previous issue of this monthly.

Under the title "College and Democracy" the Nation, in its latest issue, (Sept. 17), prints a terse, sensible article on fraternities in college life. The author draws a nice distinction between political and social equality, and in doing so accounts for the existence of the fraternity. He explains why our colleges are less democratic, in some respects, than the German; and, after presenting some arguments in favor of fraternities, points out the advantages which large student clubs offer as over against those offered by fraternities.

"The students", he says, "who follow their bent and confine their acquaintance to a narrow circle lose much that college might give them; and any agency which confirms them in this unhappy way is in so far forth destructive of the ends of liberal education."

However the crushing out of fraternities is not advocated, but their evil—and the author prefers to regard them as an evil—is to be removed by the institution for them of the aforementioned clubs.

His concluding sentence is strong. On the whole, the article may be said together fair to both sides of the question to be logical, and well written, and attention.

It is impossible to thoroughly and satisfactorily review, in the small amount of space that remains, Mr. Erstine's article on "The Teaching of Literature in College" which appears in "The Nation" for September 3rd. Let it suffice to say that students and teachers alike may profit by reading it. Mr. Erstine is aware of the faults that exist in present-day methods of teaching literature, and suggests some wise remedies for these defects. "The almost complete failure of the average teaching of literature", he says, "should be warning enough that the problem is not simple." And by grappling with the problem as one not to be easily solved, he has succeeded in doing more towards its solution than

most writers who have confined their thoughts to the same limited space.

According to the author, the main difficulty in teaching literature is caused by the decline in book-reading. How to make the reading of books more attractive is one of the leading problems. The first principle of teaching literature should be to discover what prevents the student from seeing the beauty in books; the second, to remove the obstacle; and the third, to see that the student reads as many books as possible. The first two principles seem fundamental and therefore well-nigh incontrovertible. The third, however, does not seem to be confirmed by the testimony of such men as Lord Bacon, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln, as well as by certain well-known psychologists. Their motto seems rather to have been "multum, non multa". But in general the arguments of Mr. Erstine may be accepted as those of a man conversant with his subject.

To Muhlenberg belongs the high honor of having started the first Students Missionary Conference among the institutions of our own Lutheran faith. The first session will be held on Sunday evening, October the eighteenth at seven thirty in St. John's Lutheran Church. Among the many excellent speakers of the evening we may mention notably the Rev. Dr. H. E. Jacobs, Dean of Mt. Airy Seminary, and especially distinguished to us as the father of our Prof. Jacobs of historical fame. On Monday the Conference will transfer its meetings to Muhlenberg Chapel. The speeches of

the morning session will deal altogether with the question of Foreign Missions and among the speakers there are three who have but lately returned from the field in India. The afternoon session will be taken up with addresses on the Home Mission work; while in the evening the important topic of "The Call" will be discussed by several prominent theologians of our Lutheran Church. For an initial Conference an unusually large delegation is expected to be present. The outlook is decidedly encouraging and great things are hoped for from this first attempt.



FOOT BALL 1908.

The season of Foot-ball is again at hand and it is here with the brightest of prospects. With the opening of College there was also an opening made for the new men, among whom appeared some husky looking individuals. At the first call for candidates some thirty-five men reported to Capt. Albert, among which number were all of last year's men with the exception of Stump and Coleman or guard and tackle of last year's team. Now with such good prospects we surely should develop a team that will make every game a victory. Dr. Bull who coached Lafayette for six years and was head-coach at University of Pennsylvania is now with us and with such a coach and such husky men what else can be expected but a winning team.

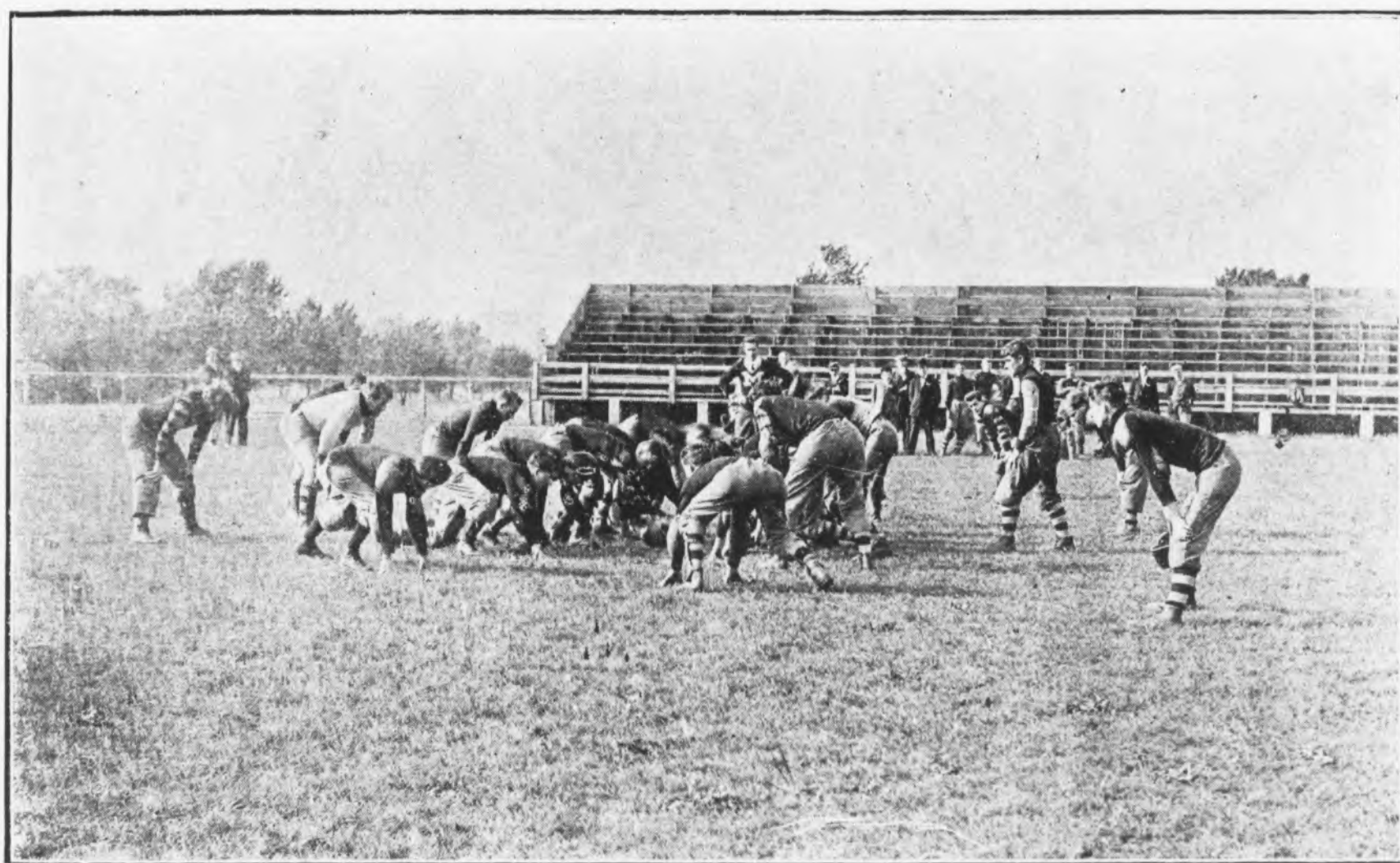
However those men that do not play Foot-Ball, must do their share in the cheering section and its up to every man to attend every game on our home field if possible. For this year Muhlenberg has a hard schedule which was so ably planned by Mgr. Smith. If at the end of the season we have won the majority of the games scheduled every one can truly pat himself on the back and say "well done". But it means work from the men on the field and it means work for all other men on the financial side. But here's hoping for the best success in Foot-Ball this year for Muhlenberg.

Following is the schedule for 1908.

October 3, Temple University, Allentown.
 October 10, Medico Chi, Allentown,
 October 17, Lebanon Valley College, Allentown.
 October 24, Ursinus, Collegeville.
 October 31, Open.
 November 7, Franklin & Marshall, Allentown.
 November 14, Rutgers, New Brunswick, N. J.
 November 21, Carlisle Ind. Res., Allentown.
 Nov. 28, Williamson Trade, Allentown.

1912, 28 - 1911, O.

The annual Freshmen-Sophomore foot ball game at Muhlenberg College Wednesday afternoon, September 30th, was a surprise in more ways than one. Coach Bull signified his pleasure at the work of different men on the teams when he told them, in a short but enthusiastic talk, that he could pick out a



SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN FOOT-BALL GAME.

[illegible]

winning eleven from the material which composed the two teams, if the men would come out and work.

The Freshmen were victorious by a good margin, winning the game from their so-called superiors by a score of 28 to 0. Shelly, Coleman, Butz and Sanders composed a backfield which simply walked through the Sophomore line. The Sophs could not gain at all through the line and the best they could do was to make vain efforts to keep the Freshies from scoring.

When the game opened, Boyer kicked off for the Sophs and Sanders received. Coleman advanced the ball five yards when the Freshies lost it but soon recovered it on a fumble and Butz promptly carried the ball forty-five yards for the first touch-down. Fink failed to kick the goal. Boyer again kicked off. Coleman received and advanced ten yards before he was downed. Shelly advanced twenty yards on a long end run. A pretty forward pass and Fink advanced another forty yards. Butz was sent through tackle for twenty yards and Coleman shoved through the line for an easy touch down. Bennett kicked the goal, score 11 to 0. Butz kicked off and Hardy received but was downed before he had time to look around unable to gain any ground. The Sophs kicked and Butz received the ball. Shelly, on an end run scored the third touch down. Bennett kicked a goal,

score 17 to 0. Keck kicked off to Baringer. On a fumble Coleman recovered the ball, just as the half ended.

In the second half Keck kicked off and the ball landed beyond the goal line. Boyer kicked from the twenty-five yard line and Sanders received. Baringer did some great work and spectacular tackling here and the Freshmen lost the ball on the ten yard line. Fink recovered the ball on a quarterback kick and with beautiful interference scored a touch down, no goal, score 22 to 0. Boyer kicked off and Coleman breaking through the line, blocked the kick while Sensenbach recovered the ball and scored the final touch down. Bennett kicked a goal, score 28 to 0.

The line-up follows:

Hardy	right end	Bennett (Fink)
Weber	right tackle	Keck
Kuder	right guard	Cressman
Ammaral	centre	Snyder
H. Shelly	left guard	S. Frederick
Bieber (Pott)	left tackle	Sensenbach
Wunder (Grant)	left end	Reiter
Eberts	quarter back	Sanders
Art. Butz	right half	H. Shelly
Boyer	left half	F. Butz
Baringer	full back	Coleman

Referee—W. Shelly. Umpire—Bos-sard. Field judge—Al. Butz. Time-keepers—McCormick and C. Miller. Headlinesmen—Putra, Aberly and Zuck. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.



PERSONALS.

Keever, '12 (after a confidential talk to a stranger at dinner)—Say, are you a Junior?

Mr. W.—No.

Keever—Are you a Senior?

Mr. W.—No.

Keever—Then what the divil are you?

Mr. W.—A tutor. (Keever collapsed).

Dr. H.—Is Mr. Shupp absent?

Zuck, '10—He's absent for the present.

Dr. H.—Mr. Zuck must have arisen quite early this morning.

Another Puzzle.—To what class does "Priest" Bechtold, '11, belong?

Rumor has it that the famous engagement of Peter Wohlsen, Jr., has been renewed indefinitely. When our reporter asked the gentleman in the case he was told: "That's my business." Looks as tho it's true.

Mr. H.—What is the name?

Morning, '10—Beethoven.

Mr. H.—No, your own.

"Spider" was reciting? in Physics.

Mr. W.—If you had a board 10 inches wide at one end and 6 inches wide at the other, how would you get the average width?

Ernst, '10—Saw one end off.

(Echoed from the Lyric, via Aberly, '10):—

Naughty boy—(Seeing astout lady)—Gee, get next to the woman who swallowed an yeast cake.

Fat Lady—Young man, if your mother had swallowed an yeast cake before you were born you would probably be better bred.

Hardy, '11—What is the Septuagint, Pete?

Wohlsen, '09—Seventy days after Easter.

Fasig, '09, due in the laboratory at 1 P. M., arrived there at 1.50 P. M., just in time to meet the tutor.

Mr. W.—Fifty minutes late! Where were you?

Silence from Fasig.

Mr. W.—Don't you know you're expected to be here at 1.? Where were you?

Fasig—In my room, smoking.

Silence from the tutor.

Alas! Alas! How have the mighty fallen! Dr. H. says in philosophy class that Anaximeter believed the fish, from which man is supposed to have been ejected, to be covered with a crust; that probably this belief was caused by his having seen some crustaceans.

With the opening of college the following new men have been enrolled: Freshmen, R. Willard Baer; Vincent L. Bennet, William G. Bowsher, Henry J. Brobst, Walter W. Brossman, Fred. P. Butz, Charles Coleman, Harry P. C. Cressman, Elvin S. Crouthamel, Langhorne W. Fink, Herbert B. Frederick, Stanley C. Frederick, James F. Henninger, Samuel J. Henry, Clarence D. Hummel, Otto Janke, Edward Keck, Paul DeB. Keever, Robert G. Kleckner, John R. Kline, Harvey I. Knerr, Luther Kresge, Willis Kuehner, Rowland W. Leiby, Adam F. Miller, Ernest J. Reiter, Edgar E. Sanders, Jacob A. Savacool, James B. Schock, John Sensebach, Jr., Chas. W. K. Shafer, Henry B. Shelly, Clarence M. Snyder, Quintin W. Stauffer, Carl G. Toebke, Clarence C. Troxell, Luther F. Waidelich, Frank M. Weida, Harry M. Wertz. In the Sophomore class: John H. Kunkle, John H. Bieber, John A. Reid, and in the Senior class, Warren A. Ziegenfus.

Morning, '10—"Ah, I don't think they ought to teach Mythology in College anyway. It's only idle (idol) talk." Services will be held in Rhoads Hall. Interment private.

Smith, '09, has been granted a three weeks' leave-of-absence on account of illness. For the same reason he has been forced to resign his positions as full-back and manager of the Varsity eleven. We hope his recovery will be complete and rapid.


Nonnemacher, '09, was elected to fill the unexpired term of Smith, '09, as manager of the Varsity eleven.

Prof. Reese paid us a visit on October 2nd—homesick to see the 'Varsity.

First accident of the foot-ball season—Grant, '11, fractured his left clavicle in the Freshman-Sophomore game.

Why the class smiled. Mr. H. in Economics: "Now suppose a man were going to a banquet and for supper that night he ate some salad; then at the banquet that night he ate this same salad; now what would you call that?" Kindly send answers to Personal Editors office on or before February 30th.





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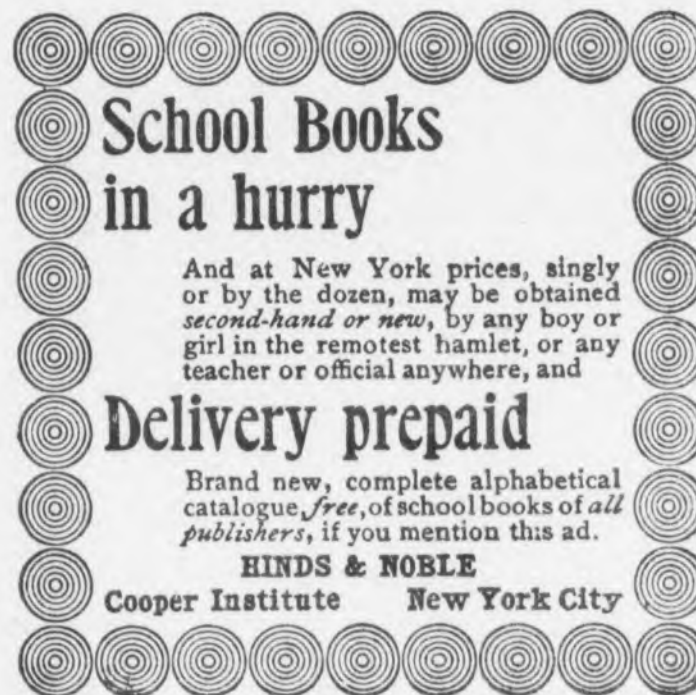
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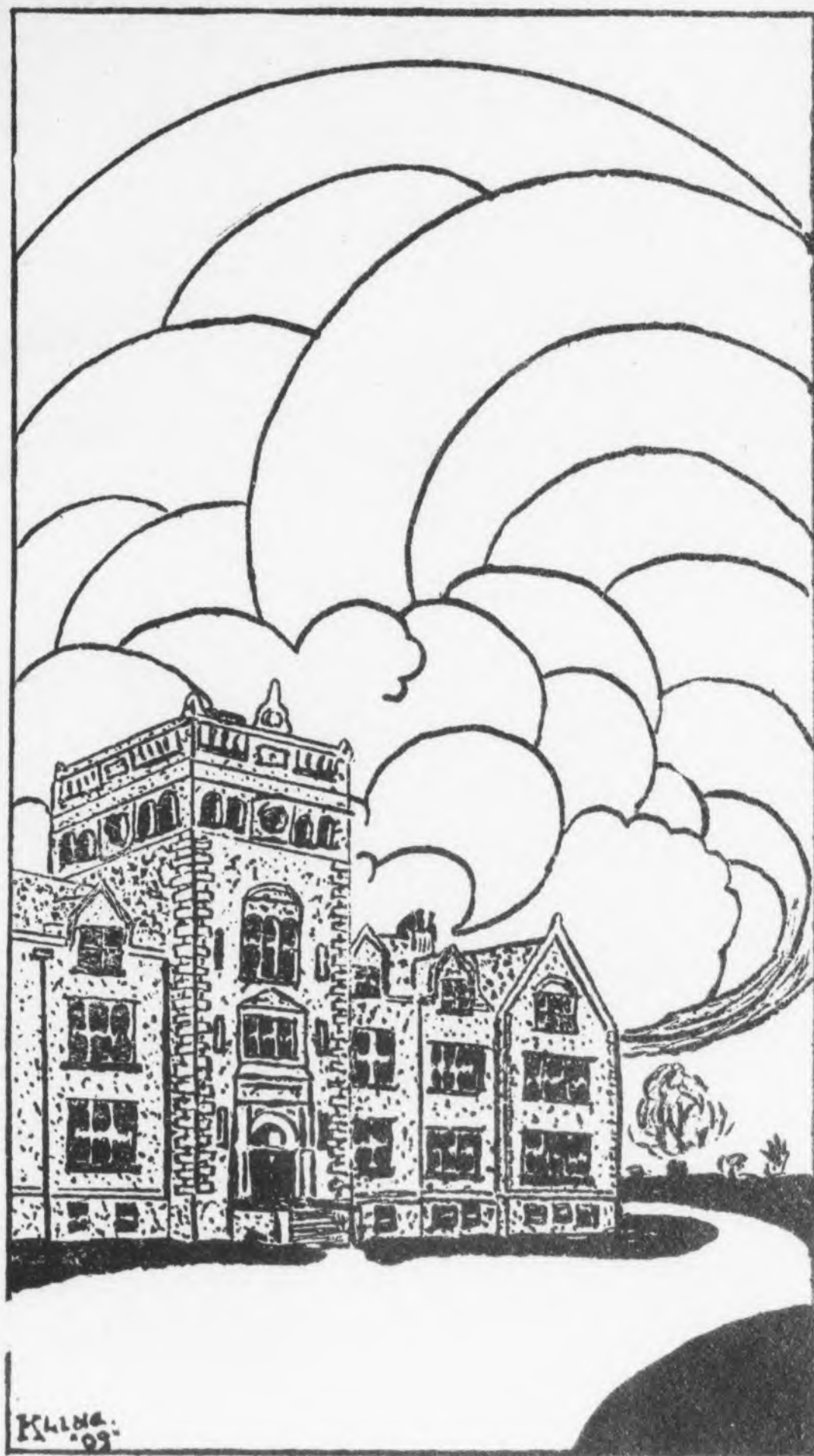
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No. 2.

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SOLIS OCCASUS.

Once more yon ball, of light the source,
Must end his course;
Receding 'fore the wings of night
As on she plies her rapid flight.

Once more that radiant orb of day
Has lent his ray;
And waneth now on rosy bed
Enshrouded in celestial red.

Who thus can paint Love's proper hue,
Be skill so true—
Save Him whose powerful master hand
Controlleth sea and sky and land?

The gorgeous peony so fair,
Cannot compare
With those propitious roseate tints,
But at their grandeur only hints!

'Tis now that swallows seek their nest,
Their wings to rest—
When fowls collect their scattered brood,
And man displays a tired mood.

Tall trees are crowned with radiant glow;
While meadows low
Breathe forth perfume,—such fragrant scent,
For earth one ne'er would think 'twas meant.

Oh, dying day's bright guardian eye,
To thee I sigh—
Thy heavenly beauty, soon 'twill flee,
And night-shades settle o'er the lea.

So may our lives, when near Death's hand,
Be just as grand—
Much holier too, than when begun,
For only then we'll hear "Well Done".
J. W. FRITSCH, '09.

THE MUHLENBERG

THE SCHOLAR AND THE STATE.

ADDRESS

*Delivered to the Alumni and Students
of Muhlenberg College, Allentown,
Penna., October 20, 1908.*

By

HENRY W. SCOTT,

President Judge, 3d District.

The student who leaves these Academic halls full of that ambitious fervor which is inspired by classic song and story, will find the world unsympathetic, perhaps irresponsible to his claim for recognition. Tongues will be ready to repeat the cheap platitude of the cynic that from undue exultation in winning conspicuous honors here, you believe the earth could not revolve on its axis without your assistance. But, notwithstanding this censorious judgment, let me assure you after all that we have been waiting for you outside. There is now a large place for the scholar in public life who can show in a private station that he is not indifferent to the duties a Republic exacts from a citizen. We have again reached an epoch that will make history. It is not less revolutionary, because no frowning cannon look down from bastioned battlements upon hostile invaders. The forces for supremacy are waging the combat over constitutional limitations. It began with Jefferson and Hamilton. It will not end with Cleveland and Roosevelt. You need not, upon departing hence, leave behind the text book, nor hang up the gown. The lessons of history are not obsolete, and the Oration on the Crown will never grow old.

The granite effigy of the soldier-student that stands on the lofty brow of a declivity in my own beautiful town where the pathway to its college leads, and silently keeps his nightly vigils over the sleeping city, does not rest there merely to commemorate martial ardor in battle, as when Thucydides wrote down for men his imperishable records of the Peloponnesian war, or blind old Homer told the tale of Troy divine. It is the type of manly youth who through all the centuries of English civilization has been ready to abandon his pursuits, and take the musket or the sword in defense of that political liberty which is his by right of inheritance. It came down from our ancestors of Anglo-Saxon blood, who in the meadows of Runnymede wrested the first great charter from a stubborn and resisting king.

There have been in our country long periods of repose from that kind of public discussion which moves Commonwealths to stop and listen. But now that evangels of discontent are abroad in the land, the largest wisdom in the guiding voice of statesmen must eventually settle the issue and define by ultimate legislation the relative rights of the citizen between his obligation to

a state and his duty to oppose the irregular exercise of Federal power. The controversy will not be short nor will the problem be easily solved; and long after you have gone out to encounter the activities of life you will find the question still open for argument and debate. The times surely demand that it should be one of the chief aims of university education to discipline the mind by correct and conservative habits of thought in the duties of that higher citizenship which sternly refuses to surrender its conscience to personal or partisan appeal. Carry your sovereignty under your own hat. Moral courage, even supported by the sincerest conviction, often requires firmer resolution to execute its intended purpose than the physical indifference to danger which stimulates the soldier to plant the flag of battle on the ramparts of the enemy.

Do not mistake the mission or usefulness of political leaders. In a republic where suffrage is universal division into parties is the necessary result of the individual interest we take in selection of our rulers. Agitation of public grievances stirs the irresolute citizen into action like a whip on the flank of a halting steed. Without such lashing of sluggish elements they would stagnate into political pestilence. If parties are essential they must be governed or their efficiency is nought. They would be like armies without a captain, or a fleet without an admiral. He who is able to step into place and command obedience to his orders by power of intellect or force of decision; who can dominate large masses of men, and by masterful resources compel them to follow where he leads; exact submission and assent to his own directing power as he surveys the field where the gage of battle

will be thrown, may be a "boss"; but if he long maintains that ascendancy it is a poor compliment to the approving multitudes that stand behind and to the opposing ranks unsuccessfully struggling for his overthrow, to call him infirm or degenerate.

This world belongs to those who fight for it. "If I must have a Master," said John Randolph, "let him be one who can cleave his way with a sword, not a clerk with a pen behind his ears."

Such a leader must be equipped with knowledge of all the forms required by legislation to enable his followers to vote at all. He marks the days for registration, and has their names enrolled. The legal preliminaries of the primary elections at which the candidates are selected will never be forgotten. The certificates of nomination are properly attested and filed within the period limited by law. The ballot sheet, officially prepared, is duly inspected before it is printed. When the day of election arrives, lieutenants have been so drilled with definite instructions and assignments that the smallest percentage of partisan votes from obedient adherents is ever lost. A horse in the party team must make equal speed with his fellows, or be flayed by the lash for his hesitating doubt. The man of independent thinking who wishes to record dissent from these methods, who is opposed to both Montague and Capulet, who stands idly and negligently, but observantly by, while this work is done, and grumbles his convictions upon the corners of the street, will find no other names upon the ballot to invite opposition. By this indifference his life, his proclamations and protests are measured only by lost opportunities.

But the reformer who strives for his adversary's political undoing is not always the unselfish patriot that his profession proclaims. Sir Robert Walpole was the first great political boss, and he said by refusing unreasonable requests, as Prime Minister, he could create twenty patriots over night. No doubt he found supporters by bribery. When his measures were opposed in Parliament by Pulteney and Wyndham, or Bolingbroke dispatched hostile rhetoric across the channel from the Court at St. Germain's, he was accustomed to say that "every man has his price." Probably it was true. Perhaps in some degree it is so yet, for human passions do not change with the passing years. The exercise of power is attractive, and the arts of the modern agitator to dethrone a party leader are usually employed for the purpose of installing another one in his place, by whose agency or invitation and by the same practices, a new brood of political vultures sometimes may settle down, inspired by venal desires and likewise prey upon public treasuries.

The ills from which the people suffer under any kind of government are not all imaginary, but there is no more serious menace to a state than indiscriminate or intemperate criticism of public officials. All of them are not culpable. They live in the limelight and their misdeeds cannot easily escape observation. Everybody seems not only willing but anxious to believe each one of them corrupt, and animated by a purpose to.

"Contaminate his fingers with base bribes;

And sell the mighty space of his large honors."

Periods of political hysteria which sometimes occur following exposure of public wrong are not the times to weigh character in the scales, or to adjust with exactness the balances for a correct judgment. These are days certainly, of lax business morality, and many who are innocent must suffer something in the loss of reputation for the offenses of a few. But in the law of compensation the infliction of this vicarious penalty is not always unjust. The apathy of the citizens in every community to the growth of public evils within their daily observation is notorious. Laws are violated; they think it is no concern of theirs. They willingly assist to elevate to the responsibilities of public office men whom they would not employ as menials in their own business; they witness, without protest, large schemes developed by unlawful methods in private corporations, in the management of which they participate. Agencies of administration moved by abhorrent and forbidden forces, do not disturb that serene complacency over official malfeasance which views with indifference the general wreck if their own fortunes are not in peril. When the dark portents of disaster assail the ear they will be among the first to sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep over the fall of the ruined city. Dies iræ, dies illa!

If confidence has been impaired in the executive control of public trusts, faith in the judicial office, with but few exceptions indeed, remains unshaken. The safety of the Republic lies in the firm and resolute integrity of the Judges of the land. Their interpretation of the law is sometimes criticised, even by those in high places. They may be mistaken, for they are not infallible in-

structors. This comment does not exclude the judges of the loftiest appellate tribunals, whose differences in opinion find frequent expression in wide dissent. But they are not distrusted, nor is their honor impeached. The reverence descended from the centuries is respected by even the unworthiest suitor. However desperate his venturous quest, he does not attempt to plate sin with gold to break the strong lance of justice.

"It is not enough," said Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States "that the doors of the temple of justice are open; it is essential that the ways of approach be kept clean." (*Hatfield v. King*, 184 U. S., p. 168.)

Both the responsibility and the power of the judge are great. He speaks and is obeyed; his word for the present exigency at least, is law. His single influence when exerted to advance the moral standards of the community is stronger than all the sermons that can be preached from a hundred pulpits. It is not the weight of his own personality, but that of his office.

The fearless judge is honored but he is not always loved. Justice is blind and treads upon too many unseen toes. Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England, reversed the outlawry of John Wilkes at the time when the nation was in a frenzy of faction. Wilkes had once been the political idol of the mob, but his star of destiny was then in eclipse and he fled to France. Crowds filled Westminster Hall, with threats of violence, but they did not move the calm but inflexible judge. "I wish popularity," said he, "but it is that popularity which follows; not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to

the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press."

The student of American progress cannot fail to observe that we have reached a point where the functions of municipal government are even more important to the individual citizen than discussion of the dividing line between State and Federal control. The tendency to seek enlarged powers for local affairs has everywhere followed the increase of urban population. The subject is supreme among government problems. It concerns us in domestic relation more closely than proclamations of the President. It commands the levy of taxes, regulates the health and comfort of a community, and supervises the education of our children. Gigantic and unacknowledged forces are impelling it forward. Many millions of foreign immigrants within a few years have reached these shores. They are congesting the centres of civilization. They come from many nations dissimilar in temperament, thought and language, the larger part of them at war with the subduing restraint of all laws, tempted by the promise of prosperity in a land whose material resources are inexhaustible. Who can predict appalling results that must follow before many decades pass away. This alien and undiminished flood will overwhelm the land. The emigrants, burned by the sun of foreign skies, will gradually hold the balance of power if naturalization becomes easy, denationalize local municipal government, and make it un-American. They are now supplying our prisons and asylums with a long muster roll; and

without sense of responsibility for the sanction of an oath, stock the criminal courts with abundant perjuries. They do not need the solemn adjuration of Hamlet's "fellow in the cellarage" to consent to swear upon the sword. Recent outbreaks of the anarchist have stimulated immigration officials to stricter interpretation of the Federal laws, but these impose ineffective checks. The doors of our hospitality stand open to welcome the undetected criminal who escapes from prosecution at home, but they are closed against the skilled and sober artisan whose advent is preceded by a contract of employment. Limited only by the condition that he shall not become a public charge, the alien intruder finds easy settlement in every crowded city; he challenges the native laborer in the struggle for living wages and often compels him to organize Unions as a measure of self-protection from a disastrous competition.

These themes are not mere abstractions. They are directly personal to you, students of Muhlenberg College. They represent conditions that will immediately confront you.

They suggest the scholar's obligation to serve the State that he may honor the ancient traditions. The debt is not without good consideration. Colleges all over the land, by legislative enactment, are exempt from taxation so that their revenues may be reserved to uplift the standards of education, increase the facilities and add to the agencies of instruction. Endowments of generous men have established free scholarships whereby the ambitious son of a peasant may come to sit in judgment upon the descendants of kings; and the toiling youth of to-day somewhere, far off at

the little farm on the desolate hillside, as he stops to rest upon the plow, and commiserates his own lowly and forlorn condition, will yet see the stars in their courses fight for him until he becomes the executive of some Commonwealth, or administers the destinies of this mighty nation.

When the stream of public virtue rises high, we do not always nor often seek for its spring amid the streets of the city with its business that pauses not; its insatiate quest of mammon; its temptations that imperil the environment of youth, but far away in the country with its sweet fields of living green or rustic settlement close to nature's heart, where Winter's snows are melted and Summer dews are condensed into that brave humanity which no millionaire can buy for his idle and spendthrift son.

Daniel Webster once visited the West after he had acquired national fame, and was met by an old man who had emigrated from New Hampshire many years before. "Is this the son of Captain Webster?" "It is indeed," said the visitor. "What! the little black Dan that used to water the farmer's horses?" And the great Daniel Webster, who was proud of his history answered: "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses."

You owe the State some service. She will not claim much of it. She has assisted and advanced for you the opportunities that bring you this seat of learning. Be not indifferent to the reciprocal obligation of a loyal citizen. The right to vote is merely a privilege. Its exercise, together with active participation in public affairs, is one of the highest duties. It is especially so to you who have studied the history of the causes that ruined empires or that led Common-

wealths to decay. A vast majority of citizens in every community desire honest rulers and good government. Nothing but their own indifference and disinclination to neglect private business interests for even a brief period to engage in the distasteful struggle of the caucus and primaries can defeat their wish. What right have they to complain afterwards at the success of some favorite adherent of a corrupt ring, when by organization of their own, and by mere force of voting numbers they can take the control of party machinery from the professional political captain! Their own inactivity is responsible for the great betrayal. They are not absolved by registering a useless protest on election day in some obscure and unmeaning column of the ballot sheet.

Take your place at once on the firing line of battle. You may be profoundly learned in the philosophy that watered all the schools—of academic old and new; you may be able to calculate the path of a projectile, the course of a comet in its flight, or the time of an eclipse; you may repair with friendly and familiar knowledge, to the orators of old, whose resistless eloquence fulminated over Greece or stirred the walls of Rome to mutiny. Yet your mission will be lost if you remain unskilled in the practical problems of Government.

From the beginning there have been two great political parties with opposing creeds, dividing between them, with any promise of successful issue, the electorate of the people. It is not probable there will be more. Each has been illuminated by names illustrious. If we listened to the platform speech, or accepted the views of a partisan press, you

would conclude that the grave was the present repository of all the great public men, and that patriotism was a dead virtue. But there are many now living, who must be nameless here, that may fitly measure their work with the greatest that have gone down to the tomb. The fountains of nature, if sometimes polluted, do not dry up. Our predecessors were animated by the same violent spirit or worse. In the days of Washington, Philip Freneau was hired to lampoon the Father of his Country, Jefferson was denounced as an Athiest, and Hamilton for his immorality. The voice of faction was not still when Jackson made war upon Nicholas Biddle and the United States Bank, and a cabinet officer refused the command of his chief to remove the deposits. Henry Clay, its principal advocate, was assailed as a blackleg and gambler. Some of us still remember the venomous appeals against Buchanan and Lincoln, Johnson and Grant. But it seems that exaggerated heroics and extravagant defamation are but the exciting bugle calls of liberty. Was it not so when Harley and St. John struggled with Walpole, and a Bishop of the Established Church stood ready to proclaim the Pretender at Charing Cross against the lawful successor of Queen Anne to the throne? When Fox and Lord North united their coalition? When the Tory aristocracy of England opposed Sir Robert Peel in his purpose to abolish the Corn Laws, and Disraeli hurled his scornful epigrams at that parliamentary leader? Is it not within recent memories that the pursuit followed Gladstone when he sought by home rule for Ireland to extinguish the wrongs of a century?

But there has been a bar sinister. There are unclean spots. The future

historian must record the facts with his inexorable pen.

More than thirty years ago a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, who was one of its managers in the impeachment trial of General Belknap, the Secretary of War, said of them:

"I have heard the taunts from friendliest lips that when the United States presented herself in the east to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question, was her corruption. I have seen in that state in the Union which is foremost in power and wealth, four Judges of her Courts impeached. * * * I have seen the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privileges. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three Committees of Congress that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in the highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge."

I speak not of the public scandals which since then, in many fields of ac-

tivity, have encountered the condemnation of the world. They are *incidents*, not *attributes* of our system of government. These evils could never blossom and grow, unless the seeds were planted through the reckless indifference of every community to the exercise of its own sovereign power.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in stars,

But in ourselves that we are underlings."

Every year the universities of the land are discharging from their portals armies of young men, ripe in scholarship and resolute in purpose. With their wide culture and trained minds they may easily become rulers of men or dominate the master passion of public life. The Commonwealth expects you to repay some part of the obligation you owe for these distinctions. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, who educated the manly youth of England in a masculine Christianity and robust patriotism, said to them: "The desire to take an active part in the great work of government is the highest earthly desire of a ripened mind."

It is worth ambition. We have grown by expansion of territory to be eighty-five millions of people. We have raised the flag over distant islands which gem the oriental seas, and the mountains of Luzon are beckoning the hardy miner to exploration for its wealth of mineral gold. Every acre of Porto Rico is teeming with fertility and inviting the husbandman to coin its richness into the currencies of every nation. Great cities within the memory of living men have grown over the possessions of savage tribes, and commerce has filled the highways of the western plains where fields of harvest have blessed the thrifty hand

of the toiler. The noise of the guns that thundered at Santiago and Manila Bay was heard all around the world, and that line of battle ships with splendid armament which so lately sailed to the Antipodes to be welcomed with the showy pageantry of a friendly nation, is a more certain guarantee of enduring peace than all the treaties against invasion by hostile armies that were ever written by mortal men.

Just as under the supreme dominion

of the conquering city by the yellow Tiber in ancient days the appeal of *Civis Romanus sum*, was a shield of protection against the indignity of the oppressor's lash, so may the proud and triumphant exclamation: "I am an American citizen," be the patriot's pledge that his country's glories are undimmed, and that in every part of the habitable globe her banner, whose stars were plucked from Heaven's own dome, shall be honored as well as feared.

LAST VERSE TO "YOUTH".

Shall then the master, who with truth and love
Still leads us onward thru the days of youth,
Be lost to all except the ones above
Who have been guided by his lasting truth?
May all our hearts be filled with love divine
That we may grieve not o'er our youth that's gone,
And thru the darkness may the morning shine
That brings us nearer to our heavenly home.

JEAN LE ROUGE.



ORGANIC EVOLUTION.

C. A. L. '09.

In this commercial age of ours or even after years of scientific investigation, it is difficult to realize the variety and diversity of "animal life." Well has a great poet once said, when a young man, while gazing into the water of a clear, still pool, "What an imagination God has."

To what will we ascribe these diversities? If we answer evolution it expresses merely our belief in a general fact and states merely the simplest doctrine of "evolution", namely that the animal world as it exists to-day has been naturally developed out of the animal world as it existed in the past and will in turn develop the animal world as it shall exist in the future. This law of continuity is underlaid by the law of change as we see it prevailing in all things.

The question will naturally arise how does this law of change come about? Many important components are necessary. Natural selection claims the foremost place. Animals vary both in mode of propagation and mode of existence. More are born than can survive to continue their kind, hence a struggle for existence in which the weaker and less adapted to their environment are eliminated, the stronger and the most suited to their surroundings continue the race.

Natural selection takes in consideration the constituents which are of an advantage to the race or species. Worn out individuals are valueless to a species and are harmful in that they take the

places of those which are sound. Elimination by competition is keenest between members of the same groups having similar aims in life. While in-active and un-intelligent organisms are succumbing to their captors the more active and cunning take possession of the field. Even in the floral world elimination by cross-fertilization carries on this idea. The fairest flowers being selected by insects and those plants which failed to produce such flowers being eliminated as the relatively unfit.

Sexual selection prevalent in the animal world brings both selection and elimination into play. By the law of battle the weaker and less courageous are eliminated as far as the continuation of their kind is concerned. Thus natural selection weeds out the disadvantageous but gives full possession of the field to the neutral and advantageous. It gradually raises the standard and reduces advantageous variations to a mean and checks advance by leaps and bounds.

A noticeable point in connection with natural selection, is that the advantage which enables an organism to escape elimination must be present and not merely be a future condition. This is amply explained by mimicry and dimorphism.

It appears as if natural selection was constantly on the watch to select any modification which in any way, however slight, may be of an advantage to the species. Elimination however may not always mean death, but exclusion from aiding in the continuation of the species. Which shall persist, and which shall be

eliminated depends all together on the conditions in which the individuals come forth to under-go life's competitive examination. This examination is often rude and coarse in which minute and infinitesimal advantages receive no consideration.

Under natural selection is included, apart from the differentiating process another important factor called by Darwin "Fortuitous Destruction." A hundred may be born but only two survive. Out of those ninety-eight it is hard to say how many have been eliminated or fortuitously destroyed. But we know that it does not discriminate but gets rid of good, bad and indifferent alike. Among fish and birds fortuitous destruction greatly exceeds the differentiating elimination.

Evolution is not only the study of higher development of its parts in its adaptation to its environments but it also takes into consideration the phenomena of degeneration, the disappearance of structures which are no longer available. The theory of disuse was considered a factor in this process and it was generally held that the effects of use and disuse were inherited. But Weismann attempts to teach us that we should recognize other factors, besides that of disuse alone, in this process.

Panmixia forms the basis for Weismann's theory. He claims that free inter-crossing when the preserving influence of natural selection ceases, is the main cause of a reduction or deterioration of an organ. This seems to be exemplified in the case of our domestic duck. When in its natural state it possessed strong powers of flight but such powers were no longer necessary for obtaining food when it was brought to the poultry yard. So a rigid selection

for individuals with well developed wings ceased and gradual deterioration began and will continue until the last remnant disappears. The retrogression in various forms is variously estimated but it can not be a large percentage.

But this theory of panmixia is not very tenable. In this Weismann is as vague as in many of his theories. By considering all the effects of the so called panmixia, of reversed selection, the reduction of organs is difficult to explain unless we take in consideration "disuse" as the very important cooperating factor.

There is one feature about the reduction of organs which is noticeable. They are apt to persist for a long time as remnants and vestiges. The pineal gland is a vestigial remnant of a structure connected with the third eye, in whales which have teeth which never cut the gum and are of no value. Concerning these features the question may arise, why are they not entirely swept away being functionless? But here, again the stress laid upon disuse is unwarranted. It is merely the absence of a full free and healthy exercise of the organ concerned. Heredity will produce in the embryo the structures which, in the ancestral days of exercise, were of a service to the organism. At this stage there is no visible change. But as soon as that ancestral healthy exercise is denied the structure, it will begin to deteriorate.

Besides primary sexual differences in animals there are certain conditions known as secondary sexual differences. These are characters by which the males, and occasionally the females, are conspicuous. The tail of the peacock, the splendid plume of most male birds, the metallic hue of male butterflies and large antennae and horns may be cited

as examples inducive to "preferential mating."

Darwin brings forth to explain this, his hypothesis of sexual selection. This consists of two distinct modes. First males struggle for their mates and the weaker ones are eliminated. This may be said to be included under natural selection. In the second place, the females are represented as exercising an individual choice. The mates having the gaudiest coats, the clearest voices and the greatest strength are most pleasing and attractive. In the first case the results are obvious, but in the second diverse opinions exist among naturalists.

Sexual selection brings about a standard of taste. This standard has advanced from a lower to a higher aesthetic value. It has not developed along one line only, but along many. The question naturally arises how is it guided along these various lines.

An example can be seen, though no direct answer can be given, in the development of the flowers through insect agency. Darwin claims that flowers have been rendered conspicuous and beautiful in order to attract insects, concluding that if insects had not been developed, on the earth, our earth would not have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such poor flowers as we see on our fir, ash and oak trees, on grasses, docks and nettles which are fertilized through the agency of the wind. Now to prove that preferential mating may exist, we know through mimicry that animals have delicate and particular perceptual powers; and again the number of color and form peculiarities in animals can not be explained by natural selection through elimination. Why is it not permissible to hold, that as the diverse

forms of flowers are due to the preferential choice of insects that these secondary sexual characters can not result through selective mating?

The diversity of variations, which are possible in animal life are due to evolution, is so great that a great deal of space would be required to explain the nature of variations. Variations are classified, according to Morgan, into First. Superficial variations as form, color, etc., accounting for the variations in form and color, due to evolution. Second, Organic variations, accounting for variations in size, complexity and efficiency of the organs of the body. Third. Reproductive and developmental variations.

Concerning the origin of variations little is known, for it is a difficult subject. But taking the cell as a starting point we see certain protoplasmic activities giving rise to certain products of cell life. Even the Metozoa, (the aggregation of cells,) there is a physiological division of labor and differentiation of structures; higher differentiation follows in each succeeding class. These variations are transmitted by heredity and remain as constant and variable factors in animal life.

Organic evolution shows the diversity of animal life. If we fully realize this diversity and consider the factors, namely the modes of progress or degeneration, which bring it about we can no longer scoff at the theory of evolution and call it merely monkeyism. It is not the aim or idea of evolution to prove man to have a progenitor in form of a monkey; but to give the human mind a better conception of the idea of development as it exists in the animal world and how from the beginning it began its differentiating processes and continues them unto the present day under God's conservative guidance.

IN SEARCH OF AN AFFINITY.

WACH, '09.

(Continued.)

The next few days were busy ones for Christy but he seemed to be living continually in a world of ethereal bliss. He once rather astonished a clerk in a department store from whom he was making some purchases by asking her to kindly pinch him and when the clerk complied after some hesitation he smiled and said "Thank you" and then walked away forgetting his change. But one bright Spring morning found Christy at the water's edge of Long Beach enjoying the delightful salt-air breezes and placidly digging little holes in the sand with his cane. He had arrived only the morning before and had started out at once after seeing that his luggage safely reached his room, in search of an appetite and incidently, Affinities. He succeeded in finding plenty of the former but of the latter nothing that interested him in particular.

"How the duse is a fellow going to fall in love in such a cold blooded manner," he reflected as he sat before the fire which the porter had built in the grate in his room. He finally concluded that he would have to do something exciting, make a thrilling rescue of some beautiful maiden as they always did in the novels. He also concluded that the beach would be the most likely ground for such an exploit. He was rather disappointed, however, to find that no beautiful maidens went in swimming so early in the morning nor during weather that registered fifty. He came to the conclusion that there must be some mistake, then it suddenly struck him that

the early morning was the hour when the beautiful maiden took her before-breakfast horse-back ride, so he wandered up to the hotel stables and made inquiries concerning saddle horses. He really was a good rider so he had no fear on the score of his awkwardness. He thought that it would be much more gallant and graceful to rescue the beautiful maiden from a runaway equine, but it looked for a moment as though he would be doomed to disappointment, when he found that the only saddle-horse in the place belonged to the proprietor and he was not accustomed to lending it. Christy, however, waylaid that gentleman and succeeded in persuading him to his side of the question on condition that he, the proprietor, approved of his skill. The test was successfully passed and Christy cantered joyously down the road. Soon he came to cross streets and halting he pondered over the course which he should take. The one road led to the shore, the other into the city, and the third—well he didn't know just where the third did lead to so he concluded to trust in Providence and take it. Probably the park was down the way. He remembered that the horse always ran away in the park. At any rate it wouldn't hurt to try.

It was delightful cantering down the almost dustless pike and the air was as crisp and fresh as an Autumn morning. The road wound in and out among the Jersey sand hills and travelled for some distance along the rail-road. Just

as Christy was beginning to thoroughly enjoy himself his horse took offense at a passing freight train and attempted to scale a two-rail fence. Christy with a little difficulty kept his seat and succeeded in persuading the brute to stay in the road.

"Gee!" thought Christy, "What'll he do if we happen to meet an automobile"; and the words were hardly out of his mouth when a big red one came shooting around a curve.

"Whoa, Bill, or whatever your name is," said Christy, patting the horse soothingly on the neck. The animal did, emphatically, bracing itself and looking skeptically at the swiftly approaching dragon. At length the proximity of the stranger became a little too close for Bill and he rose on his haunches striking out indignantly with his fore feet. As the monster approached nearer and nearer Bill proceeded to rise higher and higher. He leaned so far back that Christy wisely loosened his feet in the stirrups. Here the automobile stopped with a roar not five yards away and Christy leaped into the gutter just as the horse, still pawing the air, fell onto its back and rolled about in the road. Two men sprang from the machine and hastened toward Christy, for he had stumbled forward when he struck the ground. But Christy sprang up almost immediately and grabbed the bridle of the rebellious beast as it regained its feet and was about to take French leave.

"Hurt?" asked one of the strangers. Christy looked up quickly and found himself confronted by the same curious individual who had come into the bank the day before he left.

"Just learning to ride?" questioned the other, who was undoubtedly the chauffeur. Christy bit his lip.

"Here, fellow," he said, placing the bridle of the dancing horse in the hands of the chauffeur, "please hold this animal one minute." Then walking over to a nearby willow tree he cut himself a switch and stripped off the leaves as he came back.

"Will you please have your man make those engines pound their hardest," he said speaking to the old gentleman. "You see, this animal is a little bit nervous when automobiles are around and I'd like to get him used to them."

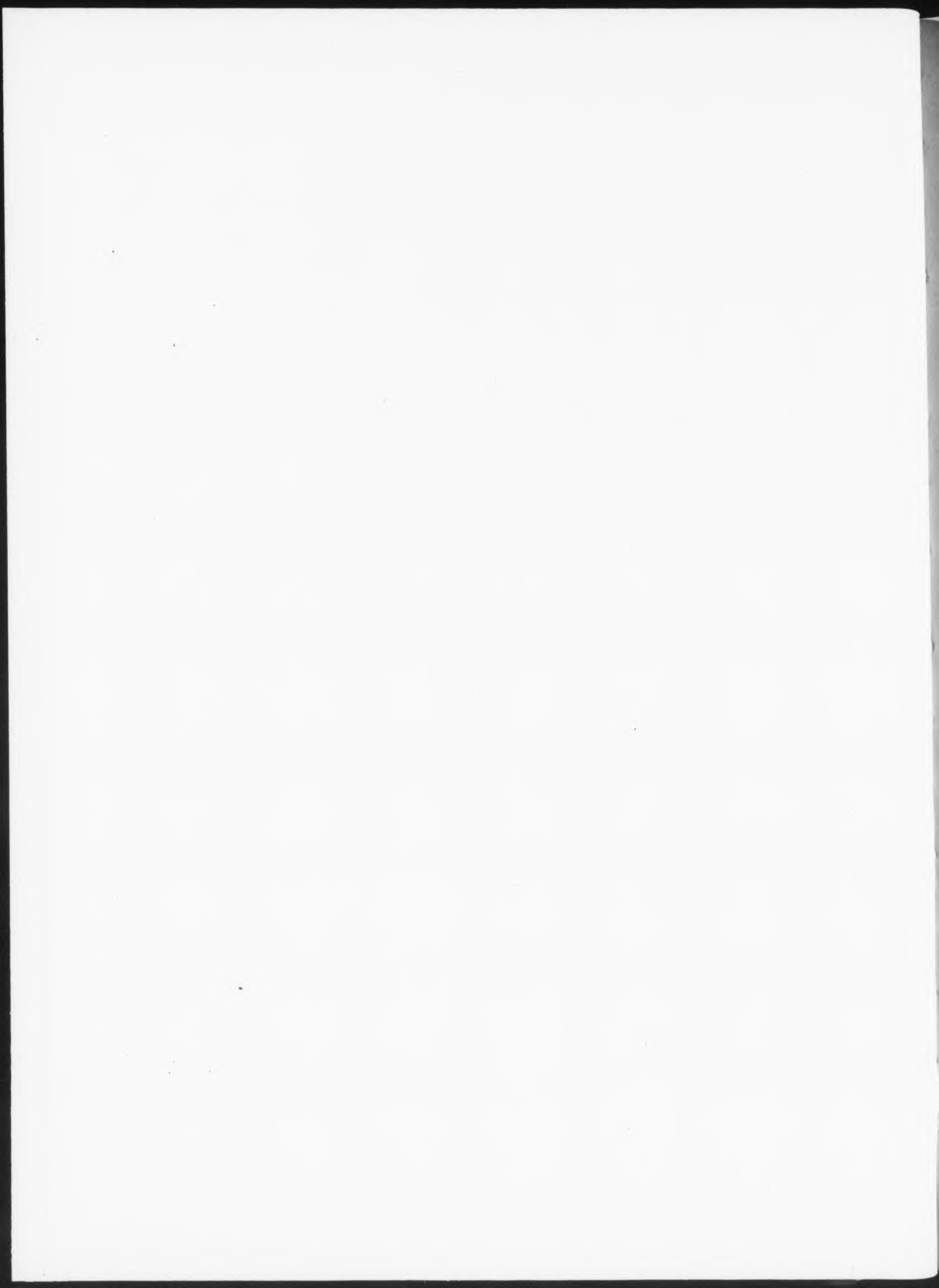
The stranger grunted and under the direction of his employer the chauffeur climbed back into his place. Christy vaulted into the saddle. As the engines started suddenly and furiously the terrified animal went straight up in the air and coming down on all fours almost jarred his rider from the saddle. Then the fight began. Jumping, waltzing and prancing the animal frantically endeavored to back away from the roaring thing, but with firm determination his rider urged him forward applying the switch now and then as an extra persuasion.

"Please don't use that whip," suddenly came a feminine voice entreatingly. Christy looked up in surprise; he had failed to notice the female occupant in the rear seat of the car. When he did and his astonished eye beheld in front of him the form and face of a beautiful—was it an angel, or a fairy or a vision? For the moment he forgot the battle and simply started open mouthed.

"Please don't use that whip," she said in a voice that thrilled Christy to his very soul. "It isn't fair, Please," and she leaned eagerly over the side of the car watching the progress of the conflict, her face one expression of entreaty, but her eyes dancing with excitement.



"A big red automobile came shortly around a curve."



Christy was suddenly brought to the reality of his position by a spring that almost unhorsed him. He smiled at her and then, remembering her request, he broke the switch into pieces and threw it into the gutter.

"Now," she cried, clapping her hands as a token of approval, "go in and win."

"All right," he replied, "I will." And he smiled reflectively. The struggle that followed for the supremacy of mind over matter was of a nature that would have drawn forth expressions of praise and admiration from even the most expert of horsemen. Leaning over he urged the animal forward; coaxing, petting, persuading, and talking in soothing tones as only a born horseman can. Hesitating and trembling with fear at the terrible roaring of the strange monster and yet with a half feeling of assurance and safety in the master hand that guided him the horse gradually approached the car and then with much shaking of his head and side long glances he pranced slowly by.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the girl in the automobile, clapping her hands with joyful excitement.

"Which one?" asked Christy, choosing to misunderstand her.

"The beast, of course," she replied.

"I am still in doubt," he called back with a light laugh. His only answer to this was the waving of a handkerchief as the car shooting away disappeared around a curve.

Christy cantered down the road, his mind now preoccupied with other things than the beautiful scenery and the joys of the morning ride. The horse at length finding that no hand controlled his actions gradually slowed down to a walk and finally stopping altogether be-

gan to nibble at the grass and weeds along the wayside. By degrees Christy came back to earth and the next moment he had turned the horse's head and was galloping furiously back toward Long Beach. With eager glances ahead and eyes sparkling with evident excitement, he leaned forward quietly urging his steed with all the Arabic persuasiveness at his command. The horse, although somewhat surprised at this sudden turn of affairs, nevertheless grateful for the slight reprieve from duty thundered down the dustless pike with the speed of a battle charge. As they turned in along the beach front Christy's eye swept the entire Avenue at a glance. A half wave of disappointment surged over his face as he beheld nothing more interesting than an old huckster driving lazily toward him. He dashed up to the hotel and springing from the saddle he threw the bridle reins to a stable hand ordering him to hold the horse for a few moments. By this time his excitement had cooled down to a more sensible degree, so he mounted the steps and entered the office with an indifference that did not betray the emotions raging within. The proprietor was standing back of the desk and hailed him as he passed.

"Well, did you enjoy your ride?" he asked.

"I certainly did," responded Christy.

"Didn't have any trouble with him, did you?"

"O—nothing worth mentioning. He didn't seem to like the trains and we passed an automobile to which he made a few objections."

"Must have been the same party that stopped here only a few minutes ago."

"Were there two men and a young lady in the car?"

"No. I think there were four of them—two men and two women. One of the latter was rather young and quite good looking too if I remember correctly."

"You don't know what their license number is, I suppose."

"Let me think. It was—it was—"

"63284?"

"Yes, I believe that was it. Why how did you come to notice it?"

Christy bit his lip to hide his confusion and guilty feeling and answered rather lamely and illogically: "Why, you see, I had a little difficulty in passing them." He stopped, reflected, hesitated. A stranger stepped up to the desk and asked for his key.

"Say," said Christy, "you didn't hear them say where they were bound for?"

"Yes, I believe that they are going through Long Branch and around the Point. It seems to me that they said something about taking a trip across the continent, too—starting from Ocean City."

Christy stopped, reflected and hesitated again. "By the way," he finally began, "is there a garage around here where one can buy or rent an automobile for several weeks or even months?"

"If you want it that long, I would advise you to by one outright."

Here the stranger stepped up. "You will pardon me for overhearing that last statement of yours," he began, addressing his words to Christy, "but since I may be of service to you I take the liberty of interrupting your conversation. I believe that I heard you express the desire to rent an automobile."

"Yes," replied Christy. "But the trouble is that I have never learned to run one and so must hire a chauffeur."

feur."

"Well then, you may receive my little proposition in a more favorable light. Now I have a very fine car over at Thompson's garage in prime condition for a big long run. At present my financial condition makes it impossible for me to use the car to any great extent. I tell you that so you may understand what follows. Now this is my proposition—I will place my car and myself as chauffeur at your immediate services requiring as a compensation that you pay all expenses. I assure you that is a better proposition than you will get at any garage."

"But," said Christy, not a little surprised at the offer. "I don't like to take advantage of you in that way. Can't we come to an agreement a little more advantageous to yourself?"

"No, no, I am not going to suffer. It is merely a sporting proposition on my part. To tell you the truth, I am dead anxious to take a good long spin anywhere and everywhere but I don't have the money to do it on. When I overheard your question it suddenly struck me that here was my opportunity and knowing that you could not get a better I did not hesitate to put it to you."

"In the course of the trip will you instruct me in the handling of the car?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I suppose I ought to have an outfit of some sort."

"You can get it at Thompson's, just around the corner."

"How soon can you start?"

"In ten minutes, if necessary."

"All right, sir. You're my man. Prepare for a jolly good run for I believe we are in for one."

(To be continued.)

THE TWO ALTERNATIVES.

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

Here, Shep! Shep! Shep! and a big, brownish-black shepherd dog came running around the house and up the hill to the barn door where his young master stood. After bestowing a few coveted pats on the dog's head, the two passed on down the road at a slow pace.

The boy was about fourteen years old as near as I can guess; a strong, robust son of the soil. He was barefooted. His faded, blue overalls scarcely touched his ankles. His well worn shirt with the exception of a bad rent in the back might have been very serviceable still and his broad-brimmed straw-hat had seen better days. But the weather was warm and the social side of a farm house is not usually so exacting as to matters of dress so that Tom Bien felt quite at ease in his scanty attire.

By this time Shep and his master had come to a field in whose far corner, at least a good quarter of a mile away, a drove of about thirty cows were quietly munching the fragrant, green grass. Tom quickly lowered the bars and pointed out the rove to Shep who needed no further encouragement to do his duty.

Tom quietly climbed on the top rail of the fence beside the lowered bars and waited. Any other time he would have passed the time either by whistling a tune or humming one; but now something else weighed on his young mind. It was this. The parish minister was at the house at dinner, and seeing Tom fast approaching manhood, and realizing that he must have the interests of his flock at heart, put to him point blank

the inevitable question, "Well, Tom, what do you intend to do when you become a man?" At this Tom hung his head. If it wasn't the first real thinking he had done it certainly was the hardest. The minister seeing no chance of his question being answered, kindly continued, "I guess Tom we'll make a minister out of you." It wasn't the idea of becoming a minister that made Tom think so hard, perched on the top rail of the fence. The ministry had no charms for him. It was the first part of the minister's speech that caused him trouble,—“What do you intend to do when you become a man?” It is the question that comes once in a life time to every thinking, young man and it comes with a great, big question mark at the end. To Tom that question mark contained but two alternatives,—to become a farmer like his father's hired man Harry March, or to go to the city like the neighbor boy, Jim Blair. At this part of the thinking process Tom was awakened from his revery by the foremost of the herd crossing the bar and the loud barks of Shep trying to keep the herd together. The bars were soon closed and up the street the procession slowly wended its way into the barn yard after the manner of tired-out man and beast.

The evening chores were soon done. The weather was warm and Tom had no desire to go to bed, tired as he was after a hard day's work in the fields. He took a seat on the edge of the porch and took up the thread of thought broken by the approach of the cows.

I said the question mark had but two alternatives for him and either choice had an ideal in his mind.

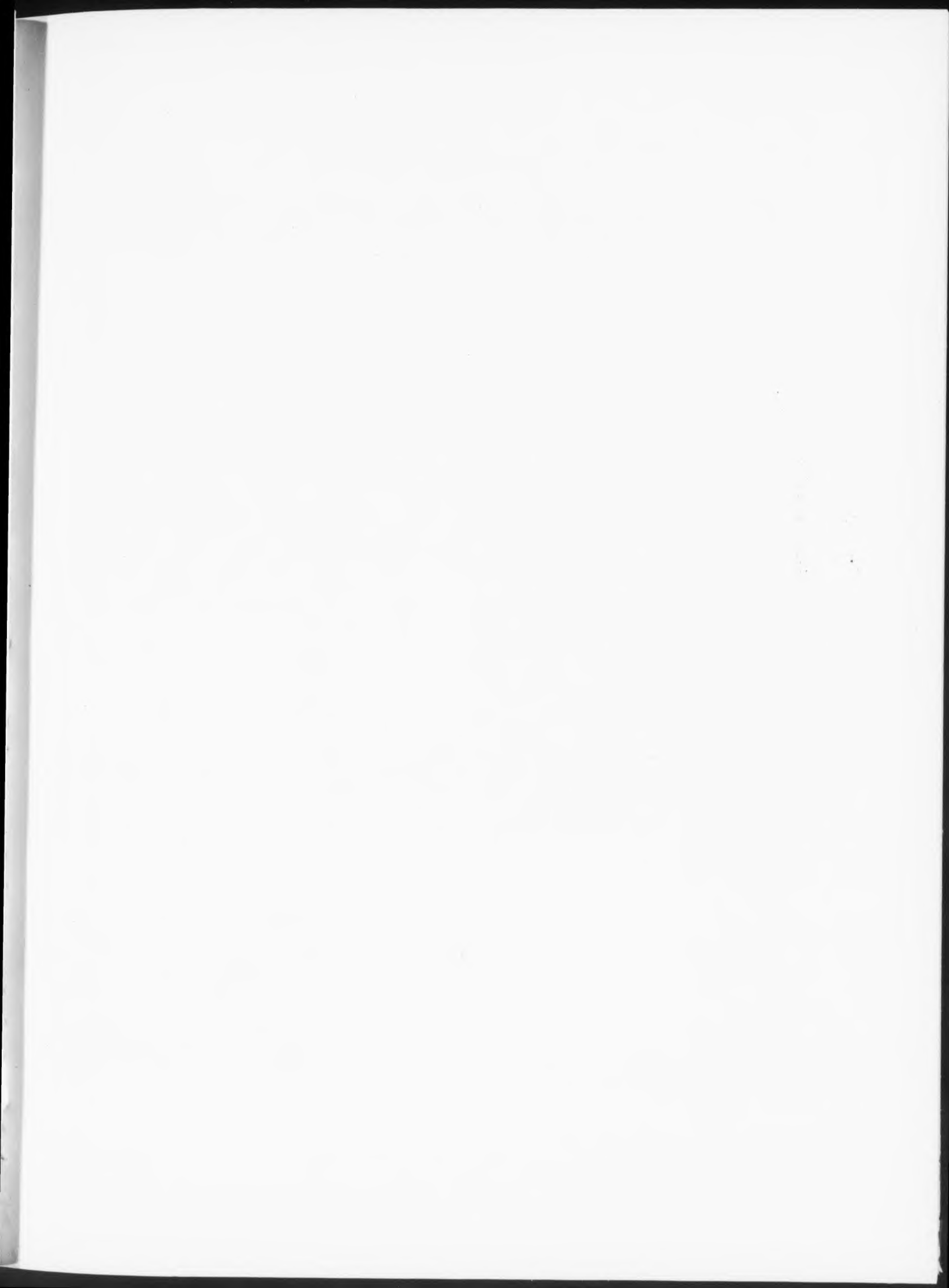
Here was Harry March, the hired man. He was a strong, robust man, good, kind, honest and of a hard working nature. He worked from morn till night, worked hard, but saved his money for the future. He too had dreamed of a bright future. As soon as he had money enough he and Mary would be married and with their combined efforts they would hire a small farm, live happily together among plenty of all the necessities of life and a goodly company of young Marches. It was Harry's dream. He had often pictured it to Tom and it had a certain fascination for him. Besides, Harry was his ideal, no use for anything fancy, but a good horse and buggy. No use for banks,—for they were not safe in his opinion, but a good, strong safe for his savings in the shape of a good trouser pocket. Wasn't it enough to live and dream and in hope to realize such a life?

His faith in this ideal had, however, been shaken very seriously the other day. Jim Blair, the neighbor's boy, some three months ago, suddenly got the city fever, and decided to try his hand at the 'making-a-living' business in the city. He left the farm no better than the average standard of farm intelligence and manners but he came home yesterday,—well Tom could not describe the change in his appearance. In the place of the old, torn shirt there was a full-dress shirt with a diamond stud; a white vest, a gray checkered suit. The old broad brimmed farmer's hat was replaced with a brand new hat with a gray colored ribbon. In place of the bare feet there was a pair of tan oxfords with broad, showy laces to match.

A gold watch, a diamond ring, very conspicuously placed, and a neatly rolled cigarette tightly clinched between his tobacco colored teeth completed the picture of the former farm boy as he stood leaning against the fence and viewed the admiring crowd with contempt. It was the other ideal that had thrust itself rather abruptly upon Tom's vision and had somewhat revolutionized things. It was the inevitable desire of the farm boy, as inevitable as the movements of the tide, that had placed Harry March in the back-ground and raised Jim Blair to the heights of splendor in Tom's eyes,—the desire to go to the city.

At this moment before Tom could make up his mind definitely his thoughts again reached an abrupt termination. Harry March slowly sauntered around the corner of the house and seeing Tom seated on the edge of the porch, quietly took a seat beside him. Harry first broke the silence. Tom's silence disturbed him, but he did not dare to call the young man's attention to it. "Tom," began Harry, "my grandfather used to tell me a story of an old Indian upon the mountain who is compelled to walk through the woods all his life." The story teller hesitated but seeing no chance of being interrupted on the part of Tom, for Harry was a good story teller and frequently began thus abruptly, he continued.

"Very long ago, when the Indians still lived on that mountain," designating the mountain with a slight nod of the head in that direction, "there was an old Indian chief called Monongahela, who had a beautiful daughter. She was so beautiful, in fact, that when she grew to womanhood every brave in the tribe besieged the old chief for his daughter's hand. Monongahela did not heed them,





"Tom quietly climbed on the top rail of the fence beside the lowered bars and waited."

only a chief's son can marry a chief's daughter,' he said. One day a very handsome young brave came to the old chief's lodge and asked for his daughter. Monongahela recognized in him at once the son of his bitterest enemy. The old chief said that he could give his answer in the morning, pretending to want time for deliberation.

During the night the old Indian had the young brave treacherously murdered. The next day Monongahela himself disappeared. The evil spirit had put his mark on him, said the people. He must hereafter forever walk the earth at night. He cannot die and go to the happy hunting grounds of his father's, but he must guard these mountains. The good spirit however was kinder. In roaming the wilderness at night he must help his fellow mortals. If he gives his shrill war-hoop in the dead of night it is a sure sign that a murder is about to be committed in the community. This was his mission. "And" concluded March, "my grandfather always said the Indian has never lied."

Both remained in silence a while as though they were thinking deeply. Suddenly March arose and stretching himself after the manner of a man sitting in the same position for a long time, declared his intention to go to bed.

Now March slept in the barn. He had a neat little room near the grain bins with no sleeping companion but Shep. It was the custom of the people to thus guard their grain bins against the inroads of thieves.

Tom still sat thinking of the story March told him. Gradually his mind became so absorbed in this story that he became frightened. He thought he saw all kinds of objects in the darkness before him just as a man, who becomes

'worked up',—as the phrase goes,—over a ghost story will become scared at the slightest alarm. 'What was that he heard? Did he hear alright?' His hair almost stood on end, his blood stood still in his veins, his heart seemed to jump out of his mouth. The suspense was terrible. Again! Yes, he was right the first time. He was calmer now. It was the shrill war-hoop of Monongahela. If March's story was true some one would be murdered that night. Tom had again recovered his self-possession and picking himself up, as it were, quickly scampered into the house and to bed. His body was too tired to sustain his terrified mind and he soon fell into a sound sleep.

It seemed as though he had slept but a few minutes when he was awakened by the loud cry of fire! fire! He jumped out of bed and to the window. For a moment he could not guess whether the whole world was on fire or the sun rising. Just then one of the gable ends of the big barn fell in and the flames shot to the sky, illuminating the surrounding landscape. It was all clear to him now. His father's barn was burning or rather was almost burned to the ground.

In the morning, when the silent family was assembled around the breakfast table Tom noticed March's place vacant. "Where's March and Shep," he abruptly broke the silence. "I haven't seen them since last night," Tom's father dropped his plate in horror. "My God," he shouted, "Harry and Shep slept in the barn," and with that he rushed out of the house and to the smouldering ruins. In the excitement of the night March had been forgotten. Willing hands of the assembled farmers soon organized a bucket brigade and extinguished the fire

at the place where March's room was located. That afternoon the charred remains of a body were brought out and the coroner declared that Harry March had met his death accidentally in the burning barn.

When the jury had gone Tom saw a lone figure standing besides the ruins looking unto the smoking remains. It was Jim Blair dressed up in his city clothes that had been so admired by the farmer's boy.

But Harry March had interrupted Tom's thinking the night before. To the surrounding neighbors Jim had come home to visit his parents and show the community how successful he was. Harry however, had told Tom something else. According to March's talk he had overheard a conversation between Jim Blair and his father the other day. The drift of the conversation was something like this: It seemed that in the city Jim got into fast company, spent all his money, and not having any means of getting any more, forged a check, using his employer's name who had given him a week's time to replace the same in spot cash. Jim had come home to ask his father for the money who flatly refused and told him to go back to prison. Why this little incident came to Tom's mind just as he saw Jim, he could never tell. At this time he saw Jim walking towards him. "Tom," he said, holding out his hand, "I have come to say good-bye. I am going back to the city in a few hours. I am very sorry I must leave you at such a time when you have had such a great loss. "Good-bye," said Tom and walked away for the mention of such a great loss brought tears to his eyes. Walking some distance away he turned around and saw Jim standing just before the ruins of the once stately

barn and deliberately throwing something into the fire, in the vicinity where March's burned body had been found. He waited until Jim was well down the road then he quickly went into the ruins and appeared with a knife with the handle slightly scorched during this time by the heated debris. He dangled it from one hand to the other for it was hot and it seemed familiar. Yes, he was right. It was the same knife that Harry March used to carry. Tom had often used it and he knew it in a hundred.

The next day's events were all very strange and mysterious to him but two things were clear. First, Jim had no money, his father would give him none, but he was going to the city. Therefore he must have money. Now March had money and he always carried it loose in his pocket for Tom had heard him tell Jim. Second, why did Jim have March's knife? If March gave it to him why did he want to get rid of it? Could it be that Jim had,—but no it was too terrible; and had taken his,—no he couldn't believe it. In his bewilderment he sat down on a log and racked his tired brain. After a while he arose and walked to the ruins and carefully threw the knife into the hottest part. Yes, it was clear to him now. Jim needed money and needed it badly. He knew that March had it. In the struggle he killed March. No, he had not intended to do it. In the excitement of the moment he had taken March's knife with his money for he always carried them together. It was the only thing that could afford a clue for a detective but it was a good one. Therefore he must get rid of it. To conceal the whole crime he burned the barn. Yes, he was a clever crook. But what

had become of Shep? Near the barn entrance the remains of a dog's collar were found. Shep had not been idle it seemed. Probably he had heard Blair first but a well directed blow had in all probability send Shep into the land of dead dogs.

That evening Tom took his accustomed seat on the edge of the porch. His face rested on his knees in silence.

Slowly rising from his stooping position he stretched himself to his full height and pointing to the mountains he began to soleloquize. "Indian Monongahela, or whatever your name is, you were right. Murder was committed." Tapping on his head with his index finger he continued, "Tom Bein, farming is good enough for you. You will *not* go the city," and he spoke the "*not*" very emphatically.

TO A CRICKET.

(As I was seated in my room one day looking into the hearth.)

When I weigh things by the measure,
Oh how small you seem to be;
Still thy piping song I treasure,
Tho thy form is small to see.

Men would count thee all but nothing;
As a creature with no right.
Yet thou art of God's creation,
Truly as a thing of might.
'Tis true! Thou art a wee thing
With no golden plumes and song.
But thy music's just as cheery
As are hopes so fine and strong.

Sing out little piping fellow;
Thy monotony I'll forgive.
If you'll banish all of sorrow
When ambitions fail to live.

Sing! Oh sing to me for the morrow;
And to thee a welcome I'll give.
If you'll banish all of sorrow,
Thee I'll welcome here to live.

God has made and framed thy body,
And has set thy soul in tune;
Taught thy vocal wings to praise Him
Praise Him then from June to June.

JACK HARLAN, '10.

THE MUHLENBERG OUR ALUMNI.

'73. The address of Rev. G. H. Gerberling, D. D., Professor in the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary, now is 1315 Waveland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

'73. At the recent banquet tendered to Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, Litt. D., upon his retiring as editor of the "Reading Times", Rev. William H. Myers, of Reading, Pa., responded to one of the leading toasts.

'74. Hon. Milton C. Henninger, formerly State Senator from the Lehigh District, is the Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Lehigh County.

'74. We are glad to be able to report that Dr. Edgar Dubs Shimer, of Jamaica, New York, Assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools of New York City, is regaining his old time health, which was greatly impaired by overwork.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., one of the officers of the Allentown Trust Co., is an enthusiastic supporter of our college athletics.

'76. The services of Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., our Professor of the English Language and Literature, are in constant demand. Nearly every Sunday he supplies a pulpit in one of our neighboring churches.

'78. Henry Herbert Herbst, M. D., has again been elected President of the Allentown Board of Control of the Public Schools.

'79. In response to a request by Lutherans of West Greece, in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Carl N. Conrad, pastor of Lutheran Con-

cordia Church, of Rochester, N. Y., has organized an English Mission at the former place. Dr. Conrad received permission from his Church Council and the President of the New York Ministerium, of which he is a member. The mission is called the Evangelical Concordia Mission of West Greece, and already numbers about thirty members. Dr. Conrad has organized churches at East Rochester, Byron Centre, Charlotte, Brockport, Kendall, and other places.

'80. At the recent City Institute of the Public Schools of Allentown, Pa., Dr. George T. Ettinger, of the Faculty, delivered two lectures on "The Higher Sentiments and The Will."

'81. In the audience that gathered to listen to the scholarly lecture of Hon. Henry W. Scott, Presiding Judge of the third Pennsylvania district, was James T. Woodring, Esq., of South Bethlehem, Pa., formerly district attorney of Northampton county. This was Mr. Woodring's first sight of the new buildings and we need hardly say that he was delighted with things as they are now.

'84. At the inauguration of Rev. William F. Curtis as President of the Allentown College for Women, Rev. C. Ernest Wagner, Prof. of the English Language and Literature in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., represented F. and M. and brought her greetings to the newly installed officer.

'84. Rev. George M. Scheidy has taken up his residence in Allentown, Pa. He recently assisted Rev. A. Steimle, of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa.

'87. We extend our sincere sympathy to Reuben J. Butz, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., upon the sudden and very unexpected death of his devoted wife, a daughter of the late Rev. J. D. Schindel, D. D. Mrs. Butz was a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, and by her many excellent qualities of mind and heart had endeared herself to a large circle of friends and acquaintance. In their sad bereavement, both her mother, who also survives her, and her husband have the sincere wishes of a host of friends, that they may find their consolation in the faith of the Master "who doeth all things well."

'88. At the last meeting of the Allentown Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, Rev. James F. Lambert, of Catasauqua, Pa., was elected President and Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, '95, of South Bethlehem, Pa., was re-elected Secretary.

'92. Clarence Beck, Esq., of Easton, Pa., is a candidate for the State Assembly.

'94. Rev. Frederick W. Wackernagel, for six years missionary in India, has been elected pastor of the Lutheran Church, at North Water Gap, Pa.

'95. We are greatly pleased to report that Rev. Edward Haines Kistler, pastor of Bethany Evangelical Church, Allentown, Pa., is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

'94. Rev. L. Domer Ulrich, of Danville, Pa., has been elected President of the Danville Conference.

'99. Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman has returned from his trip to the Orient, which, from all appearance, must have greatly agreed with him.

1902. Lawrence H. Rupp, Esq., is becoming prominent as an eloquent orator in the Democratic campaign. He has been asked to make nine speeches in the City of Philadelphia.

1904. The Danville Conference held its semi-annual meeting in the church of Rev. M. M. Dry, at Aristes, Pa.

1905. George E. K. Guth is prospering as one of the proprietors of the Lafayette Hotel, Allentown, Pa.

1906. Luther A. Pflueger is teaching in the university at Valparaiso, Indiana.

1907. Elmer B. Ulrich is teaching in the Central High School of Philadelphia.

1908. A. Charles R. Keiter is doing post-graduate work in English and History at the University of Pennsylvania.

1908. George Kuhl, Charles T. Jacks and Ralph H. Schatz are students in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

1908. Frank H. Marsh has a position in the Danielsville, Pa., National Bank.

1908. Sem G. Beck is taking a medical course in McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

1908. James W. Anthony and Fred. L. Coleman are teaching.

1908. Harry L. Y. Seyler, Alfred M. Stump and Herbert A. Weaver are students in the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

EDITORIALS.

The success which attended the initial meeting of the Lutheran Students' Missionary Movement on October the 18th and 19th, entirely surpassed the expectations of all. Over fifty names were registered. Speakers from Africa and India; from the East, West and South, speakers representing all branches of the church work addressed the Students and their friends at four separate meetings. Nine institutions were represented, viz: Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.; Susquehanna University, Selingsgrove, Pa.; Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio; Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas; Hartwick Seminary, New York State; Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gettysburg Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa.; Harman Seminary, Springfield, Ohio; and the Allentown Preparatory School, Allentown, Pa. At every session the Church or College Chapel was packed to the limit and the addresses were of a type that could not fail to arouse enthusiasm in even the most indifferent. The great success of the entire affair was due not only to the excellent judgement of the advisors and the splendid management of the arranging committee but also, in a great measure, to the hearty cooperation of the entire student-body. At a business meeting held on Monday directly after the afternoon session it was decided to continue the work begun by our Missionary Society. Invitations were extended by various colleges and a committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the next convention.

The extreme laxity on the part of the general student-body in their attendance at the fall lectures as offered by this College is a thing to be greatly regretted. It shows not only a lack of an appreciation of the benefit afforded by such a course as well as an interest in the efforts of the college authorities but it is rank, unequivocal, inexcusable, discourtesy to the speakers. It is a shame, a crying shame that men, with the standing and position that the great majority of our lecturers have, should come to this institution and be compelled to address an audience composed of so few of the students. Why, the friends of the college from town are a hundred per cent. more loyal than we. In his preferment for trivial things when affairs of an educative influence are easily within his grasp the student reveals the total lack of that culture which should be an essential characteristic of his nature. He betrays his real self and the futility of attempting to raise him to a higher plane of thought. He seems to care more for the things of the present than for that which tends to the elevation of his more noble self. Fellows, the authorities here at college do not labor hard to work up a lecture course of irreproachable merit just for the fun that is in it; nor do busy men whose time is as precious as gold, spend hours writing an address just for the inestimable honor of delivering it to our worthy, noble, and highly esteemed selves. This is done altogether for your special benefit and in failing to take advantage of it you fail to appreciate one of the best

parts of your college life. We believe that there is an expression which says something about not being able to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. How about it?

The tendency of the modern student to seek a lower plane despite the ennobling influences which surround him is becoming more noticable every day. His love for the cultured and refining elements of life as so picturesquely brought out in the Comic Opera of this present era seems to grow stronger and stronger. He glories in physical and sensual effects and when called to account for his intemperance, his arguments invariably consist of the rather ambiguous statement that pleasure is an essential part of any life and a sure cure for the disease so common among

students and vulgarly known as "brain-fag". We will not stop to argue about the latter and granting such a condition we will allow the necessity of the former; but the point on which we disagree is the manner and method of obtaining this so called cure or relief. We believe that it is the aim of education to elevate man from then mere physical to the more lofty relms of the mental state. If he persists in associating with affairs that tend toward the former, how will he ever attain to the ideals upheld by the latter? He plays at cross purposes with himself and makes futile and vain his work here at college. If he will have pleasure and enjoyment, let him seek that which is elevating and ennobling, not that, which, in its very nature, endeavors to overthrow all that a college elducation stands for.





We have been working under pressure in this department of the "Muhlenberg" and have not approached the ideals at which we aimed. But in reviewing the articles that will appear in "The Muhlenberg" in future, we shall try to confine ourselves, first, to a consideration of the thought each article presents, and secondly to the style. No correction of false syntax will be made except in the most glaring instances. It should not be necessary to call the attention of a college man to a violation of some of our simplest syntactical rules,—he ought to know them. But we dare not profess to review a literary work with any degree of thoroughness and yet gloss over all ungrammatical statements. The language and vocabulary of a college man should not be the language and vocabulary of a student in the preparatory school. One of the first things a writer should strive to cultivate is the happy faculty of presenting his ideas in such language that they may be apprehended with the least possible effort on the part of the readers. He should practice to classify his style.

Archaic words should be avoided. One of our contributors used the word "prevented" in the sense of "preceded" or "anticipated." While this may have the advantage of showing some familiar-

ity with the language of the Scripture, it also shows that the writer did not know that "prevented," in the sense in which he used it, is obsolete. The large number of mis-spelled words is due rather to hasty type-setting than to bad spelling on the part of our contributors.

We trust that each issue of "The Muhlenberg" may see its literary merit advance beyond that of the preceding number, and that our monthly may some day stand among its contemporary college- and university-journals as does the Atlantic Monthly among the big magazines of our country.

The poetically prolific pen of Mr. Albert has once more been put to work and "Le Commencement" is the result. This poem is quite up to the standard of Mr. Albert's poetry, and, like most of the rhymes, has a healthy ring to it. We hope to be favored with more of his work along this line in future issues of "The Muhlenberg."

The essay on "Cheerfulness", by Mr. Reisner, is well written and interesting, although rather brief; we could easily have read as much more without becoming wearied. The paragraphs are somewhat short, frequently consisting of but one sentence—an indication, perhaps,

that the thoughts presented might have been developed more completely. The author deserves credit for his terse, concise style.

With the keen logic of the scientific man, Mr. Charles McCormick has analyzed the question of "Why College Men Succeed." The article is characterized by good common sense expressed in a practical, matter-of-fact style. Occasionally, however, Mr. McCormick indulges in a few rhetorical figures which serve to emphasize his thought. He concludes with the statement: "We have our phenomena of so called self-made men rising to wonderful, dizzy heights; but think what they might have attained and how much more rapid the attainment had they had the advantages offered by a college education. It is easy to point out, of course, men and women of great eminence and usefulness who never attended college. The names of Franklin and Lincoln are mentioned, and the question is asked, has the college any greater names than these? But, as Theodore Parker says, there will always be men whom nothing can keep uneducated. Are you a Franklin or a Lincoln? If you so, you can get along without the training of the college. There probably never lived a man or woman who regretted having taken a college course, no matter how great the sacrifice. We may regret almost any other step in life, but I believe it is safe to say that there is not a college graduate in the world to-day, who went to college with serious and honest purposes, who will not say that it was time, money, and labor well spent.

Under the caption "True Merit", Mr. Walter Brossman gives an entertaining essay on human equality. The pervad-

ing thought is very good, and the author is to be complimented on the amount of earnestness he has put into it. Unlike the two contributors preceding, he has not been so compact in his form of expression as he might be; but a lack of terseness is not a fault, so long as one does not become prolix.

Mr. Paul Huyett has given us an entertaining story of Indian life under the title "When the Chief and His Tribe Returned." The story is evidently founded on fact, and seems to be true to ed on fact, and seems to be true to the historical accounts of the French and Indian War, although the date of 1715 is incorrect—probably a typographical error. Mr. Huyett excels in the narration of stories of frontier life, and this particular one is among the best he has given us.

"In Search of an Affinity" is a story that will appeal to most readers from beginning to end, and cannot fail to hold one's attention throughout. We are glad that the author, who writes under the pseudonym of "Wach" is continuing the good work begun last year—that of raising the literary standard of "The Muhlenberg."

After reading the first instalment (the story is a serial) the reader will probably speculate as to whether the hero, Christy, will find the "Affinity" or not. If he does not meet her—the woman he could actually love—is he honest and sincere enough to refrain from marrying, and thereby forfeit a fortune? The delineation of Christy's character is not sufficient to enable us even to guess what he is likely to do, and so speculation is as uncertain as it can be. At its conclusion the story leaves the reader

impatient for the next issue of "The Muhlenberg", in which Christy's fate will probably be decided.

"Jean le Rouge" whom our students of French will be able to identify after a moment's reflection, gives us a poem

in "Retrospection" that approaches perfection. The style and thought remind us of Poe, of whom, perhaps, the author is an admirer. We feel safe in saying that poetry of this nature will always be welcomed in the columns of our monthly.

PERSONALS.

Reisner, '10—What's good for a cold on the left side?

Shupp, '10—Heat on the right.

Dr. H.—The bridegroom was exempt from warfare for a time, probably in order to become accustomed to the warfare at home.

Mr. W.—You can't use Ivory Soap with salt water.

Tanaka, '10—Yes, sir, you can. I did.

Mr. W.—I wouldn't give much for that bath.

Zuch, '10—But, Doctor, I had to get haled in the President's office.

Dr. — —You had to get hell in the President's office?

Mr. H.—Is this question debatable, "Resolved, that the pulpit affords more opportunity for eloquence than the bar?"

Aberly, '10—What kind of bar?

Mr. W.—What two things must you have to make liquid oxygen?

Putra—Oxygen is one.

Morning, '10—Does she play classical music?

Schmoyer, '10—Oh yes, and the other kind too—scientific, I guess you call it.

To prove that tobacco has a terrible effect on life Eichner, '09, said—"I killed my gold fish by smoking."

Yerger, '10, Reisner, '10, et al, look "deucedly H'English" with their new "sideburns". A little more extension would give them a somewhat down-in-the-mouth appearance. Such "hirsute efflorescences" remind one quite forcibly of Moike Rudh's moustache of last year.

Nonamaker, '09, in speaking about luxuries, gave his opinion that woman's dress is a luxury. We wonder how he knows.

Reisner, '10—Then, Doctor, if I would be "verueckt" I would be out of my orbit.

Dr. W.—Reisner, you're no star.

Zuch, '10—No, but he's a son.

The Glee Club rendered one of Handel's anthems on the evening of October 19th, the occasion being the meeting of the Students' Missionary Conference. From present indications we will have a better Glee Club than we have had for many years.

By action of the Dramatic Association it has been decided to transfer the time of the College play from January to Commencement week.



ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg, 0; Medico-Chi, 0.

Owing to the fact that the game scheduled for October 3rd with Temple University could not be played on account of the latter not having an organized team so early in the season, as they ought, the Muhlenberg eleven did not have the essential practice to unify and to strengthen a team.

When on October 10th, our team lined up against Medico-Chi, who outweighed us twenty pounds to the man, it was nothing less than that Muhlenberg spirit under the direction of Coach Bull that kept the doctors hustling to keep us from scoring.

Game started at 3.40. Medico-Chi won the toss and received the kick. A series of heavy formations and line plunges followed by means of which they carried the ball to our five yard line when our boys began to take notice and the rest of the game was played in their territory, their goal being in constant danger. The line got down and held

like a stone wall giving the back field an opportunity to demonstrate their superiority over the doctors. This display of strength set the crowd wild. Captain Albert gave the signal for a kick and Aberly, in his cool manner, sent the pig skin down the field. Chi gained several yards when they were penalized fifteen yards and forced to kick. Putra received advancing the ball fifteen yards before he was tackled. The following down Putra gained another fifteen yards around left end. Aberly kicked and Hauser recovered the ball. Here Muhlenberg tried a forward pass and Butz gained ten yards. When the whistle blew Muhlenberg was fifteen yards from their goal.

Practically all of the second half was played in Chi's territory and only by frequent time out to renew their energy did the husky and experienced eleven defend their goal.

Line up.

Muhlenberg.		Medico-Chi.
Hauser	left end	Olmstead (Engle)
Beidler	left tackle	Stocker
Miller	left guard	Binder
Schumaker (Bossard)	centre	Main
Snyder	right guard	Riland
Reisner	right tackle	Schaffer
Butz	right end	Faringer
Albert	quarter back	Golden
Shelly	left half back	West
Putra	right half back	Hain
Aberly	full back	Ringgold

Time of halves 25 and 20 minutes.

THE MUHLENBERG

Muhlenberg, 14; Lebanon Valley, 0.

On October 17th, although outweighed to some extent the boys of the Cardinal and Gray, under the scorching rays of old Sol., who was out in all his splendor making it hot not only for the players but even for the spectators, met more nearly their equal in weight than the Saturday previous on the home field. The intense heat showed its effect on both teams and no doubt most of the players had sooner strolled the shady lanes than entered the combat under the open sky. Barely however was the game in due progress before Coach Bull's warriors resorted to their reserved energy and proved themselves more than equal to the attempt of their opponents. Although Lebanon Valley played a constant and plucky game most of the playing was done in their territory, Muhlenberg's much coveted goal being in no instance of the game in danger.

First half. Muhlenberg won the toss and kicked off. Lebanon received but made little gain and the following play lost five yards by Muhlenberg breaking through her line and carrying back the man with the ball. Lebanon resorted to a forward pass which Putra caught. After a couple of line plunges Muhlenberg lost the ball on a fumble. After a series of punts, forward passes and line plunges Putra broke through the line for 20 yards. In another line plunge Putra was shoved over the line for a touch down. Shelly failed at goal.

The rest of the half was played back and forth either side being unable to score. Half ended with ball in Muhlenberg's possession on Lebanon's twenty yard line.

Second half. Lebanon kicked off. Putra received and rushed down the field for thirty-five yards. Shelly dashed around left end for forty yards but fumbled near goal line. Lebanon having recovered the ball punted. Muhlenberg received the ball and after advancing it Aberly sent it over the goal on a placement kick. Having things our way Coach Bull made a number of substitutions. Lebanon kicked off. After a series of see-saws Coleman went through the line for ten yards and a touch-down. Keck failed at goal. Lebanon received and after a number of plays the half ended with the ball in Muhlenberg's possession near the center of the field.

Line up.

Muhlenberg.		Lebanon Valley.
Butz (Fink)	right end	Strock
Reisner	right tackle	Hensel
Snyder	right guard	Plummer
Coleman (Bossard)	centre	Rutherford
Miller	left guard	Wert
Reed (Coleman, Wohlsen)	l. t.	Shaffer
Hauser (Bennett)	l. e.	Zollinger (Walk)
Albert	quarter back	Ensminger
Shelly (Keck)	l. h. b.	Guyer R.
Putra (Shupp)	r. h. b.	Guyer G.
Aberly (Coleman)	full back	Lehman

Touch downs, Putra and Coleman.
Placement kick, Aberly. Time of halves
25 and 20 minutes.

EXCHANGES.

We cannot help but conclude in looking over the school and college papers, that have accumulated on our exchange table since last June, that the functions of such papers, as conceived by different staffs, vary widely. Certain of our exchanges are wholly of a literary character; their contents consist of short stories interspersed with short poems and parodies. Others, again, partake more of the nature of Chronicles, recording faithfully all the events and occurrences at their respective institutions to the neglect of their literary departments. Between these extremes may be found all gradations. All these papers are published under different circumstances and with different ends in view. In view of this fact we desire to say nothing critical concerning any school publication, whatever its end, so long as its editors make an honest effort fully and completely to realize that end. We do believe, however, that a school or college paper is first and foremost a literary organ. As such it should accord its literary department first place and relegate its chronicles of events to a less conspicuous position. The execution of this policy, we believe, would give a college publication a wider sphere of influence and a greater interest with the student body. Who is not interested in a spicy story entertainingly told? On the other hand, who cares to read a review of games and other events of which he had a previous knowledge?

We often hear charges of disinterestedness brought against the student-body by some of our contemporaries and know from experience that such charges are generally justified. But what is the cause? Let us turn our attention to the

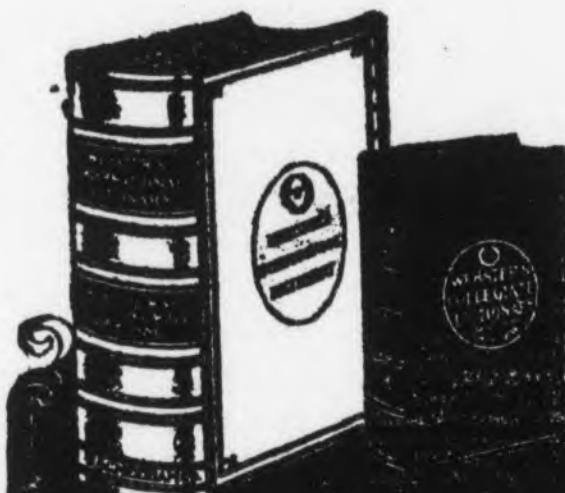
publications and see whether we could not lay charges of uninterestingness at their doors, were we so disposed.

Interest to be genuine,—and that is the only kind worth having,—must be spontaneous. No amount of exhortation will cause students to take an interest in a publication which is *per se* uninteresting. We emphasize, at the cost of a little repetition, that the only way to make a college paper interesting and appreciated is to make it as largely literary as possible and to raise its literary productions to a representative standard. This is merely a suggestion which we hope will be accepted for what it is worth.

We are pleased to note that two of our esteemed exchanges, The College Student and The Breeze, are offering prizes for the best works of fiction that shall be published in their numbers during the coming scholastic year. We sincerely hope that this plan may succeed in arousing interest in the literary work of these papers and that they may reap lasting results from it.

We miss a number of our former exchanges but hope these will put in their appearance during the coming month. Among this number we desire particularly to mention The Mercury.

We thankfully acknowledge the following exchanges: The Touchstone, The Roanoke Collegian, The Comenian, The College Student, The Albright Bulletin, College Chips, The Ursinus Weekly, The Narrator, The Red and Black (Beth. Prep. School), The Red and Black, (Reading High School), The Breeze, The Mirror and The Review.



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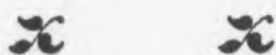
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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as second-class matter.)

"CONSCIENCE."

I hear voices, listen! listen!

They are calling, Oh, so near!
What can be their mystic meanings?

Hark! My soul is filled with fear.

List! What is it they are saying?

"You have lost a friend sincere.
You have killed your only brother—
Have you no repentant tear?"

"Now you're old, despised, gray-headed,
Life has been to you secure,
But its gem has lost its value,
You are but a beggar poor."

"Riches manifold, your pleasure
Banquet halls unnumbered were.
To the poor you gave no treasures
Of gold, frankincense and myrrh."

From your bounty no rich blessings
Graced the poor ones' menial boards;

But in dens of vice and pleasure
You have spent life's richest hoards."

"When your brother called. No answer
Came from lips that should have cared,
I am not my brother's keeper,
He has never with me shared."

"No, he could not, but his wishes
And his smiles, cheered others on,—
You have lost life's golden moments—
Now your riches—all are gone."

"Poor and lonely, sad and wretched,
You live on in direful state,
Every unrepentant mortal
Reaps like you, a sim'lar fate."

"Best for you, if life had left you
Sweetest charms of purest joy.
But, alas, you've spent your honor—
Life is mixed with stains alloy."

JOHN S. ALBERT, '09.

THE MUHLENBERG

THANKSGIVING.

J. H. HORN, '10.

All nations have their days of festivity. Athens had her games, Rome her festivals to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva. Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving are a few of the many festivals that are observed in the United States. It is the last of these that has very appropriately been called the "autumnal queen of American festivals" and it is concerning this festival that I shall endeavor to give you a few thoughts.

During the early part of the seventeenth century, no country in Europe had the entire freedom of worship which every civilized nation enjoys to-day. In England, every person was compelled, by law, to attend and help to support the Protestant Episcopal Church, established by the government.

The stringency of the law, in this particular was opposed by three classes, viz: the Catholics, the Puritans and the Separatists. It is the history of the last of these classes that we shall consider in the developing of this theme.

In spite of this law a congregation of Separatists held religious services in the little English village of Scrooby. Realizing that they could have no peace, but were, as they said "hunted", "persecuted" and "clapped up in prison", they emigrated from the English shores, and became exiles in Amsterdam. In pursuit of religious liberty the little band of Pilgrims broke away from Amsterdam in the year 1610, and went to Seyden. It was in order to win religious liberty that the immortal one hundred and two Pilgrims went on board the "Mayflower", crossed the rough At-

lantic, and in the winter of the year 1620 landed on the bleak and rocky coast of Cape Cod Bay.

Conditions were such that the newcomers had not been in America more than a month before one-third of their number had passed away, and ere they had spent one year in America the dead sleeping upon Burial Hill outnumbered the living. During their first year in America "they had to make seven times more graves for the dead than houses for the living." Notwithstanding all their trials and hardships, Governor Bradford and his brave and loyal band had so much to be thankful for that they deemed it necessary to appoint "an especial day on which to give especial thanks for all their mercies." Accordingly Governor Bradford sent out four men hunting in order that they might procure enough game for the great feast. The Indian Chief Massasoit and ninety of his men also joined in the merriment and contributed toward the feast five deer. The day appointed has come. Governor Bradford leads his people into the house of worship and the morning is spent in religious worship. The rest of the day was spent as a day of feasting, a day of frolic and fun. Among other recreations they exercised their arms and it is in this way that they entertained the Indians for three days and it is thus that was spent the first Thanksgiving Day in America, in the year 1621.

Nor was this the last Thanksgiving festival but this day was faithfully celebrated afterward and hoping that

it may prove interesting to the reader to read a copy of the first Thanksgiving Proclamation ever issued by the highest executive of the United States I shall endeavor to give you a copy of the same.

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL
THANKSGIVING PRO-
CLAMATION.

*By the President of the United States
of America.*

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his Will, to be grateful for His Benefits, and humbly to improve his Protection and Favour: And Whereas both houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "To recommend to the People of the *United States*, a Day of *Public Thanksgiving* and *Prayer*, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful Hearts the many Signal Favours of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a Form of Government for their Safety and Happiness."

Now, *Therefore*, I do recommend and assign *Thursday*, the Twenty-Sixth Day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States, to the Service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be: That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation;—for the signal and manifold Mercies, and the favourable Interposition of his Providence in the

course and conclusion of the late war;—for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union, and Plenty, which we have since enjoyed;—for the peaceable and rational Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;—and in general, for all the great and various Favours which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And Also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our National and other Transgressions;—to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually;—to render our National Government a Blessing to all the people, by constantly being a government of a wise, just and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully obeyed;—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good Government, Peace and Concord;—to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the increase of Science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my Hand at the City of New York, the third Day of October, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Nine.

G. WASHINGTON.

Its national celebration in recognition of the year's blessings was first recom-

mended by proclamation of President Lincoln in 1863, and has since been annually observed. At the present time all states in the United States recognize Thanksgiving Day as a holiday but the following: Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma and Utah.

If we were to compare the celebration of this day with that of the celebration which the Pilgrims had, we would find that there has been very little change in the order of celebrating this day, for the morning is generally devoted to religious worship, noon to feasting and the afternoon to the exhibition of the mental and physical strength and skill of the American youth.

The question may come up, do we Americans of today have any reason for celebrating this day; let us consider.

The Pilgrims in their rude and uncomfortable homes found a great deal for which to be thankful, ought we not therefore, who are enjoying homes of comfort and luxury be even more thankful than they were.

"Many a time", wrote the author of

The Pilgrim Fathers of New England, "they went to bed to rest without knowing whence the next day's food was to come. How they were to live until the next harvest came round it was impossible to say, yet those godly men, on Plymouth's first Thanksgiving Day, were able to thank God that he had given to them enough food up to the present time, and a hand where they could ultimately earn a competency, if not a superabundance." If this was the spirit of gratitude that our Pilgrim ancestor manifested. In what manner can we express our gratitude as we look over our vast expanse of soil, the fertility of which yields almost inexhaustible resources.

Our Pilgrim ancestors went to church with a gun in one hand and a bible in the other, while at worship it was necessary to have men on guard, and yet it was they who first observed this day of Thanksgiving, a time when they thanked God for religious liberty. Ought we not therefore to turn our eyes upward in gratitude, for courts of justice, free schools and open church doors.

Dr. H.—Who was Socrates' father?

Rupp, '09—Soph—Soph—Soph—

Dr. H.—Sophronicus. Who was his mother?

Rupp—Xenophon.

Dr. H.—What kind of a woman was she?

Rupp—She was very much abused.

Morning, '10—I got it from pretty good authority.

Dr. H.—Who is your authority?

Morning—Some of the Seniors.

THE RELATION OF THE SOCIALIST TO PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.

KARL MARX, '10.

The time honored saying to the effect that "ignorance is bliss", is as much out of date as that still more ancient proverb which hopefully assures us that "everything comes to him who waits." It behooves men of our time to strive for a clearer and broader understanding of the conditions of the time, and should we, per chance, find room for improvement in some direction or other, we must busy ourselves to improve matters in the light of the highest knowledge we can possibly attain.

There are many problems facing our nation today--problems on the solution of which depends all our future. The vicissitudes through which our country has passed are as nothing in comparison with those questions now awaiting our attention; we do not need great armies in this our need, but brains.

There is, however, an unfortunately superficial knowledge on these vital subjects displayed by most people. It is too easy, alas, to forget the real basis of our ills—even to ignore them—and to engage ourselves in fascinating but useless discussions and speculations on the ever present Tariff Question; or, with an equal waste of valuable time, to discuss chimerical schemes for the guaranteeing of banks. How can we help seeing and knowing that the vital, burning question, which must be settled, is that of the proper relationship between Labor and Capital? In other words, we must understand that the very foundations of our present economic system need attending to, and that

right early. The question is not distinctly political, but rather is economic: and it is social, in that it is radically concerned with the social relations between the component parts of our society.

This question has been given much thought by men who were devoted, not only to the national welfare, but also devoted to the common good of mankind.

There are, evidently, two obvious remedies for the bettering of our condition: a patching up of our present system of society, or else the introduction of an entirely new order of things. Acting, perhaps, on the Biblical principles that "new patches should not be set into old garments" and that new wine should not be put into old bottles," there is a decidedly growing sentiment in favor of the latter method of solution. To understand clearly just what these "crack-brained theorists" preach, it will be necessary for us to rehearse very briefly a bit of economic history.

In Mediaeval times Capital and Labor were represented in the same man—the artisan; even the guild apprentice served not as an employee, but rather served with a view to future mastership. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the relation of employer and employee came to be pretty well established; here, then, we have a few of the strongly defined elements of society as we know it today. As was natural, time- and labor-saving inventions brought about a decided change, in that the man who

was producer and capitalist both, now became the exception and not the rule. Through a long series of progressive changes (too evident to need rehearsal) wealth has always tended to concentrate more and more in the hands of a few. This fact of concentration is characteristic of our society today; in fact so rapid is this concentration that the billionaire is not merely a possibility, but an imminent probability.

Let us digress a moment to note that "Persia perished when one per cent. of the people owned all the wealth; Egypt went down when two per cent. owned 97-100ths of all the wealth, and Rome expired when 1800 men possessed the known world." (Parsons: *Philosophy of Mutualism*.)

Now then, let us get the gist of the whole matter: Production has, through a long period of economic development, come to be socialized. The Socialist recognizes this truth, and asserts that it is logical and necessary that the means of production be also socialized. Nothing could be more reasonable. Our high state of civilization rests on socialized production; it is perfectly natural and legitimate to conclude that the socializ-

ing of the means of production would solve many of the vexations present-day problems. It would certainly place the relation between the different elements of society on a more rational basis.

However, I do not propose to enter into a defense of Socialist teaching; the limits imposed by time and space forbid such a discussion at this time. I have merely endeavored to give an outline, necessarily brief, of the Socialistic position with regard to the great questions of the day. The Socialist, contrary to the impression which seems to obtain among certain classes of "thinking men", is rational and amendable to reason. It is of the highest importance to realize that the Socialist is a person singularly in earnest; he means business. It is certainly not the part of wisdom to try to laugh down a movement of such gigantic proportions—in support of the object of which 9,000,000 voters cast their ballots—

"For that which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed."

Reisner, '10—I've put a piece of rock-salt in a place already and it disappeared entirely.

Mr. W.—Mr. McCormick, can you explain that?

McCormick—The salt absorbed water, became warmer, and fused.

Mr. W.—Is that your explanation, Mr. Reisner?

Reisner—No, Sir. The horse ate it. I put it in a stall.

IN SEARCH OF AN AFFINITY.

WACH, '09.

(Continued.)

Christy settled his account at the hotel, ordered the groom to take the horse to the stables and in ten minutes found himself with bag and baggage in Thompson's garage, selecting his touring outfit. Five minutes later and he and his newly made friend, who had introduced himself as Henry D'Albert, were sailing down the Avenue toward the Point. Christy explained that his first object was to trace a red car that had come through Long Beach that very morning.

"Is this to be a chase?" asked D'Albert laughingly.

"I wouldn't be surprised," was the sober reply.

"Well that just suits me. Anything for excitement."

They succeeded in tracing the red car as far as Briton Bay; from whence it seemed to have turned taking a more westerly course. At Long Port the car was reported to be but a half hour ahead of them and heading inland. At Anglesea they lost all trace of it and so concluded that it was somewhere in the town. Here they passed the night and were on their way again before seven o'clock. The man at the toll gate told them that the red car had gone through about an hour before, in the direction of Port Elizabeth. They were traveling over the road at a right good pace, when D'Albert suddenly stopped and leaping into the road stooped down and picked up something.

"Hello," he said, "look at this. It has evidently been dropped by someone

just ahead." And he held up to view an envelope which upon examination proved to be neither addressed nor sealed. D'Albert took out the enclosed letter and read:—"Dear Dad: Please don't be surprised when I tell you that Uncle John, Aunt Sarah, and I are on our way across the continent." D'Albert referred to the heading and observed: "This seems to have been written at Anglesea last evening. Well, let's see who the writer is." It proved to be feminine and ended with 'Your loving daughter, Sara.'

"Well, let's investigate the contents a little further and possibly that will solve the mystery."

The entire itinerary of the trip was given and strange to say it was to be taken in an automobile.

Christy was growing impatient at the delay and finally burst out: "Oh, burn that letter, D'Albert. Come on, let's go. Besides it's very impolite to read other people's letters."

"Now just hold on. This may prove to be more interesting than you think. Now here's a very thrilling account of how the young lady together with her precious Uncle Johnnie and Aunt Sarie came near running down a handsome young man mounted on a fine horse—"

"What's that!" exclaimed Christy sitting up with sudden interest. "Say, read that again."

"Ho, ho," laughed D'Albert, "just listen to this: "He jumped clear of the saddle just as the horse rolled over on its back. My! but I was frightened.

Uncle John and James jumped out of the car,—James must be the chauffeur,—but he was on his feet and had the horse by the bridle before it could run away. Then he made James hold the horse, while he cut a switch from a willow tree. When he came back and took the horse, James got in the car and started the engines going for all they were worth. He had mounted again, and the horse danced and carried on until I thought we were all going to be killed; but when I saw him using the whip I just couldn't stand it, and asked him to throw it away. He looked at me for a while, as though he had never seen a girl before, and then broke the whip into pieces, and threw it into the—'. But at this point Christy snatched the missive away from him and eagerly devoured the contents of the letter.

D'Albert was laughing and talking in turns. "Ho, ho, ha, ha,—handsome young man throws away his whip at the request of the beautiful young lady. Bah! such slush. Ha, ha, ha! I suppose there 'll be a romance out of that. Ho, ho, ho! I wonder who the young sap-head is. No doubt he exerted his tremendous will power and passed the roaring automobile without the aid of his whip. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep quiet!" roared Christy, but D'Albert only laughed the louder, until his companion hoped he could choke.

"Oh, burn that letter, Christy," he said sobering down at length. "Come on. Let's go. Besides it's very impolite to read other people's letters."

But Christy was too deeply engrossed in the strange contents to pay attention to the quotation. At length he closed it with a sigh of relief and contentment.

"Well, well," he said, after a moment's reflection, "was there ever such splendid, good fortune. Here's the entire itinerary. My, oh my! What luck!"

D'Albert looked up and meekly asked: "May I inquire of what you are talking?"

Christy looked thoughtfully ahead and finally turned to his companion with a benighted and superior smile. "Well," he began, "I might as well make a clean breast of it and then we can work together. You remember that red car that went through Long Beach yesterday morning?"

D'Albert nodded and was immediately all attention.

"And you remember that stout, old gentleman, who sat with the chauffeur." Christy's mouth twitched and he squinted hard at the road ahead.

"And were there two ladies in the rear seat?"

"Probably there were," was the indifferent response. "But you remember the old gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm following him."

"An adventure?"—eagerly.

"Possibly."

"Say"—with sudden awe—"Are you a detective?"

Christy smiled mysteriously and insinuatively. "But come," he said, "we will go. We'll make tracks at once for Cheltenham; and the sooner we get there, the better."

So D'Albert started the engines and they flew along at a thirty mile pace on the shortest line to the border. Two days later they were well into Pennsylvania and heading north for Allentown. They took the steep incline on Hamilton

Street, just above the depot, with perfect ease; but at Fifth Street an accident happened that came near causing a serious delay. A rear tire burst as they were crossing the car track, from one side of the street to the other, and only the coolness of D'Albert, and his active presence of mind, saved the machine from total wreckage on the fountain in front of the court-house. It took a day and a half to get the machine out of the garage; and then, having obtained information, that the object of their search was last seen heading for Reading, they promptly headed that way themselves. Christy was somewhat embarrassed when D'Albert innocently inquired why he did not telephone to the police authorities ahead and have them detain the party. Christy, however extracted himself by observing, in a low, impressive and mysterious tone, that the peculiar complications of the case required absolute secrecy. "I know that I can trust you," he said with a smile; and D'Albert was quite impressed with the importance of the trust thrust upon him.

At Reading they met with a disaster caused by their own neglect and oversight and damaging themselves rather than their machine. On Penn street an officer of the law stopped them and upon investigation arrested them for neglecting to procure a license. It had not occurred to them that a New Jersey license was a useless appendage in Pennsylvania. But after explaining their confusion to the magistrate, and being properly fined for it; and having procured a license; all of which required the valuable space of two days; they were at length permitted to depart without further hinderance heartily depre-

cating their stupidity, as well as the inconsiderateness of the officials in detaining them for so great a length of time; and making hasty tracks for Harrisburg, toward which, from the latest report, the red automobile was supposed to be speeding. Through the Pennsylvania capital they passed in hot pursuit; and on toward the mountains with the least possible delay. At Tyrone they were arrested for exceeding the speed limit and D'Albert as the driver of the car was jailed an entire day before Christy could get him out by paying a heavy fine. Christy wasn't getting exactly discouraged, but he did begin to feel that his case was growing more desperate every day, and although misfortune continually dogged their steps at every point, and the trail became weaker and weaker as they proceeded, still he kept on with grim determination, swearing to run them to the ground or—with mock tragedy—perish in the attempt. Only once or twice did he give vent to the nature of his real feelings in front of D'Albert.

"If they would only follow their confounded itinerary", he growled as they sped hastily over the Ohio sands leaving behind the unpropitious town of Cadiz. "If I made an itinerary I'd follow it or make none at all."

D'Albert smiled descretely and wisely held his peace.

At Pang, Ill., Christy found himself with a broken down carburater; all trace of the quarry lost; and a quarter of his year gone. His reflections as he sat in the room of his hotel that evening were profound, and anything save harmonious. At length he resolved, as a last desperate measure, to throw aside all further regard to the itinerary and

make a bee-line for San Francisco. This piece of information imparted to D'Albert drew from him no greater comment than a poetical quotation:

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die—"

But Christy merely grunted, so D'Albert went out to gather in the necessities for the coming journey. They had the joyful pleasure of spending a week in this little Illinois town because of the fact that they had to send to the factory for new parts for the carbureter. Christy was at first inclined to make himself miserable, but recognizing the decree of the inevitable, by the end of the week he was actually beginning to enjoy himself. One day, however, Christy's heart was gladdened by the familiar grumbling and growling of machinery in front of the hotel porch, and evacuating with bag and baggage he piled into the waiting car, his readiness and eager desire for the renewal of the chase undiminished.

For pleasure's sake they decided to take the old Santa Fe route, and accordingly headed in the direction of St. Louis, Missouri. Here misfortune again overtook them and they were compelled to delay for another week because of a broken valve. At Fort Scott, Kansas, they were held up by a series of terrific storms, which made all traveling impossible, and, above all, automobiling. From Fort Scott, when the weather permitted, they struck south again until they had reached Pan Handle, Texas. Here a boisterous and fairly intoxicated cowpuncher took it into his head, as he came riding through the town a whooping and holloing, to make a target of their tires and he succeeded in puncher-

ing two before D'Albert, thoroughly enraged, had yanked him from his poney, taken his gun away, and administered to him a sound thrashing. Fortunately little damage was done to the rims but they were forced to wait here for two weeks until an extra set of tires could be shipped from St. Louis.

At Las Vegas they beheld, far in the distance, dimly as through a mist, the welcome and yet fearful sight of the Rocky Mountains; that great Western barrier, rising, pile upon pile, with gentle slope, and glowing under the golden rays of the setting sun. Here they passed the night. At Santa Fe Christy received his customary check and in addition the following Laconic message from Mr. Jenkins:—"Seven months gone. Hope you haven't forgotten the two millions. Your position in the bank is still open for you." Christy smiled when he read it and then sent in reply: "The duse with the money. I'm trying to catch my Affinity."

They left Santa Fe early in the morning, and two days later found them spinning along in the heart of the Rockies. Skirting the White Mesa mountains they crossed over into Utah. At St. George they stopped for two days to give the machine a thorough overhauling, and to prepare for another period of rough mountain climbing. From St. George they turned almost due west, keeping straight in this course until they broke down at Palmetto, Nevada. Here they were delayed for another week to Christy's great disgust. However, time saw them on their way again, and they entered San Jose, several days later, tired, dirty, and hungry, but extremely happy. Once more they took the car to the garage, had it

thoroughly overhauled and put into trim after the hard jolting of the mountain work. Then they set out for San Francisco, D'Albert apparently happy that the journey was almost at an end and the strange and mysterious trip about to be explained, and Christy happy—well, for other reasons.

As they rode slowly through the Pacific metropolis Christy looked eagerly about him. He had learned to run the car as well as a veteran, but D'Albert was almost compelled to take the wheel away from him, so utterly indifferent did he become to where he was steering.

"If you really care to, you can find a much easier and probably less expensive way of getting into jail than by running over people," observed D'Albert, after he had reached over and stopped the car short in its tracks for the third time.

"You take the wheel then," said Christy, and the exchange was made.

"Do you see anything of him?" asked D'Albert innocently, after they had ridden for several miles over the paved streets of the city. "Any cigar ashes, cigarette stumps, or any non-indigenous dust lying around?"

"Hu," grunted Christy.

"Why, do you find any traces of your man?"

"What man?" in surprise.

"Why, that rascal you were telling me about back in Jersey. Don't you remember? Oh! now I see. Ha, ha, ha! Say, you're an artful dissembler. Do you know you came almost near fooling me that time, and here we've been roughing it together for the last ten months. By George! you're a slick one all right." And he laughed again,

loud and long, and only stopped after he had nearly run down three pedestrians.

By this time Christy was able to collect his scattered thoughts, so he smiled knowingly, tried to look wise, and wisely keep silent.

"Gee Whizz!" observed the artless D'Albert, "why the way you looked there one would have thought that you had never heard of a man before. Do you know, you could almost make me believe that you had chased across this continent after a woman—if you wanted to. What's the matter?" for Christy had turned sharply at these words.

"Nothing," was the calm reply, but after that he was strangely silent.

"Let me have the wheel for a while," he finally said. The exchange was again made, and at that point they turned into the business section of San Francisco.

They had traversed several blocks at a slow pace when, suddenly, from a cross street, a big red car shot across their path. The effect on Christy was startling to say the least. With a half smothered exclamation he leaned forward, but in his excitement he threw on the brakes instead of the high speed and brought the car to a full stop.

"What's the trouble?" asked D'Albert in seeming surprise.

"Great Scott! there she goes! Didn't you see her! Oh, what the thunder is wrong with these levers!" At length he got the right one and they shot away just in time to see the red car disappear around a corner. He flung the lever forward several more notches, but his headlong and reckless speed soon attracted the attention of the police. It was half raining and half drizzling and darkness seemed to be suspended in the

air just about ready to fall. Then, as they skidded furiously around the corner, an officer called for them to halt. When Christy paid no attention to the summons, he blew his whistle. Several more sounded in reply some distance ahead; but Christy heeded them as little as he did the drizzling rain, for he was rapidly gaining upon his quarry and it lay but two blocks away. Suddenly, however, from out of somewhere a mounted policeman came and, with drawn revolver, rode at them. In his excitement Christy would, without a doubt, have ridden him down. As it was, D'Albert leaned over and stopped the car just in time to prevent the crash. Powerless to do anything, Christy saw the object of his long search, for which he had crossed the entire continent, gradually drawing away and escaping him. In impotent rage he got up and shook his fist at the innocent but daring official; then, when he saw the red car disappear around another corner, he would have started the car again, and swept over the guardian of the law, had D'Albert not prevented him.

"Don't try that," said the policeman calmly surveying him. "If you do, I'll fill your tires full of holes. Now you had better come along with me."

"Well, confound it then, let this man go with the car! He can come back later on. I'll go along with you as a hostage."

"Since you are the guilty party and nothing worse is liable to happen to you than a good big fine, why I suppose it will be all right—though you don't deserve it."

Christy quickly jumped to the pavement. "Follow that red car and don't come back until you have some definite

information about it" was all he said, and he and the officer wended their way to the police station.

That night D'Albert found Christy sitting in a room of the Pacific Hotel contemplating his loss and misfortune of the day with philosophical cheerfulness. He jumped up as the former entered.

"Well, what news," he eagerly inquired.

D'Albert shrugged his shoulders. "Must have made a mistake," he said. "Nobody but a girl in that car."

Christy buried his face in his hands and whistled softly to keep from swearing. "I knew it," he said at length.

"But I thought you were chasing some man, and there was none in that car save the chauffeur. He answered to anything but the description of your party."

Christy was silent for several moments. "I know," he said; "but the girl is the real criminal. She is the one who did the stealing." Christy's languid smile was changed into astonishment by a sudden outburst from D'Albert.

"Well, what is the trouble with you?" Christy asked.

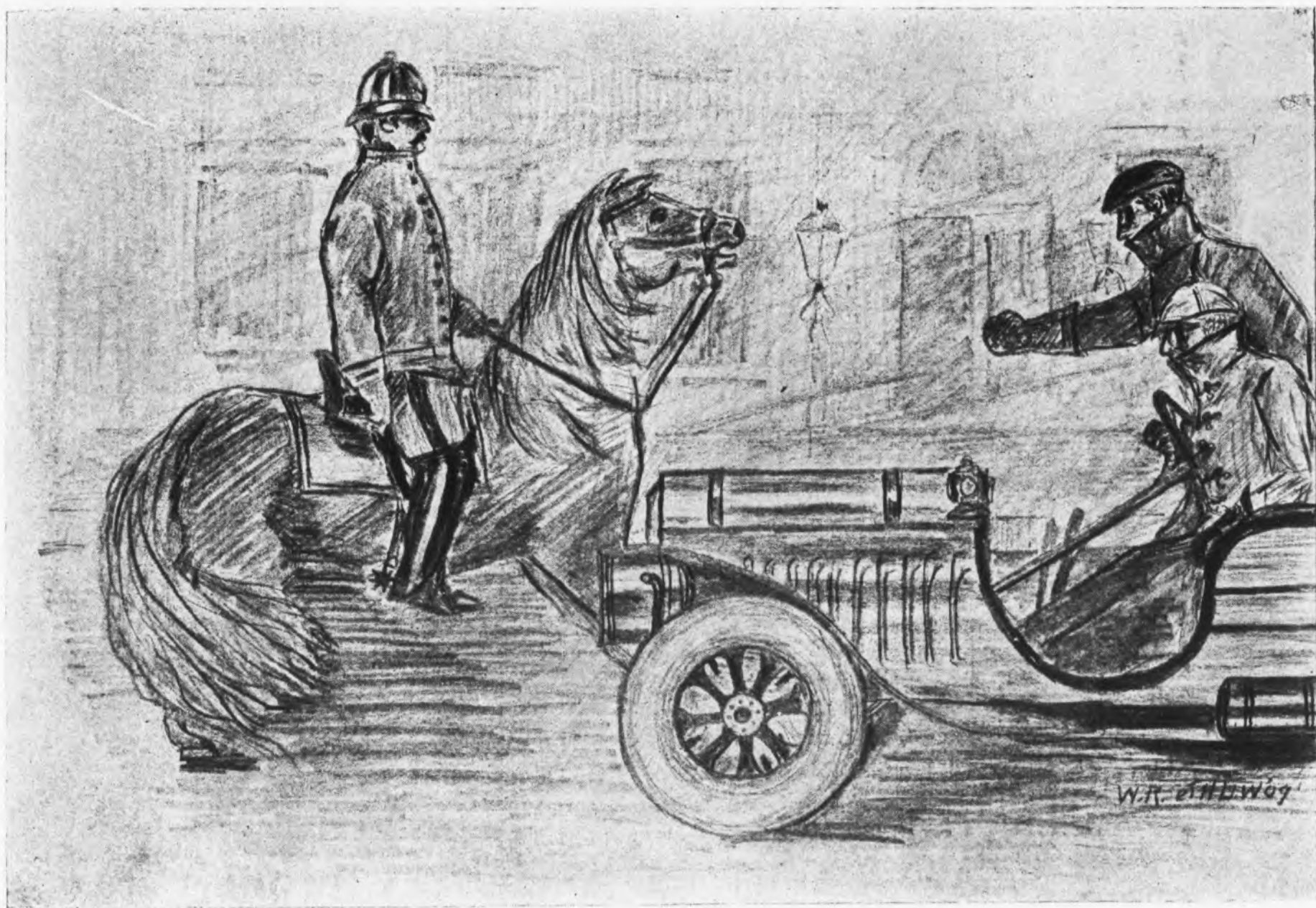
"Why, I saw that girl and spoke to her, too. Let me tell you, she's no criminal." D'Albert spoke coldly and with some deliberation.

"What did you say to her?" asked Christy with a show of interest.

"Asked her the road to Santa Cruz." Christy actually laughed. "Heigho," he sang, stretching himself. "Say, is that car in condition for a good long run?"

"Where are you going this time of the night?" asked D'Albert in surprise.

"To Santa Cruz. Want to go along?"
(To be Concluded.)



"A mounted policeman came and, with drawn revolver, rode at them."

OPTIMISM VS. PESSIMISM.

BENJAMIN L. GROSSMAN, '09.

The two prevailing factors in the life of every individual are optimism and pessimism. They influence considerably one's mode of life and give a peculiar coloring to it. As the inclination of a person is directed to one or the other of these forces thus the life is moulded.

The psychological cause for these phenomena is very evident. On the one hand, we observe that the pessimist is enshrouded by a diseased mind. Upon further examination we will discover that, in the majority of cases, pessimism is due to some abnormal or perturbed condition of the mind. We see that it has for its fundamental principles extraordinary conditions and certain states unnatural to the sane and uniform life.

On the other hand, when we examine optimism, we find that it is of a very different stamp. A sane mind presents itself before us. No strange occurrences in mental conditions are found. Every phase of life is natural and real.

In the next place, let us examine the moral advantage involved in and obtained from pessimism and optimism. What does pessimism offer us? Does it bring relief and comfort to us in case of misfortune? Does it brighten our lives with the balm of Gilead? To these we must, in regret, reply nay. Nothing like cheer and brightness is found in the literature of pessimism. No other than the morose, distorted, melancholy and sullen views of life are portrayed.

What other than the gloomy and evil side of life can be found in the productions of the great genius of pessimism, Maupassant? What else than despair does the great exponent of philosophic pessimism, Shopenhaur, teach us? Life is never worth living; renounce it, for it contains nothing but evil; there is no comfort in it nor good obtained from it.

..Consider even the most sublime form of pessimism, Ecclesiastes, which unlike all other has the divine element in it and what is gained therefrom. Everything in life is vanity; it underlies every phase of our lives; it is the origin and goal of everything.

Life assumes strange hues and unnatural significance.

Do we find such conditions existing in the world of optimism?

Most assuredly not. Life is depicted truly and vividly. The things about us are bright and attractive. When strange vicissitudes of fate overpower us, joy and comfort come as companions for relief. We see that life offers us great opportunities and therefore we do not seclude ourselves from it. We feel no resentment against the present order of things but try to improve and raise the standard. Our hope is always bright and our courage never lost. Thus life is viewed from an entirely different sphere and gives the greatest satisfaction and contentment.

THE VICTOR OF HASTINGS.

E. LANDIS, '10.

One of the most interesting characters in history is William the Conqueror. He is generally supposed to have been born in the year 1027. He was the son of Robert, Sixth Duke of Normandy by Arlette, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise. She was, according to the modern expression, a common law wife, a circumstance which, at that period, was not regarded in the same spirit in which it is to-day.

When William of Normandy, as he is sometimes called, was but a boy, five years of age, he engaged in a mimic war as the commander of a troop of infantile warriors. When he was nine years of age his father, being about to set out on a pilgrimage, called together the Nobles of the Dukedom and formally designated his son, who had no legitimate claim to the succession, as his heir. Robert appointed King Henry of France as his guardian; and from this time on William was educated at King Henry's court until the death of his father.

In the year 1035, Robert died; and now William, by the aid of the brave De Gace, established himself as the Duke of Normandy. Soon after this, King Henry and his uncle formed an alliance and took the field, with a large army, against William. Here the future Victor of Hastings displayed, for the first time, his ability to cope with great difficulties. He personally led an army against the strongest castle of the Earl; left a force to besiege it; and gave orders to the Pretender to appear at Rouen to do homage; while he marched with a body of select troops to attack the army of King Henry, which was approaching to join that of the Earl. King

Henry led a brave array of knights, nobles, and German allies, directly into that trap that had been prepared for him—a valley with rocky sides, where were posted the Norman bowmen. The French army was routed; many were slain and numerous prisoners taken; among these latter were some of high ranks whose princely ransoms replenished William's Coffers. From this time on William knew his power.

Sometimes William showed capabilities of extreme cruelty, of which the incident at Alencon is a sufficient example. While he was besieging the castle, the defenders amused themselves by shouting taunts and jests at the Norman's troops; reflected on his birth; and coarsely alluded to his mother by shaking hides and leather aprons over the wall and calling upon the Norman tanners to come forward. This so enraged William that, having made an assault and captured some prisoners, he had their hands and feet lopped off and then threw them over the walls. This had a terrifying effect upon the defenders and they surrendered.

He was, however, not only a soldier but also a statesman. He ordered all arms to be laid down until it should become necessary to use them. He encouraged art and industries in the cities; and "promoted commerce, public buildings, and free ports." He married the highly accomplished and beautiful Matilda of Flanders, daughter of Baldwin V, Earl of Brittany, and descended on the maternal side from the great King Alfred of England. This was another master stroke of William's statesmanship. It formed for him an alliance that

greatly strengthened his power.

His claim to fate rests almost entirely upon his conquest of England in the year 1066. Now the succession of the English throne was held at the disposal of a Witan or Council of the Nobles. This body was generally disposed to elect the son of the former king as successor, but this was not an absolute necessity. With the end of the Danish line Edward the Confessor was elected to the vacant throne. During the second Danish occupation he fled to France and lived at the court of the Duke of Normandy. It was while staying here that, according to William, he promised the succession to the coming Conqueror. Edward was a weak, pious ruler and by his weakness he augmented the power of his English Nobles. Upon his return he was dominated by Godwin, Earl of Wessex, preeminently the greatest of the English Nobles. In 1052 Godwin died and was succeeded by his son, Harold. While sailing along France Harold was wrecked on the Norman coast. He was subsequently taken prisoner and hailed before William. In lieu of a ransom and with a promise to support William in designs on the English throne Harold was set free and permitted to return.

In 1066 Edward died leaving no son. Forgetting his promise to the Norman Duke Harold seized upon the vacant throne by virtue of election of the Witan. This was immediately disputed by two other claimants: Harold of Norway and William, Duke of Normandy. By virtue of the fact that his father was a brother of the mother of Edward the Confessor; and in view of the promises of both Edward and Harold; William set sail from the shores of Normandy with a great army bent upon

enforcing his claims with cold steel. In September 1066 he landed without opposition at Pevensey and "marched eastward toward Hasting." Here he met Harold just returned from a victory over the Norweign claimant.

The battle that ensued was hotly contested from early morning until sundown. Again and again the flower of Normandy was broken upon the impenetrable Saxon line as the waves upon the rocky cliff. But, again like the waves, persisting in the attack, the Saxon wall of steel was gradually weakened and worn away. Then by one great concentrated effort the Norman deluge surged over the Saxon barrier; Harold and his brother were slain fighting valiantly to the last; the banner was taken; and the battle won.

William then hastened to London and on Christmas day 1066 he was formally elected King by the English Witan. The Saxons who did him homage he left in undisturbed possession of their property; but those who resisted he subdued with an iron hand, dividing their lands among his followers. In the main William's rule was good. He kept the Saxon customs though he filled all offices with his Norman adherants. To him is attributed the beginning of English architecture and the formation of English institutions.

But what was the cause of his wonderful success? It was ambition supported by a daring and unconquerable spirit, backed by sound wisdom and an excellent judgement. He died in 1087 having sat upon the English throne for twenty-one years. As a wise legislator, an educator, a great statesman and an eminent and brilliant soldier, his name will always stand among the foremost in English history.

CHOOSING AN ASSISTANT.

JACK HARLAN, '10.

"Twice have they promised to increase my salary, and twice have they failed to verify their declaration." This was the thought that passed through Oliver Harrison's mind as he leaned back in his office chair late one afternoon, after the adjournment of the board of directors of the—Union Bank. Little did the cashier realize the change that was taking root and which was shortly to come about, as he addressed Oliver with, "Did the Corn Exchange call those 95's good?" Oliver made no reply. He was looking through the window close by his desk into space, his chin resting on his hand, while his pen had dropped from his ear and stuck in the floor beside him. It struck the cashier as a rather singular incident, for never before had he addressed Oliver, receiving no reply. Thinking however, that some complex account had baffled him, the cashier made no further inquiry concerning the 95's, but attended to a score of other papers which lay stacked upon his desk. Having 'balanced' and finished the day's routine, they closed and left for their respective homes with less conversation than was customary.

It was a highly important matter that was now receiving attention from Oliver. He had served as Teller in the—Union Bank for a period of more than five years. He had started with the meagre compensation of \$65 per month, with the assurance that if he 'made good', his salary should be increased. He had labored early and late. He had, at various times served as receiving-teller, book-keeper, clerk, and upon two

occasions when the cashier was compelled to leave for six months at a time for the improvement of his health—which had been failing him—Oliver very credibly and successfully assumed the duties of the latter. His physique was most attractive; erect, square shouldered and a steady but firm step. His disposition was kind, accommodating, pleasant, yet intensely firm, bearing a required amount of dignity and a commanding personality. He would speak to his patrons concerning the times, or if it happened to be a financier, he would say a word about the market, so that he won possibly more friends than the cashier himself.

"If at the expiration of five years my services are not worth more than they were at the beginning of that period, it would be well nigh ignominious to demand an increase," thought Oliver to himself. "If on the other hand I do deserve more, they are aware of the fact, so that I shall not renew my request," and he determined to take decisive steps; steps which should become operative at once.

One week later, when the board of directors convened in regular session, a letter addressed to the President, lay upon the table, where he sat. During the course of the session the letter was handed to the Secretary, who upon opening it, read what follows:—

February 5.

To the Board of Directors
Of the Union Bank,
Dear Sirs:—

Please accept my resignation as Pay-

ing Teller of the above named institution, to take effect one week from date.

With best wishes for the greatest possible success for the bank, I am, with much respect,

Your Servant,

Oliver Harrison.

The letter was a blow to that body of dignified financiers. The Cashier was sent for. To the latter the agony was most acute; for it was he who labored by the side of Oliver daily. It was to him that he could entrust the entire business when necessity demanded him to absent himself. In a word, he could not see how he could do without him. As he returned to his desk, he remarked to Oliver in a sadly grieved tone, "*Please for my sake don't do it,*" and as much as expected an immediate reply. In his characteristic tone and firmness Oliver replied, "I have thought the matter over carefully."

The cause of his resignation was soon learned, and his salary was to be doubled if he would remain.

Instead of a duty and pleasure, banking was now a millstone to the cashier. In his deep meditation he on one occasion placed a postage stamp on the back of an envelope. On another, he placed the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He pleaded with Oliver to remain. In the course of a week pleas and requests for a reconsideration of his action came to Oliver *ad infinitum*. A special meeting of the directors was called, but,—"*I have thought the matter over carefully*"—was final.

After they had tried to retain his services, to no avail, the board unanimously voted to grant him this letter of dismissal and recommendation.

To whom it may concern —

"This is to certify that Mr. Oliver Harrison has served in the capacity of Paying Teller for the—Union Bank for a period of over five years, in a manner that is highly commendable; and our only regret is that we cannot retain his services. By his resignation the bank suffers a severe loss, as he was largely instrumental in establishing its now much enjoyed success."

Signed, J. M. S. (Pres.)
F. T. L.—(Sec.)

There was another matter of major importance pending his 'careful consideration'. There was certainly no difficulty in finding a good position for a young man with such a past and such a testimonial in his possession as he had just been the recipient of. He had kept himself well informed, and one proposition especially attractive and lucrative demanded the major portion of his consideration while in quest of a position. Indian territory, the newly admitted state to the Union presented the most attractive possibilities. Here was a state, young, growing and promising, and bankers and real estate men were 'madly in demand', as a friend of his who lived there, put it in a letter to Oliver. All this seemed to be very good; but then he was twenty-four, and there was one whom he could not leave behind, and without whom he could probably not engineer a financial institution successfully.

"Edith,"—said he one evening, as his large clear eyes looked through the window into the bright moonlight,—"*I have in mind to take up real estate work. What is your opinion concerning the project?*" Her reply was not immediately forthcoming; but in her charac-

teristic, quiet manner accompanied with calm and reserve, she thought over the matter, extremely contained and cool, but deeply concerned. She forced the decision neither way; but after looking at the matter from all sides, she left it to him to decide. Possibly financial embarrassment was the only barrier to the scheme. But his keen foresight and sound reason which had served him so admirably during his career as teller would not allow him to be baffled in this all-important hour.

"The First National Bank of ——— this state is to open for business Saturday, October 10th, and is looking for a young man as cashier. I would suggest that you look into the matter," wrote his friend James K., Jr., in a letter to Oliver.

Application was made in the way of personal interview. And then arose in Oliver's mind the possible difficulty of procuring the required security which such a position would of necessity demand. Continually his former good conduct in the teller position was bearing him good fruit; for a former patron of his, when asked, replied, "y-e-s—S-i-r, I'll go his bond for \$150,000.00, any day he needs me."

An extremely curious figure in the back ground of this scene, was Oliver's father, who had only a general idea of what was going on. He would know the solution to the problem, but dared not inquire.

There seemed to be more than ordinary work and care one day for Oliver, as he was everywhere and he was

nowhere. On the evening of that day he prepared to retire early, and before doing so said to his father, "Will you please have the carriage for us for the first train in the morning?" His father was now baffled more than ever, but it was for him "to do, and not to make reply." At 4.30 the next morning July 2nd, the carriage was driven to No. 125 Main St. After receiving its occupants the driver was ordered to "go ahead". As the carriage halted at the door of the parsonage two well known figures issued forth, and were quickly admitted. After a reasonable time the two appeared seemingly in a happier mood than before. After bidding their parents 'good-bye', the next stopping place was the railroad station. When the train puffed out of the station at 5.35 it had aboard Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harrison.

Three weeks after October 10th the time of the opening of the bank, the President spoke for the board, when he said, "That man Harrison knows his business." For in that time deposits had increased beyond their wildest expectations, and the books balanced to the penny, except one night. After a careful search, as Oliver crossed from one desk to another he heard a jingling sound and upon looking found it to be a penny.

A few doors above the bank building, upon a beautifully terraced lawn stands a little mansion, in which Edith is 'queen' and each day after business hours greets her lord.

OUR ALUMNI.

WACH '09.

'78. The 425th anniversary of Dr. Martin Luther's birth was celebrated in Catasauqua Tuesday evening, November 10th, by the men of Trinity Church Council, Rev. Charles L. Fry, pastor, tendering a complimentary dinner to the men of the congregation. As the sixty men sat down to the table, each found at his plate an individual sentiment appropriate to the occasion, beautifully printed in colors, and these were read by their respective recipients. The post-prandial speakers were Pastor Steinle and Professor Ettinger, who were in their happiest vein. Mr. Richard O. Koehler, chairman of the Church Council, presided.

The Lutheran.

'78. Rev. D. Henry Reiter, of Richland Centre, Pa., recently delivered a very interesting address to the students of the college. His theme was "The Bible".

'80. Dean George T. Ettinger, of the Faculty, has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of The Pennsylvania-German Society to succeed Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, L. H. D., of Reading, Pa., who has been chosen President of the Society.

'80. Rev. S. B. Stupp, Springfield, Ohio, has been elected President of the District Luther League of his section of the state.

'81. We were greatly pleased to see James T. Woodring, Esq., of South Bethlehem, Pa., in the audience at Judge Scott's lecture and also among the spectators at the game between Franklin and Marshall and Muhlenberg. Mr.

Woodring formerly was District Attorney of Northampton County.

'82. David R. Horne, Esq., and Max S. Erdman, Esq., '94, of Allentown, Pa., helped to compute the election returns of Lehigh County.

'83. Charles E. Keck, Esq., and Rev. James F. Beates, '80, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., were the two prominent local "rooters" at the foot-ball game between Wyoming Seminary and Muhlenberg. "Charlie" also showed his loyalty to the cause by traveling one hundred miles to attend the Franklin and Marshall game.

'84. We regret to announce the death of Rev. Samuel G. Wagner, D. D., for many years the highly esteemed pastor of St. John's Reformed Church, of Allentown, Pa., and the father of Prof. C. Ernest Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

'86. Rev. Charles W. Jefferis, of Doylestown, Pa., recently delivered a very excellent Wednesday morning chapel talk to "the boys."

'92. Clarence Beck, Esq., of Easton, Pa., made an excellent showing as candidate for the Legislature on the Republican ticket. Unfortunately there were too many people that voted the Democratic ticket and Northampton County has failed to honor itself by sending Mr. Beck to the Legislature.

'94. Prof. William H. S. Miller, Principal of the Allentown High School, is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the University Extension Society of Allentown, of which President Haas is the President and Dean Ettinger is the Secretary.

'94. Rev. Frederick W. Wacker-nagel, recently Missionary at Rajah-mundry, India, has accepted a call to the Luther Church at North Water Gap, Pa.

'95. On Sunday evening, August 30th, Rev. Luther D. Lazarus was installed as pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church, South Bethlehem, Pa., the Rev. J. Stump, D. D., president of the Allentown Conference, and Rev. W. D. C. Keiter, of Bethlehem, officiating, the former delivering the charge to the pastor, the latter to the congregation.

The Lutheran.

'97. The beautiful church building of the Lutheran congregation at Shiremanstown, Pa., Rev. Harry K. Lantz, pastor, which was recently destroyed by fire, will be completely rebuilt.

'96. A meeting of Lutheran pastors of Lima, Ohio, representing the Joint Synod, the General Council and the General Synod was held in St. Paul's Church, Rev. F. E. Cooper, pastor, on Monday, Sept. 7th, "Labor Day," for the purpose of planning to organize a Lutheran Pastoral Association of Lima and vicinity.

'97. The Rev. Gomer B. Matthews, pastor of the First English Lutheran Church, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been called to the pastorate of the Morrisburg parish in Canada, which call is now being given serious consideration.

'98. Rev. William E. Steckel, lately of Columbia and a native of Allentown, was formally installed as pastor of the Doylestown and Deep Run Presbyterian Church. Rev. Dr. Beeber, of Norristown, had charge of the installation and preached the sermon. He also asked the constitutional questions. Rev. Dr. J. B. Randall gave the charge to the

minister and Rev. J. B. Laird the charge to the congregation. Rev. J. B. Krewson, of Forest Grove, made the prayer, and Rev. Wm. Schmalhorst, of Harts-ville, read the Scripture lesson. Next Thursday a reception will be given to the pastor in the church. The pastorate carries with it a salary of \$2,000, free use of the manse and one month's vacation.

The Morning Call.

'98. On Sept. 6, 1908, Rev. W. E. Wenner, the newly-elected pastor of the Mt. Bethel parish, was installed in Stone Church by the Rev. Joseph Stump, D. D., President of the Allentown Conference, who delivered the charge to the pastor, assisted by Rev. N. E. Miller, of Phoenixville, Pa., who delivered the charge to the congregation. The people of the Mt. Bethel parish received their newly-elected pastor in a most cordial manner, pledging him their moral and financial support, and his ministrations are highly appreciated.

The Lutheran.

1902. At the fall communion, the Rev. A. W. Lindenmuth, pastor of St. Paul's congregation, Amityville, Pa., received by the rite of confirmation 47 young people out of a class of 53 into the confirmed membership of the church. This is the largest number received at one time on record since the building of the present church edifice in 1872.

1902. Dr. Russell B. Lynn formerly connected with the hospital at Sayre, Pa., will shortly sail for Vienna, Austria, to take special courses on the eye, the ear and the throat.

1903. The Foot-ball Team of the Allentown Preparatory School under the direction of Coach Irvin M. Shalter has been putting up a fine game this season.

1904. Rev. Norman Y. Ritter, of Eden, Pa., has been called to Keller's Parish, Bucks County, Pa.

1905. Frank H. Reiter, of Pennsburg, who was graduated from the Mount Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary, has left for Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., where he will take a course of training in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. After a year's study there he will become a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, at Mount Airy, Philadelphia.

Mr. Reiter was born in Red Hill on August 11, 1883, but his parents moved to Pennsburg when he was two years old. He attended the public schools there, graduating in 1899, in the second class graduated in that borough. He then entered the Kutztown Normal School, graduating in 1901. He continued his studies in Muhlenberg College, where he graduated in 1905. In the college he was a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and was prominently identified with the athletic organizations.

From the college he went to the Theological Seminary at Mount Airy, where he completed the course last June. He decided not to enter the ministry, but to take up educational work among the deaf and dumb.

The Morning Call.

1905. St. Peter's congregation of the Freeburg parish, Rev. G. Luther Weibel, pastor, has purchased a parsonage in Freeburg. Already nearly three-fourths of the purchase price has been subscribed.

1906. Preston A. Barba of the Postgraduate Department of the University of Pennsylvania is teaching German in the Collegiate Department of the University.

1907. Elmer B. Ulrich has temporarily stopped his postgraduate work at the University of Pennsylvania to teach Science in the Central High School of Philadelphia.

1908. Fred. L. Coleman is teaching in the Grammar School at Fredericksburg, Pa.

Teacher: "What is the largest river in Italy, Leo?"

Leo: "The—the—the—"

Leo's sister: "Say, Po, Leo."

Leo (quickly): "Sapolio."—Ex.

Dr. H.—Can you explain passive consciousness?

Schmoyer, '10—That's what you talked about longest.

Dr. H.—You speak of that like some people speak of a sermon.

THE MUHLENBERG EDITORIALS.

The progress of time has again brought us to that day upon which the nation is called to bow its head in grateful acknowledgement of our Almighty Creator's most bountiful mercies. Like all great institutions, Thanksgiving Day was founded in the purity and sincerity of earnest hearts. Unfortunately, with the same characteristic tendency, through time and growth it has become so corrupted that scarcely any of its original self now remains save the empty title. To all it has become a day of high carousal. Let us try, this year, not to forget the fundamental purpose of Thanksgiving day; but with grateful hearts let us gather withing the sacred walls and offer up earnest prayers for past mercies to him from whom all bounties come.

All men are prone to make mistakes. It is a part of their nature inherited from the Garden of Eden. We are no more infallable than our neighbor. Therefore, when, in the class-room, an earnest mistake is made by a serious class-mate it behooves us as little as the proverbial pot and kettle to laugh at him. When the foot-ball game doesn't go just right—granting that there has been some mistake—it is not within our province to criticise and condemn. Let us examine ourselves and find out in how far we are to blame for the errors. Fellows, "If you can't boost, don't knock!"

Sometime ago, in an editorial we had occasion to observe that, fundamentally, it rests with the student-body whether the college journal shall be a success or a failure. We wish to reiterate this statement in face of the declaration of our Exchange Editor in his columns of last month's issue. He would, in a general way, lay charges of uninterestingness at the door of the college publications and thus excuse the disinterestedness of the student-body. That charge reminds us of the phrase so much in evidence during the late political campaign: "Shall the People Rule?" If this publication, to take an example close at hand and with which we all are familiar, is not interesting to the student whose fault is it? If the articles herein printed do not come up to the standard of the reader is he not at perfect liberty to contribute better ones? It may be true that some poor material does find its way into the paper; but the Editor of this journal positively cannot be selective. If he were to wait for voluntary contributions from the student-body, the student-body would have a mighty long wait for their journal. Instead, however, we are compelled to go to individual men and beg, coax, demand, or compel them to write articles for the paper. Thus charges of uninterestingness on the part of the publication will always revert to the student-body; for, after all, it is their material which goes to make up the paper.



"Solis Occasus" is easily one of the best poems that have appeared in our monthly for the past few years. The author expresses thoughts genuinely poetic in real poetic language,—something that does not always characterize our so-called "poems". His rhyming is good, and, although the metre is one not in very common use, it is well adapted to the pervading thought of the poem. In the use of some aspects of nature to embody his theme Mr. Fritsch shows a real love of nature.

We shall not attempt to review the very excellent address of Judge Scott, further than to recommend it to the close perusal of every reader of the "Muhlenberg". Those who were not so fortunate as to be present on October 20th, when the address was delivered truly missed a treat. The strong personality of the author gave added weight to every utterance. Had the reporter been absolutely faithful in the reproduction of this address in print, he would have parenthetically inserted the word "Applause" quite frequently. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing Judge Scott again in the near future.

Another poem from Jean le Rouge graces a page of our October issue. In quality the verse is quite on a par with the other efforts of Monsieur Jean. Truly, as he says, the only recompense for a "youth that's gone" is a heart "filled with love divine", all love excelling.

Every student, especially every classical student, should read the article on "Organic Evolution," written by "C. A. L. '09". The author has briefly summed up some of the leading facts of Evolution, Weismannism, etc., which he presents in such a style as to be easily comprehended by even the most unscientific mind. If there is a popular misconception on any subject it is on the question of Evolution, and it is towards obviating such a misconception that the author's work in this case seems chiefly to be directed. Anyone who has read the article understandingly, need no longer confess absolute ignorance of the latest thought on this important subject. The author makes several statements which should go far toward correcting false popular impressions; e. g., in the last paragraph he states that the real idea of the theory of evolution is not to prove that the monkey is man's

progenitor, but to give the human mind a better conception of the idea of development and differentiation.

The second installment of the story "In Search of an Affinity" is altogether as interesting as the first, and somewhat more exciting. Christy's fate is still undecided, although one of his latest acquaintances bids fair to become his bride. Strange to say, he does not find her on the beach, as he expected to, but in an automobile. Christy is fortunate in having a chance to exhibit his horsemanship as well as his gallantry, and the outcome of a little adventure leaves them both in a position to become intimate.

The next issue will very likely show whether Christy's heart is still his own, or not, and whether the automobile which he hired is as speedy as the one bearing away the object of his pursuit. Perhaps at this juncture Christy believes, in spite of his former bachelor ten-

dencies, that

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

Mr. Huyett has once again favored us with a tale; this time it is not strictly an Indian story, although the red-skin is not entirely eliminated. The main theme is the decision of a country boy as to whether he should go to the city or remain on the farm. The story is well told, but would be improved by pruning the description, and amplifying the conversation of the characters.

"To a Cricket" is a meditative little poem by "Jack Harlan". He addresses his verses to the cricket, which he considers an example of cheerfulness, and, though small and not a thing of beauty "with golden plumes," yet one of God's creations, a foe to the sorrow of disappointed ambition.

(Tuesday) Mr. W.—Sit up, Mr. Zuch!
(Wednesday) Mr. W.—Sit up, Mr. Zuch!
(Thursday) Mr. W.—Sit up, Mr. Zuch!
(Friday) Mr. W.—Ditto, ad infinitum.

Rupp, '09, was crawling on the window sill.

Dr. W.—Rupp, get off there!

Rupp does not move.

Dr. W.—I see that I don't have much control over a monkey.

PERSONALS.

Mr. W.—If you apply heat to iron, what will happen?

Reisner, '10—It will flow.

Mr. W.—What if you apply more heat?

Reisner—It will flow faster.

The candidates for Governor in Minnesota were John Johnson and Jacob Jacobson. If we were in that state we'd put up the peerless Wohl Wohlsen—and win.

Mr. W.—Did you ever see those machines at the Fair by which you are supposed to learn if you are in love?

McCormick, '09—No.

Mr. W.—Probably you did not need to try them.

Dr. W.—Now we will read the appendix.

Zuch, '10—Doctor, I don't have an appendix.

R. Shupp, '10—I have, Doctor.

Dr. W.—Yes, and you also have appendicitis—of the tongue.

The discussion in religion was about the book Amos. Schmoyer, '10, was asked "Who was Amos?" He replied, "Amos came from humble stock, because no one mentioned his father's name, at least, according to the author of the book."

Dr. W.—Bennet, what do you want?

Bennt, '12—There's a mouse back of the radiator.

Dr. W.—Did you not have your breakfast?

Prof. Reese's smiling countenance was seen in the vicinity of the gridiron on Nov. 6 und 7. That periodical spell of home-sickness and a desire to see our game with F. and M. were the levers which pried him away from his studies at N. Y. U.

Reisner, 10—In point of view of the "nebular theatre"—

Mr. W.—In pre-historic times water fell on the molten earth and at once evaporated.

Kleckner, '10—Was that the time when it rained forty days and forty nights?

Dr. H.—The freshman who piled up those chairs may remove them at once. No more from the Juniors.

Then a still, small voice in the rear of the room called—Kleckner!

Sophronia Literary Society tendered a reception to her new men on the evening of the tenth, at which an excellent musical and literary program was rendered. Refreshments were then served, after which the members and guests spent the balance of the evening dancing.

Albert, '09, was laid up a few days, suffering with kidney trouble, partially the result of the F. and M. game. But, as usual, we were fortunate in not having a serious accident happen to any member of the team.

Crouthammell, '12, has been forced to leave college for an indefinite time on account of ill health.

Our "men" went home on the 3rd to vote. The "boys" stayed here and spent their leisure hours wishing that they had passed the twenty-first mile-post.

The Dorm. students received on official visit from the "Building Inspector"

when they were "not at home." A talk on "Order" was next in order.

Rumor has it that one of the professors has threatened to act Santa Claus and bring his obstryporous students some toys on Christmas. Of course, we cannot vouch for the veracity of the report.

EXCHANGES.

It is our opinion that The Seminary Opinator might be greatly improved by augmenting its literary department.

The author of "When the World Came to Sharndaberg" in the October number of the Comenian, has a promising pen which we hope will not be permitted to remain idle. The story is especially readable by virtue of the good language employed by the writer.

The "Intercollegiate Notes" of The Albright Bulletin are interesting and in-

structive. We believe a similar department, where space permits, would be an interesting and fruitful addition to most college papers.

We are in receipt of the following exchanges for which we feel duly thankful: The Comenian; The Albright Bulletin; The Seminary Opinator; The College Student; The Buff and Blue; The Perkiomenite; The College Folio; The Breeze; The Hall Boy; The Red and Black; The Ursinus Weekly; Res Academicae.





ATHLETICS.

Barriscell	R. E.	Butz
West	Q. B.	Albert
Bunting	L. H. B.	Shelly
Gay	R. H. B.	Putra (Shupp)
Eisenberg (Quay)	F. B.	Aberly

Time of halves 25 minutes.

Ursinus, 47; Muhlenberg, 0.

On October 24th our team journeyed to Collegeville to play the Ursinus Collegians. We acknowledge our surprise at the sight of Ursinus' heavy team. We were fearfully outweighed and also outclassed. Also met with some other disadvantages all of which is shown by the high score against us. Ursinus is indeed to be congratulated on her foot-ball material and especially on the progress made since last we met. She was very fortunate in procuring five new students from Slippery Rock Normal, all of whom are cracker-jack foot-ball players.

Line-up.

Ursinus		Muhlenberg
Miller	L. E.	Hauser
Thompson	L. T.	Reed
Georgis	L. G.	Miller
Quay (Hamilton)	C.	Coleman
Dantlet (Hoover)	R. G.	Snyder
K. Thompson	R. T.	Reisner

Muhlenberg, 12; Wyoming, 10.

It was on Saturday morning, October 31st, when our boys journeyed to Wilkes-Barre to play the Wyoming Seminary team of that place. A special amount of interest was exercised in this game as it was made the great event of this season by Wyoming, owing to the fact no doubt that our coach, Dr. Bull, has established a practice at Wilkes-Barre and is widely known and admired. The game, which happened to be our initial meeting on the gridiron was played at the Wilkes-Barre Driving Park.

Alexander's Ninth Regiment Band, together with the angelic voices of the fair coeds gave the Wyoming team a good deal of encouragement, but Muhlenberg also had many admirers on the grand stand and side lines who with their unceasing cheering demonstrated their appreciation of the work of our team. The day was cold and stormy, so that the game was pretty well advanced before our boys got warmed up to a fighting pitch. The Wyoming team had the advantage in weight, but our team in

THE MUHLENBERG

being faster. The writer takes this privilege to congratulate Wyoming on her splendid team and clean playing and wishes to express the team's appreciation for the hospitality shown them. May we meet again.

First half. Game started at 2.30. Wyoming won the toss and kicked off. Muhlenberg made first down twice, then Wyoming heled for downs. After a series of plays by both sides Wyoming blocked Muhlenberg's kick. A few more plays and Propst was heaved across the line for the first touch-down. Barber failed at goal. During the remainder of the half Muhlenberg had possession of the ball and the half ended with the play in Wyoming's territory. Score, Wyoming, 5; Muhlenberg, 0.

Second half. Muhlenberg kicked off the ball going beyond the goal for a touch back. Wyoming punted out from the 25 yard line. Now began our steady march for Wyoming's goal. Muhlenberg got possession of the ball on the 35 yard line. A forward pass netted 15 yards. Another was good for 15 more and on the next attempt Shelly went through tackle for a touch-down. Shelly kicked goal. Wyoming's fighting spirit began to manifest itself now and from the 35 yard line a procession started for Muhlenberg's goal. After receiving a forward pass Summa made a pretty run for 30 yards. Barber made 3 more. Another forward pass which Eyrich caught and went down the field for a touch down. Barber failed at goal.

Muhlenberg came back strong again and by straight foot-ball, line bucks and end runs, succeeded in making another touch-down. Shelly kicked goal. Only a few more minutes to play, but Muhlenberg played the game and carried the

ball close to Wyoming's goal where the game ended with the ball in Muhlenberg's possession.

Line-up.

Muhlenberg		Wyoming
Hauser	L. E.	Eyrich
Reed	L. T.	Fromer
Miller	L. G.	Dymond
Coleman	C.	Hill
Snyder	R. G.	Haines
Reisner	R. T.	Davis
Butz	R. E.	Summa
Albert	Q. B.	Barber
Shelly	L. H. B.	Cross
Putra	R. H. B.	Fell
Aberly	F. B.	Propst

Officials for game: Dieterich, Lafayette, referee; Doud, Lafayette, umpire; McCabe, W. of P. field judge; Thompson, Vermont, head lines man.

F. & M., 5; Muhlenberg, 0.

On November 7th, midst a large crowd of admirers and enthusiasts, together with bands of music to urge the respective teams to victory, our boys met the F. & M. team on the home field. Our boys were out-weighted but no unbiased observer would say outplayed. F. & M.'s goal was in constant danger, but just at the proper time the fates seemed to be against us and we were unable to score. We appreciate very much the interest in the game shown by all and especially did we appreciate the presence of the fair damsels of Allentown College, who were out in three four-in-hand tally-hos and a pretty sight they were. Two of the coaches were filled with Muhlenberg admirers and were decorated with the Cardinal and Gray. One was filled with F. & M. admirers and also prettily decorated with the Blue and White.

First half. Muhlenberg kicked off. F. & M. could not gain and punted. Aberly started with a yard plunge. Shelly, Albert and Shupp followed with short gains. Shelly punted out of bounds. Both sides could make but short gains and resorted to punts. Muhlenberg got possession of the ball and wakened up. Shelly ripped off 20 yards. Shupp made 15, Albert 5, Shupp 2 and Shelly tried for a field goal but the ball fell just about 5 yards short. During the entire half Muhlenberg outplayed F. & M., having the ball three times within scoring distance, but the offense at the proper time was lacking. Score, 0-0.

Second half. F. & M. kicked off, but a Muhlenberg man fumbled and F. & M. got the ball, but were not able to gain by straight foot-ball. Albert spoiled a forward pass. Shelly punted. Again F. & M. was unable to gain and punted. After a series of plays and punts F. & M. punted across the goal line for a touch back. Shelly tried to kick out from the 25 yard line, but by a fluke Winklebleck blocked the kick. Pontius, Hartman and Richards hammered our ends and line and finally Pontius went over for a touch-down. Richards kicked out to Bridenbaugh but failed at goal.

Line-up.

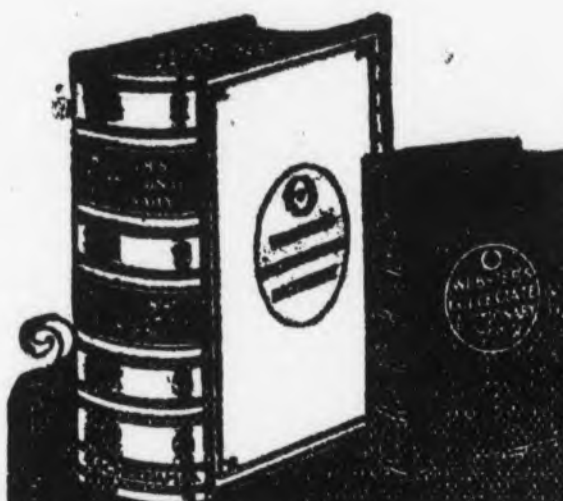
F. & M.		Muhlenberg
Dietrich (—)	L. E.	Hauser
Saylor	L. T.	Reed
Walters (Dickert)	L. G.	Miller
Winkleblech	C.	Bossard
Glessnert (Shantz)	R. G.	Snyder
Päfer	R. T.	Reisner
Wampole, (Brant, Leonard)	R. E.	Butz
Bridenbaugh	Q. B.	Albert
Hartman	R. H. B.	Shupp
Pontius	L. H. B.	Shelly
Richards	F. B.	Aberly

Touchdown, Pontins.

Referee, King Dickson, Lehigh; Umpire, Hopkins, Haverford; Field judge and timekeeper; Deitrich Lafayette. Time of halves, 25 minutes.

On the evening of the game the students of Allentown College tendered a reception to both teams. This was a most delightful occasion. The halls were elaborately decorated with the respective College colors, yellow and white, Cardinal and Grey, and Blue and White. We extend our heartiest thanks and best wishes to both Rev. Curtis and the ladies and hope we may some day return the compliment.





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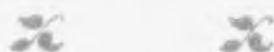
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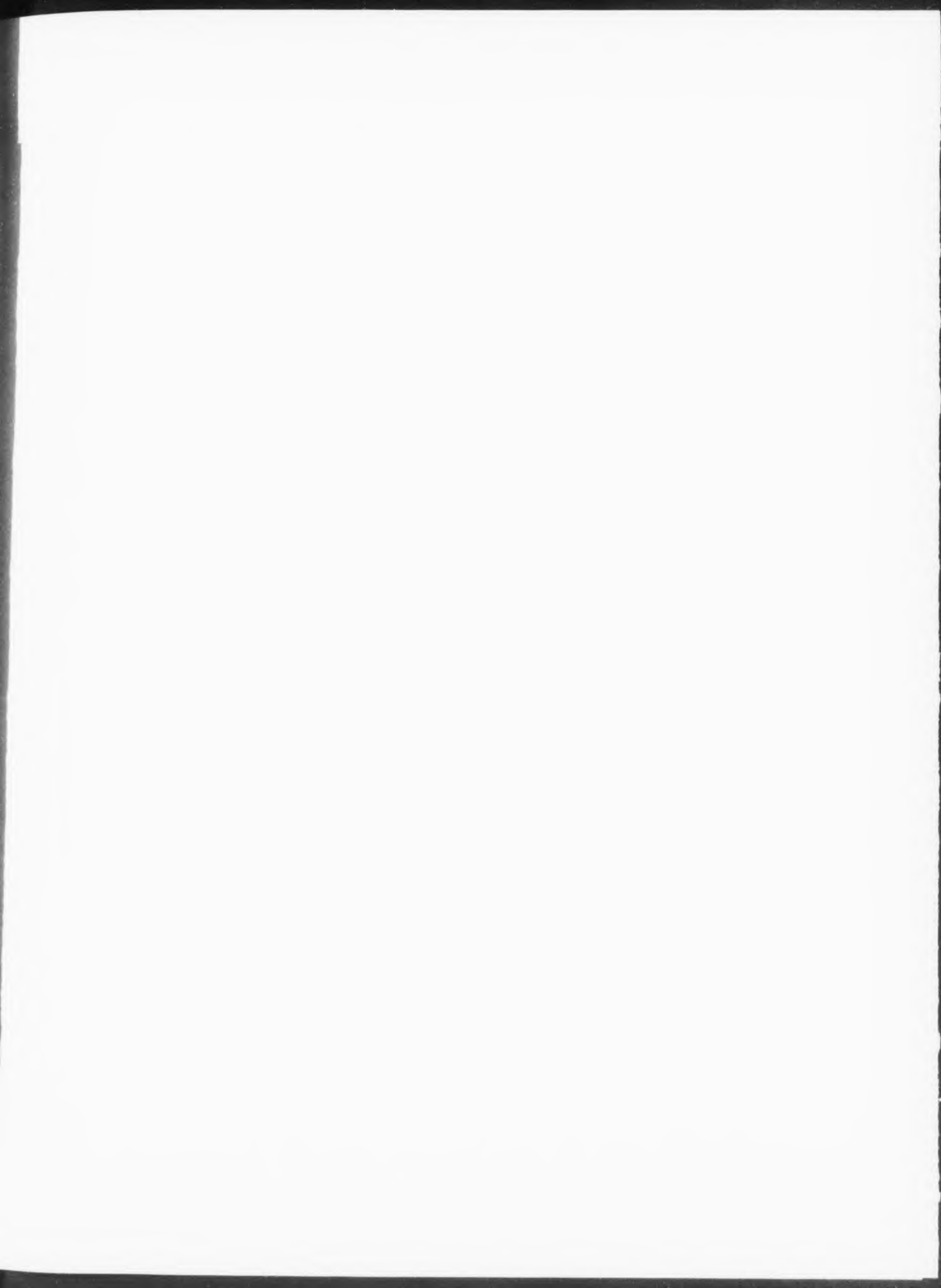
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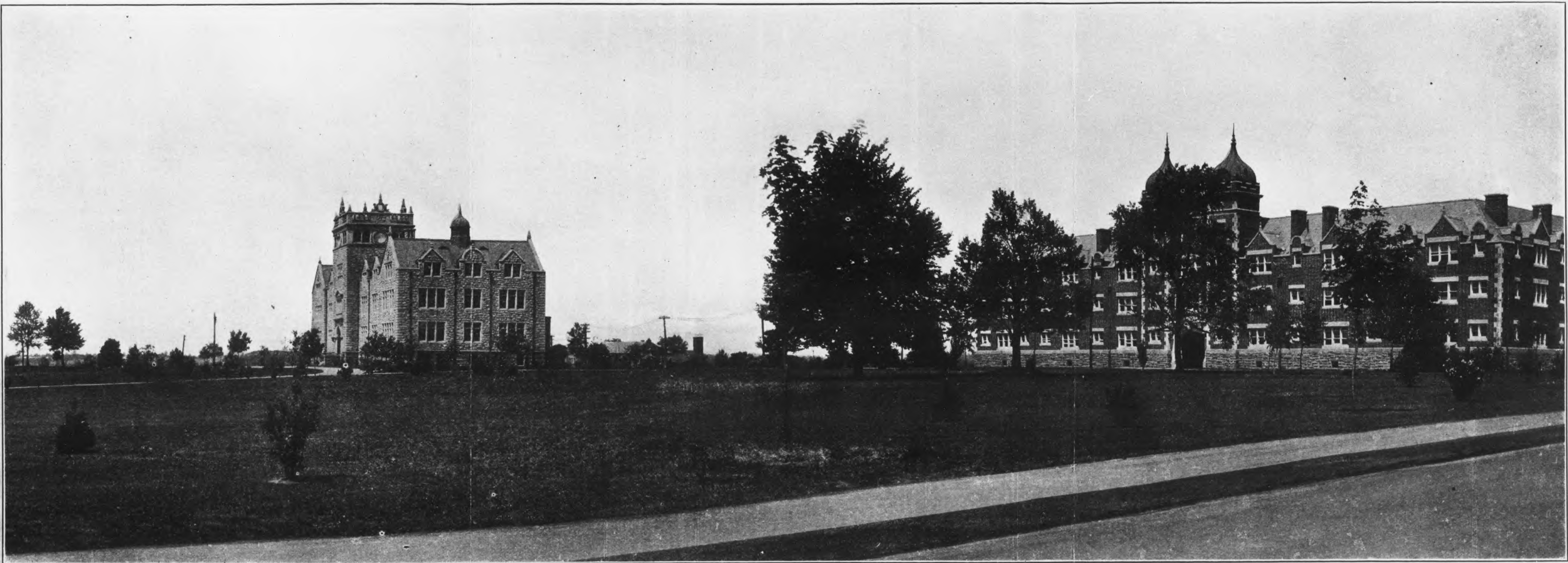
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NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Again a year has past. Remorseless time
With steady tread, has run another lap
In its unceasing course. Tis with regret
We bid farewell, as silently there rushes
From hazy depths, the memory of our good deeds
And our bad. The good we proudly prize, but
Unbidden tears of shame and sorrow rise,
To cast full condemnation on the bad.
Kind words unsaid, good deeds undone, all come
And thickly crowd into each passing scene
With seeming vengeance.

Tis there with sighs,
We leave the pier to greet with warmth the cradle,
The arrows of Remorse become the stakes
To which we bind our New Year resolutions
With unfaltering trust.

JAMES H. S. BOSSARD.

APHTHOUS FEVER.

*A brief from a pamphlet written by
Leonard Pearson, State
Veterinarian.*

Considerable interest is being manifested, by the people of this section of the State, in a certain cattle plague which has been playing havoc with the live-stock of Eastern Pennsylvania.

During the latter part of October and the first of November several car loads of cattle, infected with an Aphthous Fever, or, more familiarly, Foot and Mouth Disease, were shipped from East Buffalo, N. Y., to various points in Pennsylvania. Every effort was made, as soon as the inevitable outbreak occurred, to trace the original shipments. As a result, four shipments, introducing the disease into fifteen different Counties, were found and measures were immediately taken to stamp out the plague.

Aphthous Fever is a highly contagious disease affecting cloven footed animals—especially cattle, sheep, goats, and swine. Horses, dogs and cats have been affected and at times even man may contract the disease. In this case, however, it rarely proves fatal.

The disease is an old one but has been most destructive in the last 200 years. It came from the East into the West, covering vast territory and persisting many years. In 1835 it invaded England continuing for a period of about fifty years. In Germany it began in 1888 and raged for seventeen years. In 1897—1899 more than 1,000,000 animals were attacked in Holland. In 1870 the disease found its way to Ame-

rica and in an outbreak in 1902 4,712 animals were destroyed.

The rate in mortality from this disease is low, but the loss in value on each head amounts to from twenty to fifty per cent. It spreads with remarkable rapidity, attacking from 25—75 per cent. of the herd of a district if uncontrolled by public measures.

The losses to English and German farmers have been especially heavy. In 1871, 700,000 cattle were attacked in England with a loss in value of about \$10,000,000. During a twelve years ravage in Germany 16,000,000 animals were attacked with a total loss to the farmers of \$100,000,000 and a loss to the Government of \$30,000,000 required for measures to control the disease.

The facility with which the disease spreads; and the great loss in herds and values leads to a condition of great distress and a general restriction in cattle trade. It causes unrest and annoyance, destroying all security and profit; so that even the owners of pure bred herds have ceased breeding and have sold their cattle as a result of loss and discouragement from this disease. So long as the disease prevails in this country the exportation of cattle will be greatly restricted. England will cease trading altogether until every trace of Aphthous Fever has been eradicated.

The cause of Aphthous Fever has not yet been isolated, but the properties of the virus have been studied. The

virus has been known to retain its vitality for six months; resists freezing but can be destroyed by disinfectants. It thrives best in dark, damp places. It has been known to exist for several months on the bodies of recovered animals, making them a source of danger to susceptible cattle.

The facility with which Aphthous Fever spreads is greater than that of any other known cattle disease. Anything that may have come in contact with the infected animal—grain, manure, stable utensils, clothing and persons—all are sufficient for transporting the virus from one place to another. In a certain case cattle were affected by simply walking across an unloading platform over which some infected animals had previously gone. Precautionary measures for such a disease cannot be too great.

The Virus may be taken up thru the digestion or respiratory tracts; or the animal may be inoculated directly in the blood thru the skin. The period of incubation generally lasts from two to five days; but symptoms may occur in twenty-four hours or may not show themselves for twelve days.

There are four regular stages thru which the disease passes. The first stage is characterized by a fever accompanied by soreness of mouth which causes the overflowing of froth and a sticky, stringy saliva. Sometimes there is evidence of soreness of the feet in the tendency to shift the weight from one foot to another; a quick tripping or jerking motion; or a tendency to lie down more than usual. This stage lasts from two to three days.

The second stage is characterized by eruptions or water blisters which appear

in and about the mouth, on the feet and upon the teats and udder. These vesicles are of a grayish color; and at the beginning are from one eighth to one half inch in diameter. As the case develops they increase to an inch or more; and in extreme cases may reach several inches in diameter.

Vesicles appear first on the mouth; then on the feet and udder. Cattle are most likely to be affected at the mouth; sheep and hogs in the region of the feet. As the vesicles form the fever abates; when they break the fever falls; and the subsequent course of the disease is free from fever. The second stage lasts from one to three days.

The third stage is characterized by the appearance of raw denuded surfaces as a result of the breaking of the vesicles. The raw surfaces thus exposed are of a bright red color. There is continued frothing about the lips and drooling of saliva. This stage lasts from five to ten days.

The fourth stage is a period of healing and in most cases is very rapid.

The after effects of Aphthous Fever are of such a nature as to frequently require the destruction of herds that have passed thru the disease. Herds are frequently left in an unthrifty, debilitated condition. This is especially true of dairy herds. Young cattle, dry cows and steers are less severely affected.

There is a malignant form of Aphthous Fever in which from ten to fifty per cent. of the animals attacked die.

The disease may infect a herd as high as five times. Some animals have contracted the disease twice in two months.

In diagnosing a case care must be tak-

en not to mistake the Mykotic Stomatitis, a fungi causing ulcerous inflammation of the mouth thru tooth cuts, for the vesicles of the Aphthous disease. In long shipments cattle may, thru hunger, gnaw the wood work of the car and thus sustain injuries of the mouth. But in all such cases the appearance of the wound is "dead" in contrast to the bright red of Aphthous lesions. This form of Traumatic Stomatitis is not accompanied by effects upon the feet and udder. There are various other diseases such as ergotism, foot-rot, foul claw, and cow-pox, which one must distinguish from foot and mouth disease.

The prevention of Aphthous Fever is a difficult matter. At present two methods are tried. The first is by quarantine or general restriction in trade and

communication between localities infected. The second method, and by far the most successful and the one costing the least in the end, is the "stamping out" method or the immediate slaughter of all animals on the premises where the disease appears. This was successfully tried in New England in 1902—1903 and is the method in present use in Pennsylvania.

In the present attack of Aphthous Fever upon the herds in Pennsylvania the farmers suffer no loss financially. The animals are all appraised at their full value. Two thirds of this is paid by the Federal Government and one third by the State. The cost of burial, disinfection, and incidental damages are shared by both Federal and State Governments.

The June bug has golden wings,
The lightning bug has fame,
The bed-bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same.

"You can't see the leading lady now;
she is busy in the dressing room."

"Is she changing her costume for the
next act?"

"No; this is an Ibsen play; she is
merely making up her mind."

Cornell Widaw.

Baer, '12—Why do the cops wear
rubber heels?

Pntra, '10—To keep them from wak-
ing each other up.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

R. R. FRITSCH, '00.

The first intimation of personal liberty came from the Devil to Eve. Twentieth-century so-called personal liberty is the same old doctrine from the same source subtly instilled into the minds of the descendants of Eve. Man was created and divinely appointed to live under law. Obedience to this principle means happiness and life. Rebellion against it, personal liberty, means anarchy, disorder, sorrow, misery and death. The most American principle is liberty, the liberty to do what is right. The most un-American principle is personal liberty, the liberty to do what one pleases. The advocates of personal liberty constitute the greatest enemy America has to-day. Much is being said against the blue laws of early days, and yet these very blue laws helped to make America great, and are by far preferable to the black principle of personal liberty, the quintessence of selfishness, the root of sin—the desire to be independent of God and to gratify oneself. It is the Devil's business to find men to help him spread this doctrine of personal liberty, rebellion against God and Law.

This insidious doctrine is manifesting itself in disobedience on the part of

children to parents, violation of law in the state, and disregard of God's Word as authority. Much is being hypocritically made of the principles of Christ, but for the sake of personal liberty, we are soon no longer to hear the name of Christ in our Public Schools, in our legislative halls, or in public gatherings, for fear of offending one of these brilliant apostles of public liberty.

The Greek word 'anomos' is translated by five different words in our New Testament: 'transgressors' in Mark 15-28; 'wicked' in Acts 2-23; 'without law' in 1 Cor. 9-21; 'unlawful' in 2 Peter 2-8, and 'lawless' in 1 Tim. 1-9. This word is the key-word for the spirit of the world in the last days into which we seem to be rushing rapidly. In 2 Thess. 2-8 we read, "And then shall that Wicked (same word 'anomos', lawless one) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." Beautiful is the sentiment which every loyal American loves. "Give me liberty or give me death." We seem to be hastening to the days when the world shall cry "Give us personal liberty and with it, death."

Little drops of courage,
Little grains of sand,
Make the poorest student
Pass a hard exam—Ex.

CHANGE AND CAUSALITY.

 ROGER R. RUPP, '09.

Treating the doctrine of Chance and Causality in the Law of Evolution, (which one is the predominating factor) is quite enough.

Let us, then, begin at once with that earliest forerunner of the modern theory of descent, the gifted Greek philosopher Empedocles who, equally important as a leader of the state of Agrigentum, and as a thinker in purely theoretical regions of thought, advanced very notable views regarding the origin of organisms.

We must, however be prepared to hear something that is hardly a theory in the modern scientific acceptance of that term; we have to recognize that there is a sound kernel contained in his theory of his pictures. A thought which we meet with later in much more concrete form, in the Darwinian theory, and which, if I'm not mistaken, we shall keep firm hold of in all time to come.

According to Empedocles the world was formed by the four elements of the ancients, Earth, Water, Fire and Air, moved and guided by two fundamental forces, Hate and Love, or as we express ourselves to-day, Repulsion and Attraction. Though the *Chance* play of these two forces with the elements, there arose first the plants, than the animals, in such a manner that at first only parts and organs of animals were formed; single eyes without faces, arms without bodies and so on. Then in wild play, of *chance*, Nature attempted to put together these separate parts and so created all manner of combinations, for the most part inept monsters unfit for life,

but in a few cases, where the parts fitted, there resulted a creature capable not of life, but, if the juxtaposition was perfect, even of reproduction.

This phantastic picture of creation seems to us mad enough, but, it may have been by the author, a true idea of selection by chance.

God being the cause of the world, without cause, you have no actuality. Then creation was a necessary cause for existence.

The materialist conceives that the first cause of the universe was merely an atom, productive of other atoms which moved in circles of fortuitous regularity, shaping the world indifferently, without any mind-force whatever behind the visible matter.

Now if all these things are atoms, and are designed by an atom, — where is it?—that wonderful little first atom which, without knowing in the least what it is about, and with nobody to guide it, and having no reason, judgment, sight or sense of its own, produced such beautiful creations?

Even Erasmus Darwin, the quiet thinker, with all his observations and requirements at the end of his book "Zoonomia" he sums up his views in the following sentences: The world has been evolved, not created; it has risen little by little from a small beginning, and has increased through the activity of the elemental forces, embodied in itself, and so has rather grown than suddenly came into being at an almighty word.

What a sublime idea of the infinite "might" of the great Architect. The cause of all causes, the Father of all fathers, the Ensentium; for could we compare the infinite; it would surely require a greater infinite to cause the causes of effect than to produce the effect themselves.

In these words, he sets forth his position in regard to religion, and does so in precisely the same terms as we may use to-day, when we say: All that happens in the world depends on the forces that prevail in it, and results accordingly to law; but where these forces and substratum, matter, come from, we know not, and here we have room for "faith".

Adaptation does not depend upon chance.

It is admitted, however, that adaptation depended on chance, which is by no means authentic.

In the polar hare we have a case in which the adaptations to the life conditions both to time and space are recognizable as the effect of definite cause, and thus as a necessity; but the same must be true everywhere even in regard to the most complex adaptations which seem to depend entirely upon chance; everywhere adaptation results of necessity—if it is possible at all with the given organization of the species as certainly as the adaptation dress of the hare depends on the length of winter, and in point of fact not less certainly than the blue color of starch on the addition of iodine. The most delicate adaptation of the vertebrate eye to the task set for it by life in various groups have been gradually brought about as the necessary result of definite causes, just in the same way as the complex protective markings and colorings on the wing of the Kallima and other leaf-mimicking butterflies.

Mr. W.—Did you hear all that, Mr. Everett?

Everett, '10—No sir.

Mr. W.—Why not? Were you busy?

Everett—Yes. I was looking at the mirror.

Huyett, '10—Is a vessel a boat?

Shupp, '10—Yes, of course.

Huyett—Then what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?

Shupp—A life-boat. Now run away.

OBSTACLES AS FACTORS IN MAN'S SUCCESS.

HENRY B. SHELLY, '12.

Obstacles surmounted mean success, obstacles fought against, although not overcome, tend to develop character. As the finest tools receive their temper in the furnace, and their edges by grinding, so men become more and more useful by contending with difficulties.

Obstacles are a part of every man's life. They are as much the life of progress as competition is the life of business. There is an indefinable fascination in overcoming difficulties, which appeal to all true manhood.

Poverty and obscurity may impede man's progress, but nevertheless they are not insurmountable. The sneer of comrades could not keep a Napoleon from the front, or the environment of a log cabin bar a Lincoln from the presidential chair.

Any work that is accomplished without any opposing forces is accomplished without any great effort. Anyone can do such work. But work that is accomplished under severe difficulties is the work that counts and gives stamina to the human being. He feels that he has coped successfully and that he has accomplished something out of the ordinary. Great characters and powerful nations are not found when there are few or no contending forces. Great characters are developed in men who have struggled.

Unceasing toil and strenuous efforts mean success. We do not fall into greatness, or become successful without

any efforts. "The heights by great men reached and kept were not obtained by sudden flight. But they, while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night."

Success is the outcome of perseverance. Napoleon spent half the night planning the next day's movement. Thomas A. Edison spent many nights in his laboratory, at Menlo Park, New Jersey, too interested in his work to care for rest. Cyrus W. Field, after a few failures, finally succeeded in laying a successful Atlantic Cable. Our great teachers and scholars burn much midnight oil, and we reap the harvest of their toil.

Opposition is universal. The friction, which retards the train upon the track, and robs it of one-fourth of its power, is the secret of locomotion. Were this friction removed by oiling the tracks, the train would be unable to move. The moment man is relieved of opposition, and the track of life is oiled by inherited wealth or other's aid, that moment he ceases to struggle, and therefore ceases to live.

Our work may be obscure or infinitesimal, our toil apparently uncompensated, and all our efforts neither appreciated nor known, yet as we overcome one small obstacle in life, we are prepared to battle with the next. Let us remember that it is the little things that count. Of course, it is impossible for men to be successful all the time, yet

this should not daunt their efforts. There is glory in rising after a defeat. Emerson has truly said, "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling but in rising every time we fall." A defeat should serve as a stepping stone to those of sterner stuff, and should stimulate them to greater activity.

The talent of success is nothing more

than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. All the duties of life must be faced. The life, that shrinks from duty, shrivels up. By facing all of our duties to the best of our abilities, failure will never be written upon our lives.

A VISION.

E. V. NONNEMAKER, '09.

'Tis the dead silent hour of night
While all the world lies bound in sleep,
I dream of days passed in delight
Ere yet my heart knew how to weep.

Me thinks I see a bright face there,
Where the moon casts in her cold dim rays
On my chamber wall so black and bare,
Of her who taught me love's sweet lays.

How serenely beams that face so fair
Whose smile I loved in days of yore
Before she left this world of care
To dwell upon that distant shore.

Sweet mother thou wert called away
And left me on life's stormy sea,
To abide the coming of that day
When I released shall flee to thee.

To duty God direct my feet,
That when my time of life is o'er
We on that golden day shall meet
With Thee, to separate no more.

A friend in need—is a long way off.

MOLUK.

WACH, '09.

He stood at the bottom of the steps and saluted.

"Well?" she asked from the depths of the hammock.

"Is Mr. Chamberlain at home?" His tone was decidedly formal.

"Oh, is that you, Billy?" came in surprise from the hammock.

"Is Mr. Chamberlain at home", he repeated with some emphasis, ignoring her question.

"What if he is and what if he isn't?" peering at him over the edge of the hammock with provoking calmness.

"Darn it, Mill!" he began explosively.

"Millicent or Miss Chamberlain, if you please," was the calm interruption.

"Hump! Well then, Lieutenant Bryce desires to inform Miss Chamberlain that he is here on important business; and he doesn't have the time—"

"Oh Billy"—sitting up in mock surprise—"this is so sudden."

"Now look here, Mill. By Jove, if you don't stop your foolishness in about two seconds, I'll — I'll —"

"Oh what, Billy? I'm simply crazy with curiosity."

"I'll kiss you," and he sprang up the steps toward her.

Deftly eluding him, she placed the length of the veranda between them. "Your American education will crop out every now and then, Billy," she observed, seating herself upon the railing. "You proposed to me last night, Billy. Possibly you've forgotten it," she added.

"And you refused me," he responded with some vigor.

"Did I, Billy?"

"Well, you laughed at me."

"It wasn't the psychological moment, Billy. You must use your brains when you propose."

"Use my brains to win your heart, eh."

"Oh, Billy!" in mock despair.

"What's the matter?"

"I never thought of that," and she leaned her head against one of the pillars in seeming hopelessness.

Billy gave a grunt of disgust; then took her off her guard. Almost before she could realize it she was in his arms and he had kissed her squarely on the nose; for she struggled, of course.

"Bad shot, Billy," she said. "But that maneuver of yours was surely clever."

"Yes," he replied; "it might pass. Now a bloomin' civilian like yourself would never have caught the—"

"Psychological moment, Billy?"

"I haven't been trained in the arts of love," he retorted.

"I believe you, Billy." Her earnestness annoyed him.

"But I have been trained in the arts of war," he declared.

"And what are the arts of war, Billy?"

"Well, first of all you reconnoiter the enemies position; they if you see any possibility you can try to capture it by direct assault—in the meantime, however, having planted your batteries."

"Yes, it's all very plain. Go on."

Then if the assault is repulsed you open up at once with the heavy artillery. Then if it looks as tho nothing else can be done you try negotiations. If these fail, then try another assault. After that if you can't do anything else—starve them out. See—it's very simple."

"Yes, very. But"—she gave a sudden twist and, freeing herself from his grasp, she escaped to the other end of the veranda—"what do you do in case of a surprise, Billy?"

Billy recovered his dignity by degrees. "You'd make a good soldier's wife, Mill," he said.

"Is that what you call negotiations, Billy?"

Bryce made a dash for her; but she swung over the balustrade and landed lightly on the grass. "And if negotiations fail you try to take the place by storm; is that it, Billy?"

Billy was exceedingly provoked. In fact he roared out in a most unseemly manner: "Dash it, Mill! Where's your father!"

"And should you be repulsed you open up furiously with the artillery. Don't you think I'm an apt pupil, Billy?"

Then Billy vaulted the railing. She led him a merry chase thru the garden circling in and among the trees and shrubbery and persistently eluding him when he almost had her. Finally, when he was just about ready to seize her, she suddenly sprang aside permitting him to sprawl head foremost over a low bush. In injured silence he picked himself up.

"Oh, Billy," she said, "are you hurt?"

"My feelings are," he replied.

"But wasn't that good generalship, Billy?"

"Consummate."

Here a new personage, rather formidable in the possession of a long tulwar, appeared upon the scene. It was Chamberlain's Mohammadan servant. Bryce, with his hand on his sword eyed the newcomer doubtfully. Without noticing him the native turned to Miss Chamberlain and said: "Mem Sahib no go 'way from house."

"All right, Nabuk."

"Mem Sahib no go 'way from house," repeated the servant obdurately.

"Oh, very well, you tyrant."

The mohammadan salaamed and glided silently away.

"What's the trouble?" inquired Bryce.

"Oh, he positively won't let me do a thing. Why this morning he wouldn't let me even go driving and when I insisted he laid down at the gateway and told me that I had to drive over him; so what could I do? And he has been dragging that big ugly sword with him every place he goes. He makes me stick around that house all the time."

"Why do you suppose he does it?" asked Bryce glancing down at her with a peculiar expression in his eyes.

"Oh, Father told him too. It's all on account of those stupid rumors."

"So you consider the rumors stupid, do you?"

"Well, even if there is any truth in them our men will easily put down any mutiny."

"I love your assurance. But the facts don't bear you out. Delhi was captured yesterday."

"Billy!" She looked up at him incredulously.

"And the entire country is in a ferment of rebellion."

They had been walking slowly toward the house and now arrived at the veranda. She seated herself in the hammock and he took up his position on the steps.

"It's a fact," he continued. "But one doesn't know just when and how and where it's going to break out. The sepoy regiments here are infected and Sir Hugh has thrown up entrenchments just opposite the cantonment. He's gathering all the Europeans there for fear of a general massacre."

Miss Chamberlain shuddered. "Oh, Billy! That's horrible. Don't say that!"

"That's what I came here to see your father about. But to tell you the truth, Mill, it seems to me to be a blarsted bum place to defend."

"Father has gone to Calcutta," she said.

At this rather startling piece of information Bryce was silent. She noted the peculiar expression on his face.

"What's the matter, Billy?" she asked.

"I was wondering if that mohamadan of yours can be trusted," he lied for he was really wondering how her father, if reports were true, was ever going to get thru.

"Nabuk?" she cried in surprise. "Why, certainly. What in the world ever made you say that?"

But Bryce did not answer for while she was speaking he caught sight of the mohamadan grasping in his one hand the long tulwar and making violent motions at him with the other. What in the world could he want. When Nabuk say that he was looking he began patting his side. Slowly Bryce divined his thoughts.

"How the thunder did he know that

I had those there," he muttered unbuttoning his jacket and taking from a holster hitched up under his arms a long barreled revolver. He looked up. Nabuk was patting the other side too.

"Observant bohy," he said bringing out a second revolver. "I wonder what's up." He felt sure that something must be wrong.

"What did you say, Billy?" asked Miss Chamberlain.

"I said: aren't these beauties," showing her the revolvers.

"Oh! Are they loaded? Where did you get them, Billy?"

"Why, these guns — they call them guns over there—and this cartridge jacket"—here he revealed beneath his outer military jacket an undervest literally covered with cartridges — "a sort of walking arsenal, you see—were given to me by an American friend." He began to twirl them fondly.

"Don't do that Billy. They might go off," she cried. "Tommy Carruthers says that you can shoot like the devil. Can you?"

He laughed but she failed to detect the uneasiness in it. "Tommy shouldn't talk that way to you," he said.

Why didn't something happen. He was getting fidgety from the very suspense. Suddenly he discovered that Nabuk had disappeared and unable to sit still any longer he rose and walked to the other end of the veranda. Here more startling evidences of trouble greeted his ears—loud shouting and all at once the distant crack and rattle of small arms. Louder and louder it grew until in volley roars it reverberated thru the atmosphere.

Miss Chamberlain sprang from the hammock and came running toward him. "Billy," she exclaimed, "what is that?"

He looked at her for a moment. "I am afraid that the natives are attacking the trenches," he quietly said.

"Oh! they wouldn't—" She cut her sentence short with a startled cry. Bryce whirled as five natives with drawn swords leaped over the balustrade and rushed at them. There was no mistaking their intention. Bryce fired without asking it. The first native crumpled up with a hole in his head; the next two lurched forward in like manner; while Bryce gave the fourth and fifth their *coup de grace* as they turned to flee. He was drawing her away from the sight of the writhing bodies when sounds of a struggle at the rear of the house reached their ears—blows followed by sharp cries and the clash of swords. They rushed to the end of the veranda. Nabuk was desperately involved in a battle that might have cost him his life had Bryce not appeared. Two natives were rolling over the grass in the agony of their death struggle; but three others were fast beating the mohammadan to his knees when Bryce leaned over the balustrade and fired. At the sight of the lurching body of their comrade the two remaining assailants drew back in astonishment and looked wildly about. This gave Nabuk his opportunity and rising he fell upon them with the fury of a wounded tiger. They tried to escape but they were doomed. Bryce shot the one and Nabuk literally hacked the other to pieces.

For the moment he stood there breathing heavily with his recent exertions then he turned and came slowly toward them. He said nothing about Bryce's timely aid; but he permitted him to wash and dress a long slash on the side of his face.

"Me tink no more bad man come," he observed as Bryce bound up the wound.

"No, I don't think so either," replied Bryce. "They're too busy with the trenches. But there 'll be more pillaging to-night, so we will have to get out of this before that time."

At this piece of information Nabuk relapsed into silence and thought.

"Where Sahib go?" were his next words.

"To the trenches, I suppose," replied Bryce.

Nabuk shook his head. "Bad man come there," he said.

"That may all be; but that seems to me to be about the only place to which we can go. Besides we ought to be able to hold out until aid comes."

Nabuk shook his head dubiously and was silent for several minutes.

"Nabuk know better place," he at length asserted.

"Where?" asked Miss Chamberlain and Bryce in chorus.

"Mem Sahib wait;" he replied. "By by dark." And nothing could move him to make a further revelation.

Keeping a vigilant watch they waited for night to fall. Nabuk appeared only to prepare the meals; disappearing at other times they knew not where. Talking in low tones Bryce discovered that she considered he father safe because he was not in Cawnpur. He did not undeceive her but rather encouraged the belief with additional fabrications. Nor did he tell her that he had made up his mind to return to the trenches if Nabuk's place of safety should prove to be a good one. The sounds of firing in that direction had continued throughout the day, growing heavier at times, then dying away to a few spiteful shots.

Evenings shades fell swiftly; almost before they had realized it, night had cast its sable cloak over the land, shrouding it in utter darkness. Miss Chamberlain rose as Nabuk stepped lightly and almost silently into the room.

"Come," was all he said; then turned to go.

Bryce took off his heavy cavalry boots and unbuckled his sword. These he laid near the entrance and then they followed the mohammadan. He led them back almost to the very rear of the garden. Here he stopped before an old dry well and, removing his sandals, clambered down the side with the agility of a cat. Peering down into the well Bryce could see, after his eyes had become accustomed to the dark, that it was partially filled with old bits of wood, iron, bamboo and the like. Against one side stood several large pieces of timber which Nabuk carefully removed. Then stooping down he quietly extracted some six or eight large stones which formed part of the masonry of the well. This done, he climbed swiftly to the top and began unwinding a long stout rope from about his waist.

"What am I to do, Nabuk?" Miss Chamberlain asked as he began to tie the rope about her.

"Mem Sahib go down in well; big hole; Mem Sahib go in."

Sitting in a loop of the rope, her hands grasping tightly the strands above her, she was silently lowered to the bottom. Here she untied the rope and they drew it to the top. Stooping down she peered into the opening. Bryce saw her hesitate for a moment and then disappear thru the aperture. He immediately followed, climbing down the wall as Nabuk had done. As he looked into the hole

the faint glimmer of a light met his eyes. Without hesitation he crawled in and discovered himself in a narrow passage some four feet high and about ten feet long. Thru this he crept to another passage joining that one at right angles and turning to the right. The length of this one was about the same as that of the other; and again it was joined by a passage turning at right angles to the right. Here a bright light suddenly burst into view. Another moment and he found himself in a low subterranean room. Bryce sat up and looked about him in pure astonishment. The light was emitted from several candles inserted in sockets at different places in the room; the walls were entirely covered with draperies; the floor was concealed by a great rug; and opposite him was a long divan piled up with cushions. Upon this sat Miss Chamberlain. Bryce looked at her in speechless surprise.

"My word, Mill! My word!" was all he could say.

"Isn't it glorious, Billy?" she cried with a light laugh.

"Glorious!" he echoed. "It just sort o' takes my breath."

At this point Nabuk entered and at once began to reveal more of the mysteries of the place. Drawing aside one of the curtains he disclosed to their astonished eyes another excavation—the commissariat department, as Miss Chamberlain called it—where the mohammadan had stored provisions enough to supply one person for months, together with all sorts of utensils.

"Do you feel perfectly safe here, Mill?" inquired Bryce diplomatically.

"Perfectly!" she replied with enthusiasm. "No one on earth could discover this place."

"No, I don't believe they could either; and that's why I feel perfectly free about going back to the trenches." He did not look at her; he was afraid that all his good resolutions would go to smash if he did.

"I really feel that I ought to get back as soon as possible. That is where I belong; and it would be cowardly to desert them now. There will be no difficulty in slipping thru the native lines."

"I suppose you ought to go," she slowly replied; "but — but — yes, you must go. You'll come back, won't you?"

"You better believe that I will," he replied. "And I'll leave my watch and armor with you," he added indicating his revolvers and cartridge-jacket. He gave her a few instructions in the loading of the 'guns' and the ejection of the empty shells—talking and laughing the entire time to take away the pressure of the moment.

Suddenly dropping everything he stooped down and kissed her. "Now," he said, "I'm going to leave you;" and before she could realize it he was gone. As Bryce climbed up the side of the well Nabuk thrust his head from out the passage way calling softly for him to wait. The next moment Bryce was in the garden and the mohammadan had joined him.

"Nabuk guide sahib," was all he said and he started for the house. Bryce followed him and arriving there went inside to reclaim his sword and boots. The mohammadan had disappeared but a moment later returned bearing a long strip of cloth. This he proceeded to wrap about the lieutenant's head in the form of a turban and having completed the task he glided away into the street leaving Bryce to follow as best he might.

An hour later answering the challenge of the sentry he clambered joyfully over the entrenchment and reported to the chief.

* * * * *

The English were in an extremely precarious position. Sir Hugh had given evidence of decidedly bad military judgment when he threw the entrenchment up in such an exposed place. Commanded on all sides, with a garrison of four hundred European soldiers, some of whom were unfit for duty; and lacking in provisions and ammunition, the place could scarcely hope to hold out for longer than two weeks. Besides all this the general's misplaced confidence in the archtraitor, Nana Sahib, had thrown the town together with the treasury and magazine right into the hands of the mutineers. Not until that day when the natives made their first assault did he discover the duplicity with which the Nana had deceived him. But could personal efforts and matchless bravery have compensated for his mistakes Sir Hugh must have cleared himself a score of times over. In vain the Nana tried to take the place by storm. On every occasion he met with such a bloody repulse that the ground over which the mutineers had charged was literally covered with the dead and dying.

For twenty-one days the siege dragged along, the garrison suffering untold torment from the terrible heat and lack of provisions. But their spirits were high. In banter and jest they faced each day's dangers with perfect complacency. Heroics were among the ordinary events of the day. In the evenings those off duty gathered into groups and told stories of brave deeds of yore or sang the songs of the service:

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find;"

Their voices rose upon the evening air and floated softly across the Cawnpur sand-hills.

"Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most left behind."

The natives in the cantonment start up in astonishment. They grasp their arms and lean forward listening intently. How can men in the face of death sing like that? The notes rise and fall in perfect harmony.

"Stand, stand to your glasses steady;

We drink to our comrades eyes:

On cup to the dead already,

Hurrah for the next man that dies."

On the nineteenth day of the siege the quarter-master informed Sir Hugh that all the provisions were gone. On the twentieth day the ammunition was exhausted in repelling an assault. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-first a white flag appeared above the entrenchments. A little later Carruthers strolled into Bryce's tent and found that gentleman sitting on a box contemplatively chewing the end of his belt strap.

"Good, Billy?" he queried.

"Best thing I've tasted in a long while," ambiguously replied Billy.

"What's going on outside?"

"They were still in conference when I left," replied Carruthers.

For some time both were silent and in the silence Bryce's thoughts strayed to the subterranean room in the town and the occupant that he had left there. He wondered if he could fulfill his promise to return. He did not believe he could bank much on the terms which the Nana would be willing to grant to Sir Hugh; and he began to wonder what his chances of getting thru the present difficulty and of seeing her again would be.

"It's sort o' tough to have to go under, isn't it Tommy?" he calmly commented.

"Oh, yes," replied Carruthers indifferently. "But then I'm getting sort o' used to it."

Bryce smiled and glanced contemplatively out of the tent toward the town passed which the Ganges softly flowed.

"What kind of a cat are you, Tommy?" he finally asked.

At this point Corporal Griggs entered and saluted.

"Well?" asked both subalterns in unison.

"Hits a surrender, sir," replied the corporal.

"And what are the terms?" asked Bryce.

"Lay down our harms hand hembark in boats for Hallahabad?"

"Hm," observed Carruthers; "rather magnanimous of the Nana."

"Suspiciously so," remarked Bryce.

At seven o'clock Sir Hugh Wheeler at the head of his famished forces marched out of the entrenchment. Advancing proudly thru the triumphant native lines they laid their arms opposite the cantonment buildings and continued their march toward the river. A number of boats had been drawn up on the south bank; and in these, under the direction of the Nana's lieutenant, Tantia Topi, the English embarked. It did seem to the Europeans that they were about to escape what, but a few hours before, had looked like an inevitable doom; and as the boats were permitted to drift slowly out to mid-river they began to think their troubles at an end.

Even Carruthers was observing to Bryce that there might be something in the Nana after all when, like a lightning stroke, a crashing roar of artillery burst upon the quiet air and an iron

hail belched forth into the crowded boats from the vomiting throats of a treacherously masked battery. Round after round of the terrible grape bore death among the English, mowing them down by the score. The sepoy sprang from behind the buildings and, leaping to the water's edge with fiendish glee, opened up a general fusilade. Sir Hugh, while directing the boats to row against the batteries, was literally riddled with bullets. Carruthers was shot thru the heart while seconding his orders. Spinning about on his heel his body lurched forward and unexpectedly striking Bryce precipitated him into the river.

The shock of the cool water seemed to clear his brain and realizing that all was lost he struck out without coming to the surface. He swam that time as he had never swam before, keeping well beneath the surface until he thought his lungs would burst. At length he permitted himself to rise slowly and quietly to the top; allowing only his mouth and nose to issue above the water. Then diving again he continued his course down stream. This he repeated a number of times until he felt sure that he was well out of the danger zone; and turning he swam for the rushes along the north bank. From this point, without risk of detection, he looked back upon the scene of the recent horror.

The firing had ceased and the boats were being hauled toward the shore. There were a few survivors; but such a few! Sick at heart Bryce turned his eyes away and, sinking down among the rushes, waited for darkness to fall. His only surviving hope, the only object that seemed to make life still worth the living, was hid in the heart of that murderous den. But in spite of that fact

he determined to invade the den that very night and, if at all possible, reach the subteranean room. What he would do after that he would decide when he got there. He knew that Havelock's division was scarcely more than a three day's march away. Possibly an opportunity of escape would afford itself.

In the meantime darkness, with its usual rapidity had fallen and a sort of inky blackness covered the earth. Issuing slowly and noiselessly from the rushes Bryce swam to the Cawnpur side of the river; and dragging himself out of the water he crouched, dripping wet, upon the bank. He at once stripped himself of his water-soaked apparel and wrung them out as best he could. Then, redonning them, he proceeded cautiously in the direction of the city. On the outskirts of the city he ran suddenly into an individual who had been celebrating the day's excesses in palm wine.

"Hail comrade!" called the inebriate waving a tulwar in an uncertain grasp. "Glorious victory! Glorious vic—" His eloquence was broken short by Bryce's fist. Dropping his sword the sepoy fell heavily to the ground and lay as one stunned. Without stopping to ascertain this fact Bryce snatched up the weapon and glided away into the dark.

As he approached the centre of the town the difficulty of advancing unnoticed became greater and greater. Not only was he threatened by collision with straying bodies of natives, but here and there flames from burning buildings, licking the darkness with their serpent tongues, lit up the night in a lurid glare. At length, after limitless narrow escapes, he found himself in the garden of the Chamberlain residence. Again proceeding with the greatest caution he finally

came to the brink of the well. With emotions indescribable and beating heart whose thumping must be heard, he thought, above the noises of the night he looked into the depths. With difficulty he suppressed his joy when he discovered everything to be the same as he had left it just three weeks ago. Silently he clambered down the side and gained the bottom without mishap. Having removed the timbers he crouched down and extricated the stones. He looked within. The small, faint, scarcely distinguishable, gleam of light still played upon the wall. With an eagerness difficult to restrain he hastened down the first passageway; turned into the second; and then the third. Here, as a final drop in his cup of joy, it seemed, the light from the room burst into view.

"Mill!" he called softly and fearfully. There was no answer.

"Mill!"

Still no answer. Was his cup to be dashed from him so soon. With sudden misgiving he hastened toward the light and swung into the room. His revolvers lay on the carpet near the head of the divan; his watch on a cushion close beside them; and Mill, her face like death, in its ashy hue, lay streached at full length upon the cushions.

"Mill!" he cried. "Mill!" and then his horror was changed to rejoicing as she suddenly opened her eyes. Springing up she grasped the revolvers and shrank back against the wall gazing wildly at him.

"Don't shoot, Mill", he cried laughing out of pure joy. "I surrender."

"Billy! Billy! Is it really you!"

At the sound of that voice life became real sweet to Bryce. He went over to her and sat at her feet. Then drop-

ping the revolvers she fairly flung her arms about his neck and burst into a flood of tears.

"By Jove! Mill, but you scared me," he said thinking it best not to notice this sudden relaxation.

"Oh, oh, Billy!" she sobbed; "you look simply awful."

"Oh, do I? A thousand thanks. But I say Mill."

"Well."

"Why—er — the lachrymal overflow from your radiant orbs is trickling down my back." Of course it wasn't but that settled it—she laughed.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come back, Billy. It's terrible to be alone. But, really, you do look awful!"

"Need a razor; do I, Mill?"

"You're so thin, Billy." He didn't tell her that he had scarcely tasted food for a week.

"And you're so pale, Mill."

"Well so would you be if you had been shut up in an underground room for—how long has it been, Billy?"

He drew a long breath. Of course that was the explanation.

"Exactly three weeks, Mill," he replied.

"Billy, now tell me the truth, have you had anything to eat lately?"

"Now that you remind me of it, I don't believe that I did have any supper."

"I'll get you some at once," she said going over to her 'commissariat department'. She soon placed before him a supply of food the like of which his eyes had not beheld for days.

"Got lots of it, Mill?" he asked looking hungrily at it.

"Oh, plenty, plenty—just stacks."

"All right then. By Jove, here goes."

She watched him for several minutes without saying a word.

"Have you been starving, Billy?" she finally asked.

"Madame," he replied between mouthfuls, "that's a reflection."

At length, knowing that he might harm himself if he ate too much, he pushed the board aside. "There," he said, "I haven't had enough but that's all I am going to eat just now. I say Mill—" he stopped short with an involuntary exclamation of surprise. Snatching up the revolvers he fired without hesitating. Miss Chamberlain turned with a startled cry in time to see the body of a native pitch forward from the entrance. Another sepoy appeared and aimed a sweeping blow at them with a great long tulwar. Again the revolver spoke out. The second body fell upon the first. A third appeared only to lurch forward upon the other two with a bullet in his head. This effectually closed up the passage.

Glancing at the cartridge vest Bryce turned to Miss Chamberlain who leaned shuddering with horror against the wall. "I think that we can give a good account of ourselves, Mill," he said.

All at once the wall burst in at the side directly opposite the entrance and the head and shoulders of a native were thrust into the room. Bryce whirled to meet the attack from this new and unlooked for quarter when Miss Chamberlain cried: "Don't shoot, Billy. It's Nabuk."

It was Nabuk, sure enough. Bryce recognized his swarty features just in time.

"Come," commanded the mohammadan, "bad man come back."

Ordering Miss Chamberlain to go ahead Bryce snatched up the cartridge

vest and his watch and hurried after them. The new passage was the exact counterpart of the old and led to the opposite side of the well. Miss Chamberlain was hastily swung to the top and all three fled from the place.

"Nabuk," Miss Chamberlain called softly, "where are you taking us?"

"To the river," he replied.

As they came to the house their fate seemed to be sealed when, rounding the corner they almost collided with a body of sepoys running pell mell into the garden. Calling to Bryce to keep straight on Nabuk sprang among the natives hewing at them and scattering them right and left.

Up the street they sped leaving the mohammadan to deal with the foe. Their only safety now lay in swiftness of foot. Nabuk soon rejoined them dashing ahead and cutting down with great sweeping strokes of his tulwar all who attempted to interfere with their progress. Behind them they could hear their pursuers, like a pack of yelping curs, pressing hard upon their track. Bryce knew that they were gaining fast and he also knew that Miss Chamberlain was fast becoming exhausted. The cries of those in the rear were taken up by others ahead until the whole native population seemed to be aroused and joining in the chase. At length they burst upon the street running parallel to the river. And here they stopped. For bearing down on all sides yelling mobs pressed swiftly toward them howling with fiendish glee when they thought their victims trapped.

Ahead of them a long building obstructed their retreat to the river. Even Nabuk had given up hope and had calmly taken his stand beside Miss Chamberlain. But every moment life had been growing still sweeter to Bryce and as

he wasn't made of oriental resignation he did not observe the swift approach of death with that characteristic eastern equanimity. To the mohammadan it was simply fate. Why struggle against Allah?

"Come on!" said Bryce. "We've got to get into that building somehow. This game isn't over yet by a long way."

He dashed over to the entrance followed by the others and to his joy found it open. They sprang within and found themselves in a large court.

"A temple, by Jove!" exclaimed Bryce. "The rear entrance must lead directly out upon the river. Come on! here's our chance."

From this court they sped into another and then into a third. Here a strange and weird sight met their eyes. Involuntarily all three stopped. Save for the lonely flickering of two small tongues of flame, which, darting up from lofty altars, cast upon the walls gruesome and spectral shadows. The court was clothed in darkness. Between the flames, rearing his monstrous head to the domelike ceiling; his savage visage glaring out with every flicker of the altar fire; and sitting in all his hideousness with his gigantic arms resting upon his huge knees, was the god, Moluk.

The rushing of the mob into the temple impelled the fugitives toward this unnatural creature. Nabuk at once leaped fearlessly upon the altar; Miss Chamberlain followed closely with an illconcealed shudder and reluctance; and after her sprang Bryce. Standing between the huge fists of the god they saw their pursuers burst suddenly into the court.

"They'll hardly dare attack us here," said Bryce as the yelling sepoys came bounding toward the altar. But Bryce

had reckoned without the mohammadanism of his foe. Without a moment's hesitation they sprang up the steps and then the fight began.

Swiftly the gleaming blade of Nabuk flashed thru the air. A shrill screen and a heavy thud followed each blow. Bryce shot fast but with deadly certainty, the crack of his revolver echoing tumultuously thru the vaulted room. For a moment the assailants fell back appalled by the fury of the defenders.

"Mill," called Bryce, "can you reload the revolvers?"

"Yes, yes," she eagerly replied.

He threw her the cartridge jacket and an empty 'gun' and turned to meet a second attack. Down swept Nabuk's whistling tulwar followed by the vengeful crack of Bryce's revolver. Up the steps they surged only to be beaten back with dreadful slaughter. The slimy gore gushing from terrible wounds poured down the altar steps and many of the assailants slipping thereon plunged with a crash over the side.

But numbers were beginning to tell and the mohammadans, with gleaming eyes and savage countenances, were pressing hard when suddenly a tremendous shout went up from the mob. Shrinking back in apparant fear the assailants gazed upward with terror in their eyes. Astonished at the sudden cessation of the attack when their doom seemed almost sealed, Bryce stepped back and followed the direction of their eyes. For the moment he seemed rooted to the spot. The massive jaw of the horrible figure was slowly swinging downward. From his eyes and nostrils great showers of sparks shot into the air; and from the yawning chasm of his mouth a huge ball of fire was suddenly hurled forth and falling toward the

ground burst into a myriad pieces.

All at once the altar top began to tremble and the massive arms moved slowly upward. A thunderous roar from a thousand throats shattered the ominous silence: "MOLUK, MOLUK!" The cry rang out again and again. "MOLUK, MOLUK, THE SACRIFICE! THE SACRIFICE!!" Some tried to flee; others fell upon their faces; and even the boldest shrank back in wonder and awe.

Nabuk turned and with transcendent fury showered his mighty blows upon the breast of the inanimate god. As Bryce recoiled from the image his foot slipped upon the blood-slimed stone and grasping wildly at the empty air he plunged head foremost from the altar. Fortunately for him the bodies of the slain broke his fall and landing in a heap he laid, for a moment, half stunned. Crawling at length to his feet among the heaps of dead his eyes traveled upward toward the monster's face. The gigantic arms lay crushed against the savage countenance. Then echoing throughout the temple reverberating again and again rang three clear shots. For a space all was silent. Suddenly the arms began to descend. This seemed to bring Bryce to the realization of his position. Snatching up his revolver from among the dead he carefully crept up the bloody stairs. With thumping heart he watched the altar top as it came swinging downward. But Millicent and Nabuk were not upon it. With a feeling of despair he stepped upon the stone as it settled into place and examined his revolver. There were still five cartridges in it. At any rate he could give a good account of himself before they got him. But it seemed horrible to die alone with no one about him save the

human beasts thirsting for his blood. He did not want to die there. No! he would not die there; for suddenly with a rush of joy and hope he felt the altar top trembling beneath him and beginning to rise with a slow swaying motion. Involuntarily his eyes turned up to the demon like head above him. Again he saw the massive jaw swinging downward; and as he looked a ball of fire rolled from the cavernous mouth and falling thru the air burst into countless fragments.

But some of the boldest of the mohamadans, loath to be robbed of their last victim, sprang swiftly up the steps with gleaming swords and murderous intent. Bryce turned to receive them. He shot one as he attempted to leap upon the rising platform; a second turbaned devil met a similar fate; two others he put *hors de combat* for eternity; and the fifth bullet he bestowed upon a swarty head as it grasp at the rising arms. Many others bounded after him but he had risen beyond their reach.

All at once the altar top began to roll. Steadying himself with difficulty Bryce turned and found that his head was on a level with the yawning mouth, and that his eyes were looking into a spacious room. In the middle standing over a priest with flowing robes whose hands manipulated several great levers, with threatening revolver and blood-stained tulwar stood the mohammadan, Nabuk. Close by him lay the bodies of two priests weltering in their blood. Then Bryce remembered the three shots. But where was Millicent?

"Nabuk," he cried springing into the room as the arms crashed against the hideous face, "where is she?" But his question was answered by the sound of

her voice calling from some place over head.

"Billy, Billy," she cried and suddenly came rushing down a flight of stairs leading around the interior of the monster's head.

"And what were you doing up there?" he asked as she almost precipitated herself into his arms.

"Looking to see if you were on the platform. Oh, it's all so strange and wierd, Billy. I feel as tho I were in some horrible dream. Let us get away from here."

"Come on, then. These priests must have had a way of getting up here."

They passed Nabuk to the rear of the room and as they came upon an open trap-door the sound of a blow followed by a sharp scream and then a thud, reached their ears. A moment later Nabuk joined them.

A pair of winding stairs descended from the trap-door into the body of the god. Downward they sped as quickly as possible and soon reached the bottom. To the right stood a second exit and from this came the sound of running water. Bryce stepped to the door. The gloomy Ganges rolled passed him in solemn waves and at his feet tossing upon the waters was moored a native boat. They piled into the boat without

delay and taking up the paddles which lay upon the seats they shot swiftly away into the night. On they sped, faster and faster; and when day light broke above the Eastern hills they beheld in the distance the white tents of Brigadier Havelock's corps.

Chamberlain, himself, was the first person to meet them as they beached the boat. With a cry of surprise he sprang to the water's edge and then his daughter collapsed. Bryce left them and went to report to the general. An hour later resplendent in the uniform of a Bengal artillery officer he issue from the headquarters of the chief.

"A friend at the Chamberlain tent would like to see me? Now who the deuce could that be?" he muttered to himself. With the help of a corporal he found the place. No one was there but Miss Chamberlain and then the truth began to dawn upon him. In two strides he reached her and swung her into his arms. She attempted no resistance.

"Mill," he cried.

"Yes, Billy."

"The psychological moment, Mill?" he whispered bending closer to her lips.

"The psychological moment, Billy," she replied looking up at him thru a pair of sparkling blue eyes. And then—

The End.

Albert, '09, and Brossman, '12, keep to their rooms now after dark. The last time they went out together the roosters thought it was sunrise and began to crow.

EXCHANGES.

In a far-off distant country,
 In the land of Galilee,
 As the western sun was setting
 Out beyond the restless sea,
 The lad Peter and his father
 Pushed the boat from off the strand;
 They would spend the night in fishing
 And return next morn to land.

As the glowing sunset blended
 To its softest roseate hue,
 From the bosom of the water,
 Trembling on the ether blue,
 Rose a star of mystic beauty;
 The lad Peter watched the sight,
 Then sprang up with childish impulse,
 And exclaimed in great delight:

"Father, look! its like the story
 That the Wise Men told to-day
 Of the Star they long have followed;
 To our King its leads, they say."
 "Nay, my son, they are mistaken;
 Judah's kingdom long hath fled,
 And no Jew could snatch the circlet
 From the mighty Ceasar's head."

But the lad thought not of kingdoms,
 Or his nation's empty throne.
 Still he watched thru deep'ning darkness,
 That one Star which brightly shone,
 Shedding peace, good-will, and mercy
 In its magic rays of love;
 Bringing to the earth glad tidings
 From the Heart of God above.

Soon the Star, advancing higher,
 Shed its rays across the bark,
 As the glimmering sail hung lifeless,
 Touched with light the figures dark,
 Kneeling now in adoration
 To the God whose Hand of might
 Formed this Star whose radiant glory
 Turned earth's darkness into light.

And to Peter from the glory
 Of the Star's bright, holy rays,
 Came the living beams of power
 Guiding him in future days,
 For in after years when Jesus
 Found him by Lake Galilee,
 Peter knew Him as the Saviour
 Whose Star had shone that night at sea.
Albright Bulletin.

A thousand million stars proclaim
 The glory of the Maker's name,
 The countless hosts their voices raise,
 In anthems of adoring praise,
 To Him who is the Cause of all,
 The one divine Original;
 And all the music of the spheres,
 This harmony of endless years,
 Arises to the throne of grace,
 Where dwells the God of Love and Peace.
 He listens to this symphony,
 But stops to think of you and me.
Touchstone.

THE MUHLENBERG OUR ALUMNI.

'72. The address of Rev. J. George Schaidt has been changed from Atlanta, Georgia, to New Haven, West Virginia.

'72. Rev. John A. Scheffer, Allentown, Pa., has become associate editor of "The Pennsylvania German".

'77. Rev. M. Luther Zweizig has been called to succeed Rev. M. C. Horine, D. D., as pastor of one of the largest Lutheran congregations in Reading, Pa.

'78. Dr. Henry H. Herbst has been "shaking things up" as Mayor of Allentown, Pa., and stands a good chance of being chosen to lead the Democratic Party in the Spring election.

'80. Dean George T. Ettinger of the College Faculty has been re-appointed Prison Inspector of Lehigh County by Judge Frank M. Trexler. At the annual organization of the Prison Board Dr. Ettinger was likewise re-elected Secretary of the same.

'85. We regret to learn that, on account of a nervous break down, Rev. Frank F. Fry, of Rochester, N. Y., can not attend to his pastoral duties. Rev. J. Howard Wroth, who recently returned from a year's study and travel in Germany, is assisting him very acceptably.

'94. At the recent National Convention of the Alpha Tan Omega Fraternity Max S. Erdman, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., was elected High Councilor, in which position he will share in ruling the destinies of the organization.

'96. We congratulate Rev. Frederick C. Cooper and his estimable wife upon the advent of another boy into their new home in Lima, Ohio.

'96. Captain Thomas L. Rhoads, Surgeon in the United States Army is at present visiting his parents at Boyertown, Pa.

'96. Rev. T. A. Bridges Stopp is doing excellent work in his new charge in Atlantic City.

'99. Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman has taken charge of the Y. M. C. A. at the Pennsylvania State College.

1900. Frederick R. Bousch, M. D., is now located at Allentown, Pa.

1902. Rev. Matthias R. Heilig has charge of a Lutheran congregation of the General Synod at Dansville, N. Y.

1903. Edwin G. Leefelot is teaching at Staatsburg-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

1903. We hereby acknowledge the receipt of New Year's greetings from Rev. Augustus W. Rohrig, of New Britain, Conn., and assure him that they were highly appreciated.

1904. Hans S. Gardner is still at Danbe, Va., but we understand, intends to take an Engineering course at the University of Pennsylvania.

1906. Rev. Benjamin L. Romberger has charge of an Evangelical congregation at Slatington, Pa.

1907. Rev. Charles F. Dapp, after a year's study in Germany, is continuing his post-graduate work in Germanics at the University of Pennsylvania.

EDITORIALS.

Another year has passed and we are battling with the waves of a new. At times the billows roll high and the fight grows hard. We are carried into the stormy centre of the battle of life. Have we, under the disguise of and in search after pleasure, been swept unwittingly into the whirlpool of vice? Do we not see, despite the swiftly flowing waters, that our progress is in one continuous circle growing ever smaller and going down, down, down. The currents of immorality are swinging us gradually toward the final doom. Petty dishonour carries us a little way; lust for honor, greed for gold, for power, for pleasure, ostentatious display, and all the ingenuity that a satanic mind can formulate gradually sweep us toward that yawning vortex where without warning we are plunged into a limitless abyss and sink to rise no more.

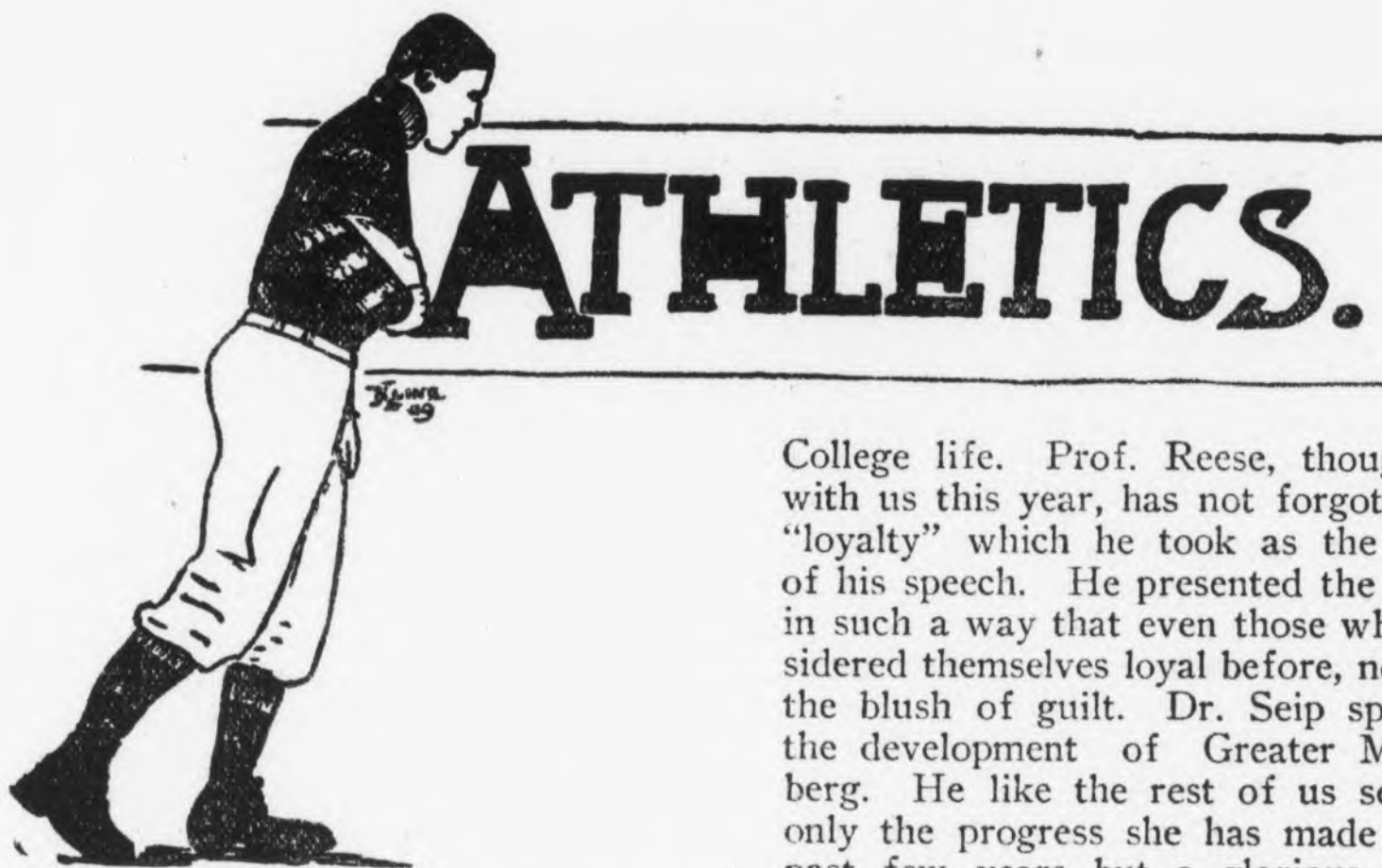
We are all swimmers, tho differently constituted. Some of us buffet the waves with stronger, some with weaker blows. Each man has entered the struggle with certain capabilities. It does not behoove the weak to take the pace of the strong; nor for the strong with swinging strokes to plow passed his weaker brother leaving him, struggling to keep his head above the water, with the cheerful advice to "keep on struggling." Nor should the swimmer whose pace is with the strong, lazily ride the waves saying to himself: "tomorrow I'll speed on with my best stroke and make up for the loss of this day's progress." A day lost means the loss of so much strength. The man who swims steadily keeping the pace that is suited to his strength, avoid-

ing the whirlpools of vice and pleasure, will gradually grow in strength; and at the end will speed his well won way into the harbour of eternal rest.

Let us resolve in battling with life's waves to keep a steady course avoiding all Charybdean temptations, suiting our pace to our strength; and in the end we will receive the reward that comes to every honest swimmer in life's waters.

With this issue the present staff of The Muhlenberg goes out of office. To quote our Personal Editor, we too beg leave at this our last appearance to thank the general student-body for "their kind forbearance." We especially enjoyed the exciting occupation of getting printable articles from unwilling contributors. Have you ever tried to squeeze water out of a dry sponge? Try it. It's exhilarating. But the sponge was not altogether dry. After persistent and numerous personal requests certain students were persuaded to hand in articles. To all we wish to extend our sincerest thanks and assure them that we appreciate their hearty support and general encouragement in our efforts to make the publication a success.

The new staff which is about to enter upon its duties is one of unquestioned ability. Under able leadership and management we hope to see it lift the Muhlenberg to its true position as the representative of the literary life of the college. Give them your heartiest support and they will do so. Wishing them all success in their struggle with the future issues of the Muhlenberg we now bid you a final *Adieu*.



On the evening of December 21st, just before the fellows left for their respective homes to spend the Christmas vacation, it was decided to hold a College smoker in order to further College spirit as well as to transact some very important business. The smoker was attended by some of the leading men of Allentown and the members of the faculty. A program for amusement was rendered by the comis section of the students and all present joined in the spirit of merry making.

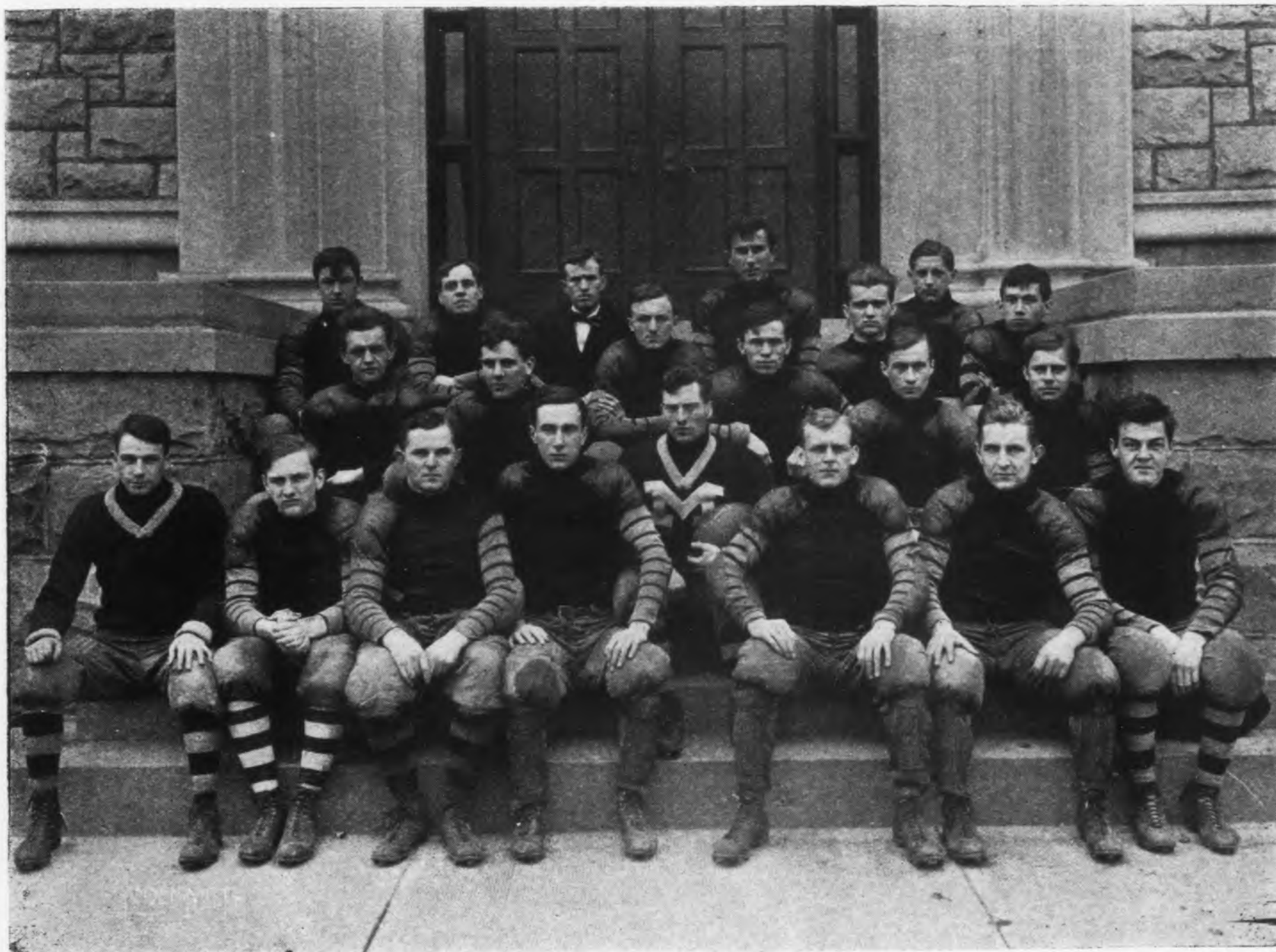
Among the chief events of the evening were the wrestling match between Messrs. Toebke and Janke and the basket-ball game btween two teams picked from the student body.

Dr. Haas spoke on the student as distinguished from the Athletic phase of

College life. Prof. Reese, though not with us this year, has not forgotten his "loyalty" which he took as the theme of his speech. He presented the matter in such a way that even those who considered themselves loyal before, now felt the blush of guilt. Dr. Seip spoke of the development of Greater Muhlenberg. He like the rest of us sees not only the progress she has made in the past few years but a glorious future.

Our Athletic Association which was lately organized was granted an official charter. After this was announced, Mr. Stine presented the constitution which was adopted by the association. After this Prof. Jacobs spoke on his favorite subject "our team" and the varsity M was awarded to the following: Albert, Hauser, Miller, Snyder, Shelly, Aberly, Bossard, Coleman, Reed and Nonamaker, Mgr. To these men was awarded a scrub M: Fasig, Putra, Shupp, S., Shupp R., Beidler, Keck, Cressman, Bennett, Wohlsen, Boyer, Huyett, Butz, Fink, Hardy, Ammarell, Butz, Shelly, Schumaker, Sensbach and Shelly.

A prize of \$15.00 was offered by some anonymous friend for the best Alma Mater song composed by one of the students.



FOOT BALL SQUAD OF 1908.

PERSONALS.

Kresge, '12—Do they preach in English or German in Holland?
Prof. F.—No, in Dutch.

Rudolph, '09—Doctor, do you know why I don't take Latin this year?
Dr. W.—No.
Rudolph—Why, I had to miss chapel every Wednesday morning.

Dr. H.—Who was Lot?
Reitz, '11—Moses' brother.

Dr. L.—What is the color of a blood-vessel?
Ernst, '10—Isolated.

Dr. H.—What is a lie?
Rudolph, '09—A very present help in time of trouble.

Eichner, '09, tendered the members of the Glee Club a reception after their concert at Freemansburg, January 9th. A "scrumptious" banquet was served and toasts were responded to,—after which numerous college songs were sung in the good, old-fashioned, soul-stirring manner. At South Bethlehem the homeward journey was delayed by the car jumping the tracks. By the wise directions of Rudolph and Bennet the car was replaced and the journey resumed. With but one more mishap the boys reached their rooms. That mishap was—the car went no further than 14th and Gordon, and a "much-weary" bunch trudged slowly thru the arcade during the wee small hours of the night.

Preston Barba, '06, is *trying* to raise a moustache. "Down in front!"

Prof. J.—(Jan. 8—In penance are two terms, contrition and attrition.
Prof. J.—(Jan. 15)—Mr. Huyett, what comprises penance?
Huyett, '10—Contrition and nutrition.

Dr. E.—Ride on, Mr. Reitz, ride on.

With the publication of this issue the Editorship of this Department changes hands. The present Editor wishes to thank the readers for their "gentle forbearance", and hopes that material for this department will be forthcoming more readily under the new regime than it has in the past. Without the hearty co-operation of the entire student-body no one can make this publication the success it should be.

By the time this issue of The Muhlenberg is published the present Personal Editor will have served his connections with Muhlenberg College. For reasons known to many of the students he has found it necessary to discontinue his college course temporarily, so he takes this opportunity to wish professors and fellow-students, and especially class-mates, farewell, and hopes that the pressure of college-work will prevent the daily associates of almost three years of study neither from remembering him occasionally nor from continuing the friendships that have existed so far. "Portez-vous bien."



The dialect poem "George Washington's Soliloquy"—the only one of its kind which appeared in the "Muhlenberg" this year—is written in an appropriate meter and with good rime. Dialect poems, when sensible and true to nature, are almost invariably sure of a place in the columns of our monthly.

The article on Heredity by "C. A. L., '09", is at once scientific, practical, and exceedingly interesting. Before entering upon the formal discussion of his subject, the author imparts a knowledge of the elementary facts of Biology in a brief, concise way, and thus prepares the reader for an intelligent understanding of what follows. The theories of Weissmann and Darwin are quoted, after which the author draws his own inferences and points to the inevitable conclusion that the Divine plan underlies all. Allusion is made to the evil of intermarriage, after which the article is fittingly concluded by a reference to the high place of woman in civilization.

In "The Spirit of Justice" Mr. Albert discusses present day methods of administering justice and in forceful language refers to the evils in the modern American jury system. The style and

vocabulary of the article are those of an oration rather than of an essay, and we believe that it would sound well from the lips of our silver-tongued orators. The author deplors the too frequent success of the wrong side in cases at court, and attributes it to the clever lawyer and the corrupt jury. His view of the future of law and justice is not a hopeful one. The language of the article, in general, is good; a few improvements on the punctuation might be made.

Apropos of the almost universal interest in aerial navigation, "C. E. Mc C., '09", contributes a very readable essay on "The Wright Brothers' Aeroplane". After alluding to the study and labor expended by the inventors in perfecting their machine, the author dwells briefly on the scientific problems which confronted them, and explains how these problems were solved. The last paragraph contains a vivid description of a trip thru the air, and forms a good conclusion. On the whole, the essay is well written. In line 15, page 12, *different from* should be used instead of *different to*.

The first philosophical article of the

year appears under the caption "The Value of Practical Cynicism." The Cynic philosophers of ancient Greece are alluded to, and, altho these philosophers scoffed at social courtesies and family ties, they were, as Mr. Fritsch says, altruistic. Their tendency to go to the extreme, thus violating the fundamental Greek principle, *meden agan*, was the error that lay at the root of their philosophy. The author uses his own logic to support the attitude of the cynic, and incidentally inserts a bit of his own philosophy, to which we heartily agree. Altho he doesn't go to any great length in his discussion, what he says carries conviction, and cannot but benefit all who read it.

Mr. Roger Rupp, '09, contributes a good ghost story, "Spook Hollow", to the December "Muhlenberg". His description is good, and his style natural and graceful. There is no criticism to be made on the language used. The "ghost" of the story is accounted for in a way that most of the so-called "ghosts" can be, and in this story he receives all the punishment he deserves. The description of the encounter between

the spectre and its intended victim is quite thrilling, and forms the best part of the story, as it should.

The conclusion of "In Search of an Affinity" appears in last month's "Muhlenberg" and is the most interesting instalment of the serial. Christy has at last found his affinity, and can say with Caesar, *veni, vidi, vici*.—He is now entitled to full possession of the fortune that was promised him, but that fortune, tho large, seems trifling and insignificant compared with the "best gift of all"—the much-sought-for "affinity".

Christy has evidently been made the victim of a conspiracy, in which Cupid was prime mover with Mr. Park and D'Albert as able accessories. He seems, however, to have been a willing victim throughout, and, when eventually apprised of the truth, shows no resentment.

The author has succeeded in holding the attention and interest of his readers from the first instalment (which appeared in September) down to the conclusion, and in each instalment has shown undoubted talent. We hope to be favored with more stories from his pen in future issues of "The Muhlenberg."

Dr. W.—He was rich.

Ziegenfuss, '09—Do you mean Hauser?

Hauser, '09—(loudly, from the depths of the closet)—Oh, no, no!

Dr. W.—Das kalb gebrilt aus dem Hall!

Nonnemaker, '09—Doctor, may I write my German essay in English?



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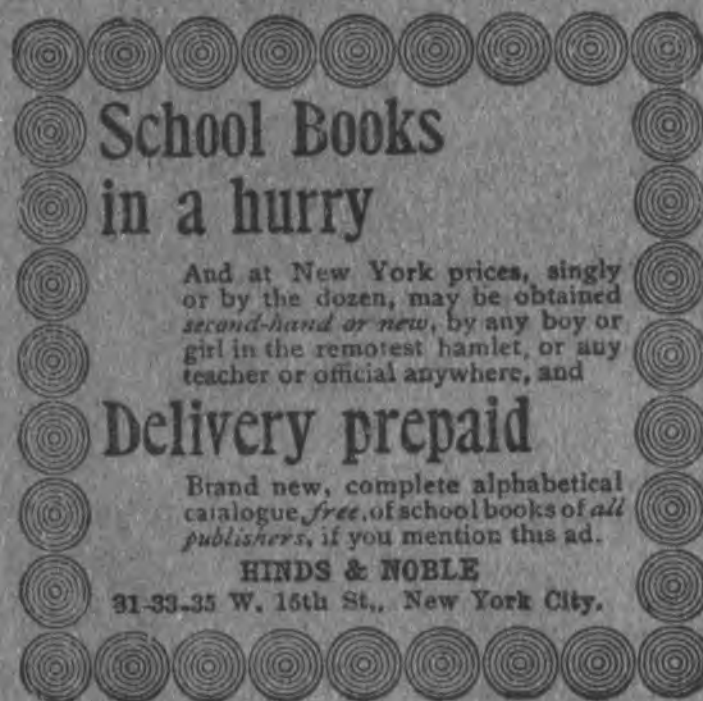
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MARCH, 1909.

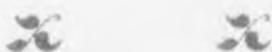
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VOL. XXVII.

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No. 7

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as second-class matter.)

"A SENIOR'S DREAM."

Sharp northern blasts sweep thru the air,
A snowy blanket covers hills
And valleys and the treetops bare,
The night is dark, the air chills.

I hasten homeward, there to sit
Before the open fire grate,
Then fill my pipe, "Yes, now 'tis lit,
And smoke, altho 'tis very late.

I dream of days, of glorious days,
Of college strife, college joy,
I dream of comrades, friends, whose praise
Has been the gold in life's alloy.

A face of olive color, beauty rare,
Appears wreathed in the smoky layers;
To me, the fairest of the fair,
For her ascend my earnest prayers.

Light and shadow each other chase,
In charming playfulness there;
A charm, old age cannot erase,
Nor able to be found elsewhere.

I take my pipe and it refill,
Ling'ring o'er that perfect face.
Where Nature shows her highest skill,
Not line, nor feature out of place.

Within her burning midnight eyes—
Soft with love, or flashing fire,
Ennobling and inspiring power lies
To urge me onward, left me higher.

That hair, ah yes, that raven hair
Her fair head thickly covers;
A youthful bloom, refreshing air,
About my darling hovers.

I smoke, I dream, what a pleasure
For me to gaze into those eyes!
Hair! Face! Form! Say she's a treasure!
Ah yes, now I realize.

WISERT, '09.

THE MUHLENBERG

"THE HAPPY ART."

J. W. FRITSCH, '09.

God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth that we take to heaven—Music. Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings. As its direct relation is with the emotions, in the works of its greatest masters, it is more marvellous, more mysterious, than poetry; and ought preferably to this be called the "happy art", since it is the only one that can calm the agitations of the soul,—the true seat of human felicity.

That music is an art sacred and divine cannot be denied. Next to theology, Luther gave to music the highest place and honor. It was the art of the prophets. David and all the saints have wrought their godly thots into verse, rhyme and song. The texts of Scripture most frequently recollected and quoted, are those which are felt to be preeminently musical.

"We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that
strayed

It dropped with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station."

It was given us in the germ to unfold and develop; and the time is probably not far distant when music will stand per chance as the mightiest of the arts, and certainly as the one art peculiarly representative of our modern world, with its intense life, and complex civilization.

How marvellous has been the development of the musical art since Miriam, the prophetess sang her song of triumph, timbrel in hand! What were the strains from Lamia's flute, compared with those of the modern symphony? The chants of tragic chorus in comparison to our wonderfully charming operas and oratorios? Still, thru all stages of its art-history, music has been the object of many a man's longing,—the means of many a one's happiness. The last words of Mirabeau were that he might die to the sounds of delicious music; Keats says: "Let me have music dying and I seek no more delight"; Virgil, paying tribute, sings: "Softly shall my bones repose, if you in future sing my loves upon your pipe"; Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study; Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was ever necessary to Warburton! Is it any weakness to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, and bending your whole being in one unspeakable vibration?

"Music! O! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray."

Probably there are few who are impervious to its voice, but let "the man that hath no music in himself" be a

rarity, as he is fit for stratagems and spoils! It ought to be highly improbable that any of us, who have arrived at this stage of education, altho probably organically incapable of a tune, should not at least be sentimentally disposed to harmony; and not have acquired an ear for music of some nature, whether for the thunderings and refined passages of the great composers, or perhaps even for that silent note which Cupid strikes, which, they say, is far more sweet than the sound of any instrument. For "what is the voice of song when the world lacks the ear of taste?"

Culture stands as a synonym for the best there is in life. The homes we may enter can not be disguised as to its influence therein. The books, the habits, the apparel, the demeanor—all combine to reveal the protency or the lack of culture in a family or society. But, above all, the mind, and its mirror, the face, reveal with unerring certainty one's attitude to culture. It must be understood that by the "beautiful" in art is not meant merely that which gratifies the external sense of seeing, but rather the intrinsic qualities which appeal to the intellect. Music is so fraught with the burden of kindred arts, so clearly an outlet for the passions and emotions of mankind, that the person who is empowered thru his discipline, his ambition, and the purity of his ideals to read and understand its meaning may truthfully be said, not only musically, but in a broad and general sense, to be cultured. To have heard the greatest works of any great musician, is a possession added to the best things in life.

Altho happily regarded among our own people as one of the handmaidens of culture, music still is deserving of a more wide-spread reverence than it now en-

joys. The muse of song should be made a naturalized citizen of every community, as in Germany, where it is an every-day occurrence to hear the workmen, as they go to and from the shop, singing or whistling strains from the works of the immortal masters. Is this common among American workmen? No! And just as long as the class of music styled "rag-time" attracts and absorbs the attention of the masses, just so long will we be in need of a pure musical atmosphere. Let us learn to speak the language of music, remembering that the degree of attainment which we reach in this noble art depends largely, if not entirely upon ourselves. As Emerson has somewhere said, "We shall find no more of beauty than we carry with us."

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!"

March 1, 1909, marked the centenary of the birth of one of the greatest tone-poets of the nineteenth century—Frederic Chopin, whose works, with the exception of seventeen Polish songs, consist of compositions for the piano.

Chopin was born in Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw. His father was of French descent, his mother was a Pole. He began his musical education in his native town, under a Bohemian musician by the name of Zwiny. At the early age of nine, Chopin appeared before the public as a pianist. In Paris—the Parnassum of all virtuosi, to which city Chopin went in 1828,—he found a permanent home. Step by step he had to win his way. Gradually he met with appreciation among a select circle: men, such as Liszt, Berlioz, Heine, Balzac and Meyerbeer became his friends.

His reputation increased from year to year, when suddenly his path thru life was o'ershadowed. An incurable lung-disease set in, which made the more rapid progress, as his delicate constitution was unable to withstand the double strain of an over-taxed artist's life and the excitement of his social surroundings and duties,—enhanced by his love towards the poetess George Sand, a passion which utterly consumed him. A sojourn in the island of Majorca only alleviated the disease for the time. An apparent amelioration in his state of health induced him to undertake a concert-tour in England

and Scotland, from which he returned to Paris, brokendown in health and spirit, where he died October 17, 1849.

More than half a century has elapsed since then, and Chopin's name has lost none of its glory and lustre. As regards the substance of his music, besides the fantastic element which he introduced in its freest form, it was the infinitely refined, and almost morbidly sensitive style that exerted a new, an irresistible charm upon modern minds. He is the favorite of all piano-virtuosi and still sways the mind and soul of those who listen to his divine music.

CONTRARY CHOICE.

J. F. NICHOLAS, Class '86.

Don't be alarmed! I won't philosophize—at any rate, not as do the schools.

There are two kinds of philosophy—*book* philosophy and *business* philosophy.

I like both, but to be a book philosopher, one has got to get down at it early in life and not fear any seething in the brain-pan.

Business philosophy is open to all, and, should you graduate without delivering the Philosophical Oration, you still may consider yourself well qualified to deliver the goods from the Emperium of a Philosophical life!

Yes, I once studied Haven's Mental Philosophy—under that fine, cultured, Christian gentleman, Dr. Sadtler—to whom, next to my parents, I owe more than to any soul I ever met!

I well remember in that book the paragraph on "contrary choice".

I have run up against it considerably in my preacher-business since.

Well, there is no such thing! To my way of thinking, it is only doing something because we want to do it, when it may seem a lot of other things might be done. Castor-oil should be swallowed down at once—to gargle it in the throat is *contrary choice*.

The man who gargles the oil or chews his pills has *some reason* for so doing—fool or no fool!

Sam. Johnson went to hear a woman make a speech. Boswell asked him, "how did you like it?" "Well," was the reply, "it reminded me of a dog walking on his hind legs—he can do it, *but it's not natural*?"

Contrary choice, so called, is a good working principle—the unwillingness to go down hill—simply because it is a toboggan! I am now some twenty years

away from my College life and am seeing that one of the best things it can impart is to *make* one willing and ambitious to *work*!...Dr. Bushnell used to say of the eminent theologian Nathan Taylor: "He taught me one thing—that it doesn't hurt a man to think for himself!"

Once I listened to a lecturer of note who spoke rather disparagingly of the mournful strains of Jeremiah the prophet, and especially, of Dante. "Now", he went on to say, "how many in this audience have ever read Dante's Divine Comedy?" "Well," I mused, "here am I for one, who hasn't, but the first time I get to the book store I'll buy it and read it!" And I did and have ever been thankful for what that lecturer said—I thought the lady protested too much.

I knew a farmer who seldom began any new work in the fields without first consulting his aged father, who was always immensely pleased by his son's deference—but the son usually went back to the farm and did as he thought best.

There is room here for high moralizing: I heard something like the following recipe for pie—"make a puff-paste, with two yolks of eggs, work the crust till very smooth, season inside with pepper, mace or nutmeg, cover with layer of forcemeat, mix with mushrooms, bake four or five hours, according to size—then take out and throw in the swill-barrel!"

They said to Grover Cleveland, "If you write that letter to be read at the Anti-Free Silver meeting you will jeopardize your nomination for the Presidency." He answered: "I am a citizen of New York City, of the State of New York and of the United States, and as such I ought to express my opinion in

a matter of such great import. I will write a letter to be read at that meeting and the Presidency can go to—! He wrote that letter, it was read at that meeting, and the Presidency went to—Harrison!

But they came around four years later, to him of the big backbone, with the Presidency on a platter!

It's lots of fun to do tough things, to steam up! Run the enginery up grade, and burn up your own smoke!

I declare, if I could enter college again I would prepare myself thoroughly and then say: "if there be hanging about these parts any feller that has designs on first honor, he will have to stay up late and get up early!" And if I were blessed with a son, I would pack him off to Muhlenberg and say this to him: "You go and do everything the professors want you to do. If you don't, you come home!"

This might involve for him some contrary choice—but no odds. He would thank me later and say: "there was no contrary choice about it after all, you only reenforced my freedom of the will and brought my ulterior motive to the fore."

A number of young men went camping, they drew lots who should cook. It was further decided that the first one to make complaint had to be cook himself. The meals were abominable, burned or only scorched, soggy and indigestible.

Finally one of the campers, no longer able to contain himself, speared a piece of burned meat on his fork, and holding it up began to remark: "This is the most execrable manner of alleged cooking I ever"—then realizing what he was doing, he regained himself by adding—"but, I like it!"

Mother said to little Isabelle "go to bed!" She replied: "I go when I am ready". Whereupon mother grabbed her, carried her up stairs, undressed her, made her pray, and having tossed her into bed and tucked the clothing about her, stood off with an air of satisfied triumph and exclaimed: "There now you went to bed before you got ready"

"No", peeped the little tot, "*I only got ready before I thought I would.*" If circumstances alter cases, cases also alter circumstances. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will have to go to the mountain—plainly only one choice feasible. In my business philosophy I find only that *one choice*, and a so-called *contrary choice* implies *two*, which to me is unthinkable, except that contrary choice be but one choice made as against one or more choices, that *might* be made, but which are *not* made because the chooser simply does not so choose—and that's the end to it! I am no fatalist, but it can't be denied that we are all pretty well geared to things and events about us. It reminds me of the farmer who tied a rope to the steer's horns and the other end around his waste to guide the beast. But the steer went the other way and the farmer hit the ground only at high places. "Where are you going?" a

neighbor shouted. The farmer yelled back, "Ask the steer!"

Contrary choice in man is what friction is in machinery. It often means an inclination—the other way. But we would not get rid of friction if we could. All that is needed is just a little *sand and oil* here and there.

Let me see, when one climbs a hill, does he do so *because* of the hill or *in spite* of it?

Because of both... The hill tends to keep him down, but if he persists with his contrariety the hill will assist him to rise.

Any amount of effort on a dead level will not bring him to the top.

But gentlemen, by himself the hill can do nothing! *We* must do, and since we *can* do but *one* thing at a time, that doing is our first and only choice and no contrary choice!

Be happy then in your choosing—the wisdom of which can only increase with the increase of learning and character. Your present choice at hand *is done*. Perhaps it will involve toil and sorrow, maybe of triumph and gladness at any rate, you may feel like the fellow who was asked how he liked the pic-nic. "Oh", was his answer, "I was so glad to come home, that *I was glad I went!*"

"Nothing is nobler than to break chains from the bodies of men; nothing is grander than to destroy the phantoms of the soul."

Ingersoll.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

HAROLD SCHOENEGER, '09.

Would you seek out those to whom humanity owes its deepest debt, those who blessed the world by their living in it? Go not to the banquet halls of kings and princes, where gather the so-called great: go rather to the cells and dungeons, that is where they *lived*, go to the scaffolds and guillotines, that is where they *died*.

The blackest, the ineffaceable blot upon the human race is the obloquy and scorn it heaps upon those whose lives are spent in its service: a stony path and a martyr's crown—such is their fate. While they live revilings and persecutions are showered upon them, when at last they are no longer responsive to the voices of life and time, a grateful people, seeing all too late the mischief it has worked, rears up giant monuments over their honored remains, and those voices once united in defaming them, now are in unison in singing their praises. But to them it matters not—revilings and praises alike have no meaning to them now.

In enlightened Athens, the city of the violet crown, a poor, deluded populace sends to his death Socrates, the tenderest memory of the Greek world, and later, lest to them be meted out a like fate Aristotle and Demosthenes flee from the wrath of their persecutors; and upon the altar of its hatred even Imperial Rome sacrifices its greatest heroes.

The history of the Middle Ages may be read in the tragedies of its great men—they who dare to advocate freedom of thought and independent investigation are ruthlessly driven to the stake.

Long and illustrious is the roll of the martyred heroes, every reformer, every scientist, every man or woman who revolts against the rottenness of the old order, is mercilessly put down.

Tyndale dares to translate the Bible into English, his logical reward is death. Jeanne d' Arc saves her country and in gratitude this whitest and purest of the lilies of France is sold to the English and they burn her as a witch. Columbus discovers a *new* world, a refuge for the weary, the oppressed, and the down-trodden of the *old*, his reward is chains and a broken heart.

The church is probably the *greatest* offender and sheds more innocent blood than the most ruthless conqueror in all his ravages. Arnold of Brescia dares to revolt against the corruption in the seats of the mighty and is burned at the stake. Later Huss, Savonarola and countless others receive a like *reward* for a like *offense*. And all of this is the fulfillment of a prophecy given two thousand years ago, "If the world hateth you, ye know that it hated *me* before it hated *you*. If ye were *of* the world the world would love *its own*: but because ye are *not* of the world but I chose you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." And after the prophecy, is enacted the most horrible example of the world's perfidy,—not content with burning its patriots and its heroes, it crucifies its God.

In our own day the methods have changed, but not the system. No longer can a brave, heroic soul be destroyed with guillotine and hemlock, the methods are

slower, more insidious, and just as terrible.

Only a few decades ago Darwin, one of the greatest geniuses of the nineteenth century received curses and revilings as a reward for his matchless contributions to science: he trod the path in which Jenner had gone before him. When that master mind had discovered vaccination he was hounded and persecuted as a heretic and an ally of the devil, and the voices of ignorance and superstition are still howling, now reenforced by the anti-vivisectionists. May the day soon come when their insane prattlings shall be stilled.

The brave young spirits of Thomas Chatterton and John Keats flutter out as the result of the savage attacks of their critics.

Robert Burns and Edgar Allan Poe are two of the gentlest and tenderest memories of our literature, yet a heartless world called each "Drunkard" and "Scapegrace". Slowly, but surely, we will learn that with the clay are buried the sin and weakness of a master spirit, but the enduring part lives on, unconquered and unconquerable. Their fame survives the whited sepulchres of their age and will live on forever. The Pharisees chose Barabbas and sent the Christ to the cross. Before a higher court Burns and Poe have answered for their weakness and their sorrow, but in that final tribunal the griefs and trials of those unhappy song birds have not been forgotten and the verdict, let us believe, was given, all in pity, and not in hate.

The savior of the Republic, the great, sad, silent man, reviled and lampooned to the last, becomes the prey of an assassin's bullet.

A year ago a sorrowing nation laid

to rest an ex-president, one of the most heroic spirits in American history, yet never was man more denounced and misrepresented while he lived, than he whom a nation now mourns and honors, and honors itself in honoring him.

The battles those men waged are being carried on today by just as devoted, just as heroic men, and upon them is heaped all the slander, all the abuse, and all the hatred with which bigotry and malice had defamed their predecessors.

Ten years ago a young naval officer by an act of superb heroism sunk his ship in the entrance to Santiago Bay and shut up in it the Spanish fleet. The whole country resounded with his praises, then—a woman kissed him, and he became the laughing stock of the nation.

Nor was he the only hero of the war who was subjected to the thrusts of malice. In Manila Bay a man who had spent a lifetime in his country's service crowned his work by a wonderful naval victory. A grateful people did their utmost to honor him and it seemed as though at last this battle-scarred warrior would have peace, safely guarded by the love and admiration of his countrymen, but the people wearied of their idol and turned their backs upon him in scorn.

Two months later, on the day above all others dear to America as a nation, came the news of a great victory at Santiago, won by two grizzled old sea dogs who had served their country faithfully for a lifetime: their praises were sung from seaboard to seaboard, in ball room and hovel, in the tenements and on the prairies, but soon the combined malice of a nation tried to cause trouble between the two faithful heroes, the one survived the onslaught, the tender spirit

of the other, crushed and broken, laid down its arms forever.

Upon yet another hero of that war were heaped the fruits of his country's ingratitude, he toiled on in silence and by his heroic service after the great earthquake which ravaged the Pacific seaboard, he shamed the defamers of his honor.

Whither is this leading us, when will this canker at the nation's heart be cut away? It has not ceased nor will it end when this generation shall have ceased its slanderings.

Veneration for her decent living and her honorable dead lies at the root of the American republic. Tear that out

and the nation is not secure, but teach the boys and girls of our republic to love the memory of her heroes, and to look with pity, but not with scorn, upon their failings, and America's destiny is assured. And in the end the memory of those illustrious ones shall be as enduring as the stars, when all their critics and maligners shall have gone the dusty way to oblivion, in their ears ringing that torturing cry of Justices,—

"How *shall* the ritual, then be read? the requiem how be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours the slanderous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

"WHEN BAD MEN COMBINE, THE GOOD MUST ASSOCIATE."

JNO. E. HARTZELL, '11.

Never before in the history of mankind could any people boast of enjoying liberty in so large a measure as can the citizens of the United States. With pride we read the records telling us how this liberty was obtained, how our forefathers struggled and died for it. During the Revolutionary War grave difficulties, pressing exigencies and seeming impossibilities confronted them, but urged on by a love of justice, they overcame these difficulties and gained Independence for themselves and their posterity. Then came the task of welding their forces; the task of achieving national unity and the capacity for orderly development without which our liberty would have been far from perfect. This unity, and hence our liberty, was

strengthened by the second great crisis in the history of our country, the Civil War; from this conflict we came forth united, united forever. Thus with the sword liberty was established.

But while we are enjoying the blessings which come only to a free and prosperous people, we must not forget that our liberty, our institutions, and all that we hold dear are threatened by mighty and dangerous domestic foes, who are continually seeking but their own selfish aggrandizement. Our country is flooded with people struggling to amass great wealth, employing methods which they consider more potent than culture, love of humanity, and honor. In consequence of this money madness among their elders, the youth of the land

are beginning to think that money represents the standard of success in life. What a false idea. By no means would we wish to condemn the men acquiring wealth by honest methods; but what can be said of him whose chief object is to satisfy his greed for gold; whose methods are not in conformity with honesty, but who is willing to sacrifice principle and honor in the struggle to acquire it. We need but look about in our large cities to see the corruption practiced by men who have formed combinations so that they may better execute the plans laid to satisfy their avaricious desires. What is it that has made possible the sale of food products and drugs unfit for the human body? What is it that has made possible the enslavement of thousands of our American children in workshops, mills and factories, where they are denied all the essentials of mental and physical vigor? It is the greed for money, the demon God of Avarice.

The methods practiced by the money-seeking combinations of our country reveal a wide-spread lack of respect for law. As a result of this disregard, the progress of the nation is held in check. Dishonest and inefficient men hold positions of honor and trust under the government. Usurpation of our free institutions is one of the gravest dangers that threaten the country. When men do not fill public offices in the interests of the people, but merely to benefit a combination of wicked men, who, per chance, by their shrewdness have secured these positions or used the influence which money invariably wields in securing them, it is evident that the liberty of a people is threatened. It is proved without a doubt that trusts, as they are conducted to-day, are a

menace to the general welfare. Recent disclosures have shown us that some of our public office holders are instrumental in carrying out their wicked designs. Hence we conclude that when men are willing to commit the basest crimes for gold, the life and continued prosperity of our Republic demand that good men combine and fight unceasingly for honesty; that they support none but men of purity and men of noble character for public office.

The aspiration of all true Americans has ever been to upbuild a nation—strong, mighty and progressive. Remarkable prosperity has attended these efforts, but the task now confronting us is to insure its perpetuity. The strength of this nation lies not in her frowning battlements, her bristling seacoasts, her Army and her Navy, but in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands and climes. Let us not only pay homage to the memory of our ancestors by words, but by protecting the liberty which was so dearly purchased, by meeting our foes bravely, and by always displaying hatred for wickedness and love for justice. Since our country is threatened by wicked men, it becomes the duty of all good citizens to unite in frustrating their designs. And the ideal that we must live for and work for must be to hasten on the glorious day when the age of gold shall be displaced by the Golden Age; when the rule of gold shall be displaced by the Golden Rule; when hunger and thirst for gold shall be displaced by a hunger and thirst for justice and righteousness; when the survival of the fittest, and the consequent destruction of the unfit shall be displaced by the united effort of all the fit to enable the unfit to survive.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

JAMES H. S. BOSSARD, '09.

The Middle Ages were the domain of stability, continuity and instinctive evolution. Ignorant of history, men allowed themselves to be governed by the unknown past; ignorant of science, they never believed in hidden forces working on to a happier future. A sense of decay was upon them. Each generation seemed so inferior to the last, in ancient wisdom and ancestral virtue, that they found comfort in the assurance that the end of the world was at hand. Yet the most profound and penetrating of the causes that have changed society was a medieval heritage. It was late in the thirteenth century that the psychology of conscience was closely studied for the first time, and men began to emphasize it as the audible voice of God which never misleads or fails, which ought always to be obeyed. The notion was restrained on its appearance by the practice of regarding opposition to the church power as equivalent to specific heresy, which depressed the secret monitor below the public and visible authority. With the decline of coercion, the claim of conscience arose, and the ground abandoned by the inquisitor was gained by the individual. There was a more vigorous growth of independent character and a conscious control over its formation. The knowledge of good and evil was not an exclusive and sublime prerogative assigned to states or nations. Once recognized as something divine in human nature, its sovereign voice was heard above the expressed will and settled custom of surrounding men. By that hypothesis, the soul became more

sacred than the state, because it receives its light from above; because its concerns are eternal and out of all proportion with the common interests of government. From this adolescent awakening, the liberty of conscience developed until it attained the vigor of young manhood in the revolt of human spirits in the sixteenth century, when it unfurled the standard round which the nations rally, the banner of Free Spirit, face to face with its Creator, determined to have truth found and right done, without regard to human tradition, authority, intervention, or privilege.

In the struggle that followed, the power of the Protestants was acknowledged, not the prerogative of conscience. Religious liberty brought with it a corresponding desire for civic liberty, and if the supremacy of the people were recognized in church government, it could not be repudiated in the state. The Reformation failed to produce religious liberty due not only to the bitterness of the conflict, but to its antagonism to inherited ideas. The refusal of the civil power to protect or endow any form of religion is even to this day in Europe represented as a contemptuous indifference on the part of the state, to the spiritual interests of its people. A state recognizing no church is called a Godless state—the disestablishment of a religion—an act of national impiety.

The establishment of religious freedom in America was a necessary consequence of the time and circumstances in which the country was settled. The

colonies were founded during the seventeenth century, when persecution was committing its most frightful ravages in Europe. The savage cruelty, the judicial murders, and the wholesale slaughters which marked the pathway of this contest of opinions are the saddest pages in human history. The flower of the French population was suddenly and treacherously put to death or scattered abroad in dismay; Philip, the Second, in a decree of three lines pronounced the doom of death on three millions of innocent people in Holland; the fields of Germany were saturated with blood, every one of her principle cities lay a burnt and blackened waste, two-thirds of her men, women and children fell beneath the scourge; three succeeding generations of the best and bravest of Ireland were murdered. The adherents of the two leading forms of Christianity were not the only parties to this strife. In England, Scotland, Germany, people lashed themselves into a frenzy on still narrower questions. Prelatists and Baptists, Covenanters and Presbyterians, were convulsing the public mind with disputes among themselves, committing on each other every form of legalized murder and every variety of atrocious cruelty.

From these scenes of terror, death and tears, the earliest settlers to America fled. Most of them had suffered for their faith, all ought to have known that justice and sound policy both were in favor of free conscience. This proposition, plain as it seems to us, was still generally repudiated. The intellect comprehends it readily enough, but in all ages, the heart of man had learned it slowly and reluctantly. It is no matter of surprise that some of the colonial rulers were as blind and ferocious as the

oppressors they had left behind. But among them were three men "whose names are freedom's now, and fame's, three of the few the immortal names that were not born to die." They were Cecil Calvert, William Penn and Roger Williams—a Catholic, a Quaker, a Baptist. There was no prince or statesman in all Europe that was worthy to stoop down and unloose the latchet of their shoes. There has been the greatest improvement in the science of government that ever was made. They brought a new era of "peace on earth, good will towards men," fit to be celebrated on the harps of angels. Their example has shamed the civilized world, if not into freedom, at least into peace. The greatest compromise of all time was when the fighting sects agreed to disarm and cease their barbarous hostility.

The ruling motive of the Greeks was love of glory, of the Romans—love of power, of the English nation—love of wealth. And what is ours? The united voice of the nation in every form of utterance, and in every manifestation of its daily power answers—love of freedom. That freedom means not only independence of foreign and native masters, but the personal liberty of every citizen as master of his actions, not a liberty which is license, but a liberty regulated by the written statutes of the state, and the unwritten laws of reason, of justice, and of God. Persecution, even in its mildest form, such as disqualifying members of a particular sect for public office; state interference, which confines its favors to grants of money to a particular church, or special immunities to its clergy, both are inconsistent with and an infringement upon the American principle of freedom and equality. The seed sown by Calvert,

Penn and Williams has borne ample fruit, and the early restrictions of the colonies have ripened into absolute religious liberty. As Luther Burbanks, the wizard of the vegetable world has transformed the prickly and repelling cactus into a luscious article of diet, so in two hundred years, this spiritual wizardry of the free conscience had transformed John Carver of the Mayflower into the great hearted Abraham Lincoln of the Illinois prairie.

Today all religious bodies are equal before the law. Religious qualifications for voting and office have disappeared. The free enjoyment of divine sentiments and every form of worship is held sacred. The Baptist may safely confess his belief in immersion, the Catholic, with equal impunity celebrates his mass, the Jew eats his passover, and even an occasional Mohammedan turns his face towards Mecca when he prays. From the pines of Maine to the semi tropical fruits of Florida and California, man is unhindered by man in the fulfillment of duty towards God. The free state, the free school, the free church, these are the trinity of American nationality, of American security.

Our establishment of perfect religious freedom has not only given peace and happiness to ourselves, but has revolutionized the sentiments of the Christian world. The Inquisition in Spain has been abolished; England, under our influence, has stricken off the shackles from the minds of her people and welcomes men of every creed into her service; in Germany, where religious wars were fought with the greatest ferocity, Protestants and Catholics sit side by side at the same council board, and even worship alternately in the same churches. The Oriental countries of the east, with

the advent of American missionaries have become more tolerant and liberal towards other religions than their own. The great light of religious freedom which at first gilded but the mountain ranges of the intellectual world, has already illumined the hillsides and promises soon to dispel the darkness from the lowest valleys.

The ideal towards which the advancing ranks of American civilization are carrying the world is that of a fair, free, open rivalry of all the forces within the social consciousness—a rivalry in which the best methods, best government and best standards of action and belief shall have the right of universal opportunity. It is that ideal which is inherent in our civilization, and which rests ultimately on one principle—deep and strong as its eternal foundation—the principle of tolerance and freedom held as the ultimate conviction of the religious consciousness. It is the only ideal under which the lesser present can pass under the control of the greater future.

Rich indeed has been the harvest reaped in freedom's field. The spirit of inquiry, once set free, has changed and blessed the whole world. To this we owe, in modern literature, some of the noblest creations of the human intellect. To this are due the discoveries of science which have made life longer, easier, brighter. Hence have come, in every land the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power. This it is which has created the greatest of modern republics, and has filled the colonial world with flourishing self-governing peoples; has revealed the secrets of Central Africa and the isles of the great Pacific; has diminished distance by steam, and destroyed it by electricity; has struck off the fetters of the slaves;

and, last and best, has made the Nations know each other, and, in that knowledge, has prepared and is preparing for the reign of universal peace and brotherhood.

America has pledged herself to this principle in the face of the world. She has solemnly devoted herself to its championship. She has promised it, not only to her own people, but to all who will come to her for protection. To this end, the country looks to her educated men. They are the body guard of freedom, and it is their special duty to carry her oriflame in the van of every

battle. Perhaps no dangerous service will be needed soon, but if at any time, some great combination should arise, to stir up the bitter waters of sectarian strife and to marshal ignorance, prejudice and selfishness into a body compact enough to endanger the bulwarks of the Constitution:

"Then stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weaponed with
the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost
shame,
These recreant caitiffs."

A PLEA FOR BETTER LOGIC.

BENJAMIN L. GROSSMAN, '09.

The twentieth century may boast of its glorious achievements in every department of the world's progress, it may perhaps, pretend to have discovered all the secrets of nature; yet it is far from having penetrated into the real life of nations; to have brought to light their true ideas and mode of living, and to have given them the proper place in the history of the world.

It is the tendency of many people to judge things from the negative side and to find faults in everything and everybody. These give little heed to the truth or falsity of their statements. They exert very little effort to get at the truth and are unaware that their words may sometimes bring fatal results. Thus also we find it fares with nations. The iniquity of one is very frequently visited upon the whole. Many judge a nation from their sad experience with certain individuals, who are not always most

praiseworthy. This is the dire fate to which the Jewish nation is subject.

When certain crimes, corruptions or evils occur as the result of the actions of certain individuals, a great howl arises to condemn the whole nation, it is then criticized most bitterly. It is made the source of all conceivable crimes.

Is this logical? Let us be perfectly frank to admit that there are persons of every type among its members. No nation is composed wholly of saints. But we will also admit, if we are open to conviction, that the nation, as a whole, stands high in the moral world. Is it then fair and proper to renounce the whole on account of a few? Let us be unbiased and unprejudiced. We live in an age of broad-mindedness. Therefore, let us not assume a narrow attitude toward the world and men. Above all, let us be just in passing our judgment on nations or individuals.

In the next place, injustice is done to a nation when men, who profess to know the various features of its life, but in truth are utterly ignorant, become the critics and portrayers of that nation's character. The consequence of this is the more lamentable. It throws a nation into obscurity. For, people regard these critics as authorities on the report they make. They, therefore, take their statements for granted and look for no further proofs. Through critics of this type the Pennsylvania Germans are very often abused and misrepresented. A well known incident of this sort is perhaps known to many of us. I refer to a book of a certain college Professor concerning the Penna. Germans. In it he claimed to give a true picture of these people. However, it was far from the truth. It was merely a perverted and distorted view of a narrow-minded college Professor, who knew nothing about the people he wrote. Another similar case occurred in New York.

A man of influence and at the head of a certain department stated that the Jews produced more criminals and mischief-makers than any other nation. Fortunately, this man was gagged in time and was forced, by glaring statistics to withdraw his statement. Are not such critics a great menace to a nation? What opinion can we form concerning a certain class of people from the information of such men? Every kind but the right. Therefore, when these men come forth with their new and peculiar ideas concerning a nation, let us take it for what it is worth. Let us not emphasize

it too greatly or place too much confidence in it. Let us always consider the source and observe carefully whether there be not some dark scheme in back of it.

Another great injury is done to a nation when it is judged in the spirit, language, manners and customs of another one. Many will eagerly imitate and divide the actions of certain people by translating them into a language different from the original. Thus we often hear of the peculiar twang of the Penna. Germans, of his chune roses, of his wery bussy and such numerous other expressions. We also not infrequently hear of the Jewish idiomatic phrases and of his informal gestures, which are so often illustrated with dramatic skill.

This is the most unjust, one sided and prejudiced way of representing national life and its significance. Yet it is the fad which has entered modern society. it is a method which can very readily be learned even by the most ignorant. Men, due to their utter ignorance and lack of conscience, speak of nations in terms of contempt. Let us, once for all, put an end to this mockery and nonsense. Let us not regard lightly national issues. Let our adversaries pursue a different method, let them enter the home of these peoples; let them learn their pure family life; let them observe their bearing in other spheres of activity. Then will they be in the position to appreciate the finer points of that people. Then will their thinking be more deliberate and their conclusions more logical.

"INFIDELITY A FOE TO SUCCESS."

D. F. G. '09.

Skepticism is not evidence of smartness or strongmindedness as many youths of our day suppose. Christianity has exerted too great an influence upon men and nations to be treated with contempt, or spoken of with flippant insinuation. The best men are Christian men, the best homes are Christian homes, the best rulers are Christian rulers and the best nations are Christian nations. The best of everything we call Christian. The best institution is a Christian institution, and the best enterprise is a Christian enterprise, and it is because these things are imbued with the Christian religion, which is the only religion that ever materially advanced the human race, as the facts of history record.

On the other hand, infidelity never did one iota of good for mankind; and by infidelity we mean not only the skeptical, but also the deistical and atheistical views that antagonize Christianity. They are all manifestations of that hostility to religion which is properly known as infidelity in our time. Men are no wiser for it and society no purer by it. Human progress is no greater for it, and the human race was never in the least improved by it. Infidelity cannot point to any institution or enterprise, domestic, social, intellectual or moral, of its own, that has conferred a blessing upon humanity. This is not taking a pessimistic idea of it but saying the best thing that can be said of it. I do not wish to rehearse the painful demoralization of individuals and communities which its actual history records.

There is no reason in the world, then,

why any youth of our day should bow to infidelity, even in its mildest form. As it never bestowed a single benefit upon a person, young or old, it deserves no favor. As it has proved to be a barrier to success, not only in one instance but in many, it deserves repudiation. By discarding the highest aspirations possible to a noble life, it is without the least claim upon confidence and respect. The youth who rejects God and the Bible as his revelation is, by general consent, disqualified to hold important trusts. The employer does not want him. There is no responsible position awaiting him. He has cast aside the sure basis of moral principle and hence is distrusted. The advertisement "a young man who does not believe in God or the Holy Scriptures desires a position in bank or store" would not make an opening for him. He has advertised the best reason why thoughtful men should not employ him. The proclamation of his unbelief is inimical to a high plan of success.

It was in order for people, in the days of Christ to doubt the truth of Christianity and to ask for more evidence, another "sign from heaven". It was a new and strange revelation to them, in direct conflict with their customs, institutions, and religion. To embrace it would be to turn the world of that day, "upside down". But it is not so with the people of our day. Christianity has stood the test longer than any other system of education, finance or government,—long enough, surely, to establish its claim to universal confidence, if such a claim

were possible. It has done this, by proving its adoption to human wants in every age and clime, and by giving an impetus to human progress such as the world never had before. The highest civilization, the best manhood and womanhood are found where the Christian religion is tolerated. If for this reason alone, it is altogether too late for infidelity to set up any claim to respect. We have outlived that time when it was proper to doubt the practicability and great value of religion, as we have outlived the time when it was in order to doubt the fact and use of the telegraph. When Morse announced his discovery, it was received doubtfully by many and he was ridiculed by the wisest men of the time. All doubt has now vanished before our eyes as the morning mists and any such doubts leave no claims now. At first the author was looked at with contempt and thought by many to be a fit subject for the insane asylum, but it has proven that the doubter could be adjudged as more fit for that institution.

Precisely so with Christianity. It has proved itself worthy of general confidence by practical operations and has accomplished what it promised. It has the world more at command today than ever. Christianity is the moulder of institutions and governments, and has made our republic what it is. There are some, however, who deny this but by so doing they simply show their ignorance and deny the plainest facts of history. Infidelity denies it, and so is no more worthy of our confidence than the lunatic who swears that the sun is not shining at midday.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God". He who denies the existence of God in these times is found in the school of idiots. How irrelevant in contrast are the words of the fool with those of the Psalmist when he said "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handwork."

The highest success is not possible without sincere belief in God and his Providence.

Reisner, '10, (Philosophising on the "liquor" question)—Just as long as we shall have to "lick our" stamps we will have this evil in the world.

Nonnemacher, '09, (sitting alone in the back part of the german room)—
Dr. Ich bin ganz allein.

Shoemaker, '09—Er ist allein ein "gans".

THE MUHLENBERG EDITORIALS.

How soon a month has passed! How time flies! The second half of the collegiate year is now well under way. The freshman is becoming fairly well established in his new surroundings, and is becoming accustomed to the rocking of the boat by the rough waves of the collegiate sea. Was it the strong gale of Mid Year examinations that blew away that first green and bombastic sail? Or has it simply been the effect of time? Probably both. That air of confidence, of omniscience which fills the Sophomore at the beginning of each year, making him feel uncomfortable to himself and obnoxious to others, is slowly being replaced by the knowledge that things are not what they seem, and the realization that the cruise has just begun. The squalls of the past have been but a preparation for future gales. To the Junior comes a small still voice telling him that the time for foolishness is over, and a grim determination to get down to work. And the Senior, ah, what are his thoughts! He counts the weeks, the days as they are slowly dwindling down. An occasional day tastes of Spring, and Spring means farewell to Muhlenberg. On the one hand lies the remorse of past errors, of opportunities irrevocably lost. But on the other hand there comes to him a certain confidence, born of his years of preparation. He scents the smoke of conflict—a conflict which he shall soon enter. Already is he restless, he longs to enter the surging, striving mass of humanity, to apply those theories which have been ingrained into him.

One editor of a public press has said that our great trouble is that the average man of to-day is too small for the times.

This statement is very humiliating. Yet it seems a fact that the age has grown faster than the average man living in it. The movements of the age appear so great because men are so small. To great men they appear natural enough, and there is nothing alarming in their proportions to those who have kept up with them. Our business should then be not to make things small, but men great, not to hinder them, but to master and help them. A work of education of public sentiment is needed. The cringing, politic, compromising public man, whether in the pulpit, the press or political forum, must be replaced by men whom office is nothing, money is cheap, and fame evanescent. We must insist that parties must be organizations not to perpetuate themselves or to exert a slavish authority over men, but for the direct service of the country—parties that will choose to act the part of a minority in loyal protect rather than control as a majority at the price of debauched principles. In a country where every citizen is a voter, and every voter a ruler, there is the greatest need of education, an education of a constructive kind in which all can offer themselves as teachers. The greatest nation of the earth demands the greatest intellectual force. A democratic form of government demands the purest morals and truest patriotism to be found among its lawmakers. It is appalling to think of such a country as ours, in such an age, with such mighty forces and vast movements, governed by voters, so many of whom are the traffic and barter of the contemptible professional politician with his damnable yellow newspaper.

The men to whom the country looks are its college men. They furnish thirty-five per cent. of her Congressmen, one half of her Senators and Vice Presidents, seventy per cent. of her Presidents, seventy-five per cent. of her Judges and eighty-five per cent. of her Chief Justices. With all their opportunities of rising to eminence, what could not be accomplished if each year as the graduating classes of the colleges of our land, as they "set sail on life's tempestuous sea", would incorporate into their methods the Golden Rule and measure their actions by the standard of that lowly man of Galilee? Let us hope that the graduates of our college in future years, in whatever spheres of human activity they may enter, may be firm, earnest and resolute in their stand for truth and justice, and by their daily life preach that eloquence more effective than the oratory of a Demosthenes—the silent eloquence of example.

On the twenty-third of February, the Freshmen presented their annual play, when they gave an excellent interpretation of that difficult American drama "Nathan Hale." This is the play which made Clyde Fitch famous, and in it Maxime Elliott and Nat Goodwin starred. We congratulate the cast upon the excellent performance which they gave, and the director upon his success. The Freshmen showed excellent training, and those who were pessimistic because of the director's daring attempt

to present such a sterling drama, realized that he had not exceeded himself one whit, but that the material at his control fully justified the choice of productions. Contrary to custom, the play was given at the time when the college play usually was given. This innovation seems to us to be an improvement over the old custom. It is altogether fitting and proper that the college play, for every reason better and more important than the freshman play should be given during commencement week.

It is with much regret, that we announce that Dr. Ettinger, the Dean of the Faculty, is quarantined because of illness in the family and is thus unable to meet his classes. Dr. Haas and Mr. Fritsch have taken charge of his department. We sincerely hope to see the Doctor back with us soon, and those of his, now afflicted, completely restored to health. We might incidentally state that the Doctor's absence is the cause of the delay of the reports of our collegiate standing and also for the absence of the Alumni department in this publication.

The dreadful epidemic of typhoid, which has stricken several of our students, seems at last to be under control. Its source has been located, and every effort has been made to remove it. We extend our sympathy to those afflicted and hope and pray for their speedy recovery to health, and a return to our midst in the near future.



On March 3rd, Coach Smith issued the first call for track men. About thirty-five reported and were given preliminary work in the gymnasium.

In order to determine what men shall represent Muhlenberg at various meets this spring, an interclass track meet will be held about two weeks before the meet at the U. of P.

We are sorry to note that our fastest runner, Keck, 1912, is ill and will hardly be in form this year.

The Football schedule for the season of 1909 is almost completed and stands as follows:

Muhlenberg vs.

- Oct. 2, Webb Academy at Allentown.
- Oct. 9, Medico Chi at Allentown.
- Oct. 16, Open.
- Oct. 23, Susquehanna U. at Allentown.
- Oct. 30, Franklin & Marshall, Allentown.
- Nov. 6, No Game.
- Nov. 10, Rutgers College at New Brunswick, N. J.
- Nov. 13, Temple University, Allentown.
- Nov. 20, Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pa.
- Nov. 25, Carlisle Indian Reserves, at Allentown.





"THE RED CITY."

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

After a stormy passage of six weeks across the Atlantic, the good big "Morning Star" sailed into Delaware Bay on the 13th of May, 1792, bringing the Vicomte de Courval and his mother. The hero is a French emigrant, who having viewed the tragic death of his father at Avignon at the hands of the Jacobins, brings his delicate mother to America, intending to find a home and make a fortune for himself. The difficulty of finding a lodging place stares them in the face immediately on their arrival. After some difficulty they secure lodging for the night at Oeller's Tavern, where the young Vicomte gets himself into serious trouble with the Jacobins. It becomes necessary to seek another place. As they are again taking up the search, they meet Thomas Jefferson, who takes a kindly interest in them and offers assistance. They have the good fortune to meet Hugh Wynne, who introduces them to his friend, Mrs. Swanwick, where they find a cosy home.

Our hero, while taking his plunge in the river, the morning after his arrival, rescued Herr Schmidt, another boarder, and they became fast friends. The Ger-

man became very useful to the Vicomte. The young Vicomte determined to lay aside all his pride, and hire out as a common clerk to Hugh Wynne. But before this was brought about, his mother—the Vicomtesse, became very ill, and it was several days before he could take up the regular routine of office work. The transformation of one of the French noblesse into shipping clerk is very amusing.

Rene, our hero, performed his duties so well in the shipping-office that Hugh Wynne sent him on a very important mission to the West Indies. Having successfully performed his mission he returned to the Red City. During his stay in the West Indies he saw Carteaux, the man who gave his consent to his father's execution. The importance of his mission alone prevented him from remaining and seeking satisfaction. Later on Carteaux appears in Philadelphia in the train of Citizen Genet. Rene is very anxious to kill him, but his friend Schmidt counsels delay.

The city was visited by yellow fever. Everyone who was able, fled from the city into the country. Frightful havoc spread through the city. The death rate was great, as many as three hundred dying in a week. Stephen Girard and Herr Schmidt came to the city as nurses,

using their purses freely and doing whatever their hands found to do. Rene was not able to remain in the country any longer, and he joined them in their work of mercy. They spared no pains, trouble or money. No one but a Lutheran minister and a Roman Catholic priest remained to perform the last rites over the great number of the dead.

The heroine is Marguerite, a fair, young Quakeress, raised in the "meeting", who is reprimanded by the friends because she indulged in a bit of frivolity while visiting at the home of Mr. John Penn. Later she is read out of the meeting because she accepted the lottery money from Princeton College. She uses this for the benefit of the sick.

It was not very long before Rene and Carteaux were engaged in a duel, in which our hero received a severe wound. After his recovery he received a clerkship in the State Department. Shortly after this he again met Carteaux, and would have killed him in a fair fight, had not Schmidt interfered. It happened that Carteaux was the bearer of valuable messages to a French ship. Being disabled, Rene undertook to deliver them, not knowing what they were, and never dreaming what great trouble they were destined to be both to him and the government.

Affairs in Western Pennsylvania needed prompt attention. Washington, who could select a man to advantage, saw that Rene was the proper one to go, and report to him concerning conditions. Before he went, he declared his love to Marguerite, and received the assurance that he was loved by this beautiful Quaker maiden.

Successful in this mission as in every other, he returned home, only to discover that Carteaux had made an end-

less amount of trouble. It became necessary for him to resign his position, but he was later reinstated with great honor.

While in a delirium during his attack of yellow fever Herr Schmidt unconsciously divulged part of his secret to Rene who was nursing him. On his recovery he related to him his entire life. Business now obliged him to go to Germany.

Shortly after his return Rene told him he had been accepted by Marguerite and they would shortly be married in the "Gloria Dei" church. This gladdened the old man's heart who loved both of these young people as his own children. Both his will and his wedding gift show his great and generous heart.

All of the characters are well drawn. They are wholly true to nature. We cannot help but admire the mysterious Herr Schmidt whom we later find out is Johann Graf von Ehrenstein. The courtly Mr. Wynne, the proud and stately vicomtesse—mother of our hero, the kind, but impulsive mother of Marguerite, and Aunt Ganior who has so much influence on the men of her day can not be admired too much. Washington in all his reserve and greatness, Hamilton, Jefferson, Dr. Rush, Randolph and a host of others are introduced to us in such a manner that we feel as though we had met them going about their daily duties. The love story is so well drawn that it runs throughout the entire book, making itself in no wise ridiculous, but adding a rare flavor to a very interesting narrative.

The only regret we experience is that we are obliged to take leave of these interesting characters, and we do it in a way as if to say, we hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting you again in a very short time.

PERSONALS.

What was granted to be the most novel and pleasant Inter-Society Oratorical Contest ever given, was held in Muhlenberg Chapel March 2nd. Seldom do you find such an array of good material, as was put forth by both societies. Every man did his best and the applause which the large critical audience gave every orator was proof of the ability which he possesses. The orators were very well matched as is proven by the fact that it took the judges more than half an hour to arrive at a decision. Mr. Philip S. Barringer of Euterpea was declared the winner of the contest and he will represent Muhlenberg in the Inter Collegiate Contest, March 16, 1909, 8.00 P. M. in Pardee Hall, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. The program follows:

1. Invocation, *Rev. A. Steimle*
2. Ossian *Beschnitt*
Glee Club.
3. Religious Freedom,
Mr. James H. S. Bossard
4. Vincit qui se vincit,
Mr. Philip S. Barringer
5. Der Sohn Der Haide *Bela*
Mr. Frank P. Miller.
6. The Uncrowned Queen,
Mr. Edgar V. Nonnemacher
7. The Ruling Passion,
Mr. John Sutherland Albert
8. Future Mrs. Awkins *Shattuck*
The Quartet.
9. The Way of the World,
Mr. Harold Schoeneberger
10. Chimes of Normandy, . . *Planquette*
Instrumental Sextet.
11. Alma Mater *Arr.*
Glee & Sextet.
12. Decision of Judges.

While the judges, Prof. A. C. Rothermel, Kutztown, Pa., Rev. Theodore Herman, Allentown, Pa., and Prof. Luch, South Bethlehem, Pa., were deliberating, additional numbers were sung by the Glee Club and Quartet. Mr. Miller responded with another excellent Violin Solo. Mr. Schoeneberger, by special request gave his little comic piece, entitled, "If I could be by her." Mr. John Hassler was chairman of the committee on arrangements for the contest and Mr. Karl L. Reisner was head usher.

One of the uttermost parts of the earth—a ladies' pink tea.

Kuehner, '12—Doctor, do you believe in Darwin's theory of Evolution?

Dr. W.—Well, some of you make me believe it.

Dr. H.—"Oughtn't the doctor to develop a sympathy for his patients by which he touches them."

That's just the trouble, he does.

Dr. W.—Put down that chair.

Bennett, '12—Oh, Doctor, It has a broken leg and is suffering terribly.

We hereby wish to congratulate Mr. Stettler, better known as the Duke of Wyomissing, on his recent election to the office of Inspector of Elections at the above named place.

We hereby wish to extend our best wishes to the men who are sick. May you be able to be with us soon again.

Dr. H. mentioned that he heard a continual buzzing in the Freshman class. Perhaps it was Keever electrifying moths with his new 7 volt 49c. magneto.

Justice is doing remarkable work these days. Not long ago a deaf and dumb couple were given a hearing in court.

Landis, '10, translating Latin—Colaphos means cuffs.

Dr. E.—No not cuff. It means box on the ears, in other words, an ear muffler.

Morning, '10—Isn't "eye" in the word eye-sight superfluous?

Shupp, '10—Certainly not. You can cite an example.

Shelly, '12, (looking at the map of Palestine)—I am looking for Muhlenberg.

Dr. W.—You won't find it in the Promised Land.

Why Schmoyer, '10, sat up and listened so attentively to a recent lecture in Psychology.—Love is no more than a kind of hypnotism. A rose on a breast, a little perfume, a susceptible man and the charm is wound up. Next day smoke a pipe and dream and the hypnotic fever becomes stronger because tobacco hardens the tissues.

Whittaker, '09, (at the recent preliminary contest held by Euterpea)—Say Curt, have you a Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue?

Miller, '10—Why, do you want to send away for an oration?

Stauffer, '12, (translating Greek)—"She bewailed him alive."

We believe in giving credit to those whom it is due. Accordingly we wish to congratulate the whole Sophomore class on the neat little surprise they handed the Freshmen. I guess, may be, perhaps, that will hold them awhile. Keep on the job Freshmen.

EXCHANGES.

Around the "College Folio" of Allentown College for Women we notice a new cover which makes a neat appearance and more attractive than the cover used before. The edition is well edited and shows judgment as to arrangement of material.

We again welcome "The Thieleusian" of Thiel College to our exchange list, for some time we have missed its appearance. Let us hope this delinquency will not occur again, as we are always anxious to have news from sister Lutheran Colleges.

"The Touchstone", Lafayette College, has very little material for the size of their paper. Most of the edition is taken up by advertisements and one thing most liable to criticism is to have advertisements scattered through the different pages of written matter.

"The Roanoke Collegian" of Roanoke College, is conspicuous by its lack of an Exchange Column. Whatever the cause, this should be attended to by the next issue.

"Albright Bulletin" of Albright College, is very well arranged and shows

some tact in different individuals in writing stories.

"Junto", Easton High School, has a very good February edition and is very lengthy and complete for a High School Bulletin.

"The Susquehanna" of Susquehanna University, also has cause to be criticised in having no exchange column in the February number.

"The Buff and Blue", Gallaudet College, is a good paper and shows concentrated work on the part of the students as the paper has an abundance of material, while at most institutions it is just the reverse, as the Editor must continually bore for material.

In "The Sorosis", Penn. College for Women, we notice the announcement of a prize for the best short story. This is a good incentive, but should not be necessary, as the students should have enough spirit and affection for their col-

lege affairs without being paid for them.

We acknowledge the following exchanges and would encourage many more to open up relations with us: College Mercury, The Seminary Opinator, The Narrator, Purple & White (Allentown), The Sorosis, The Buff & Blue, The Courier, The Breeze, The Midland, The Susquehanna, Easton High School Junto, The Karux, The Albright Bulletin, Delaware College Review, The College Student, College Breezes, The Roanoke Collegian, The Touchstone, The Comenian, The Thieleusian, The College Folio, Blue & Gold, (Darlington Seminary), The Sketch Book, College Chips, The Comus, Red & Black, (Bethlehem Prep. School), Res Academical, Ursinus Weekly, Our Tattler.

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Little strips of wood,
Treated scientifically,
Makes our breakfast food.—Ex.

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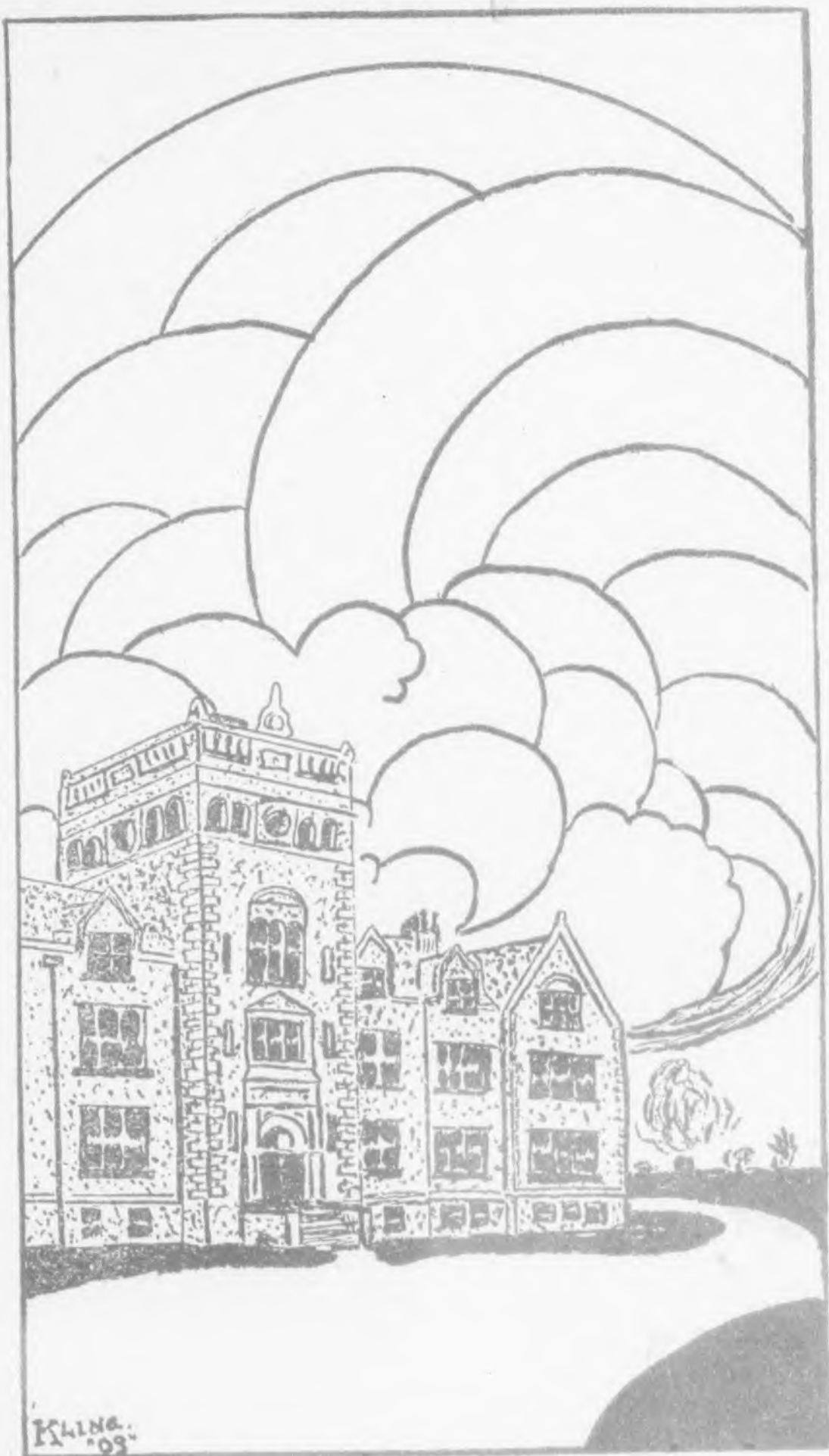
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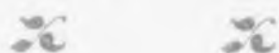
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SPRING EVENING.

H. S.

The looked for Spring has come at last;
The snows of winter are all past;
The sun is setting now in state;
And hark! yon bird calls to its mate.

Far up amid the cool dark pines
He swiftly flies, and waiting finds
His mate with anxious watchful eye
Watching the twilight spread the sky.

Silent is all within yon nest
Birdlings all quiet and at rest;
While all around the wood we see
Twilight's cloak spread silently.

Gently then approaches the night
With royal mien, slow steps and still
No breath of air, no beams of light
No sound save rustling leaves grown chill.

MAN'S DUTY TO HUMANITY.

FRED. A. MARKS.

"In a notable passage in Cicero's 'De Senectu' Cato describes the labors of aged husbandmen, who not only cultivated their annual gardens, but also planted orchards whose fruit they knew they would never eat, and who did it, they said, in obedience to the immortal gods, by whose bountiful providence these fields were received from their ancestors, and whose will it was that they should deliver them improved to their posterity."

The truth expressed in this story is fundamental to all human life and to every phase of it. Every man occupies a position in the long chain of human existence in time which, on the one hand, is conditioned by the past and, on the other, commands the future. Among the many facts in life which attest our indebtedness to the past are life itself and the achievements of material civilization. With life are also inseparably associated the influences that give it possibility of development, and these too have emanated from the past. There are indeed few facts in life that have originated in the present. Industrial achievements owe most to our day and generation. But whether we regard our institutions, our intellectual, our moral, or our religious standing we must everywhere recognize the handiwork of past ages. And it is only when we appreciate to what extent the past has entered into the making of our lot and how all progress is achieved, that we realize our obligation to posterity.

If the advancement of the human race had come about through the conflicting

passions of men, as those who have fallen asleep over their histories, would have us believe, there could be no responsibility other than a personal accountability of man to his God. But as it is the atheist as well as the theist, the infidel as well as the Christian, who is under obligations to the race of which he is a member.

For every blessing that we enjoy—for the possibility of intellectual expansion, for the security of life and property thru the moral sense of the community, for the solace of religion—for all these blessings and many more men have toiled and bled and died. The sum total of these blessings constitute the wealth of the human race which is given to us in our day to be used as a trust and not as personal property. If we, thru lack of high intellectual gifts or of unusual strength of moral character, are unable to improve this wealth, Heaven forbid that we impair it lest we be found unprofitable servants before our brethren.

This is the philosophy of man's position in time—that it entails a duty to humanity irrespective of all other considerations. The great truths and principles of human life which past generations have achieved and upon which man has built his most munificent and beneficent institutions—are these not entrusted to our stewardship for their transmission, improved or at least unimproved, to posterity? We may not always agree with the principles upon which institutions are based and this fact may excuse our lack of construct-

ive activity but it can never excuse our destructive activity in regard to institutions which, according to the testimony of History, have been the most beneficial in their respective spheres and which, we have reason to believe, will continue so in time to come.

But strange to say, in all ages there have been men of more than ordinary intellect—nay, leaders of thought—and of professed goodness and virtue who either have not comprehended their duty or have refused to recognize it. Among the number of these men, the opponents of Christianity are particularly interesting, because they have attacked an institution whose superiority to every other institution in its sphere, established or proposed, is so infinite that there can be no mistaking it.

Now, be it remembered, that we can successfully cope with the arguments of philosophers, scientists and critics. But this is not our purpose here. Let us suppose that Christianity is impossible on *a priori* and on scientific grounds, and that, historically, it is but a myth. Would it not be the most stupendous myth and miracle the world has ever seen? And what fruits, what results, what unspeakable blessings to mortal man! Has Brahmanism, or Buddhism, or Islam, or any system of philosophy, ever so signally and exceptionally blessed man? On the score of its utility alone, we content that no one but a misanthrope would attack Christianity, if he realized his duty to humanity. This conclusion is as true as it is inevitable that, regardless of the truth or falsity of the Christian religion, no one has a right to attack it unless he has something better to offer in exchange.

But whence, pray, is something better to come? Is there any religion in the

world today that a fair and unprejudiced mind would pronounce equal—to say nothing of superior—to Christianity?

And Philosophy,—what has it to offer that has not already been weighed in the balance and found wanting? All the Pagan systems were admitted insufficient. In the modern world, the one system worthy our attention proved its insufficiency by its very failure to appeal to the hearts of men. And how, we ask in surprise, could a mind of such magnitude as Comte's effect Positivism, with its trinity of Humanity, the World, and Space, to satisfy the hearts and minds of men who know Space but as a void—if, indeed, it has an objective existence—and the World but as material under the influence of immaterial causes, and who have abundant and ever-increasing evidence of the impotence and nothingness of Humanity as compared with the forces of nature. "Humanity," says Comte, is "an immense eternal Being, destined by sociological laws to constant development under the preponderating influence of biological and cosmological necessities." There is at hand sufficient evidence to throw serious doubt upon the correctness of Comte's position, but such a discussion would be irrelevant. The pertinent point and the only one that need concern us here is that such a doctrine can never satisfy the hearts of men. If Humanity is such a great eternal Being what is to become of me as an individual? Am I not more than the animal that reproduces its kind and dies? Positivism can give but one answer and against that the mind of man rebels.

To turn from the system to its author—if the reader will pardon the little digression—Comte is an interesting illustration of a man whose per-

sonal life became largely what it was thru Christian influences and the study of Christian principles and who, nevertheless, would have nullified Christianity for succeeding generation. Should not, for the sake of logical consistency, the very, moral motto of Positivism, *Amen te plus quam me, nec me nisi propter te*, which was borrowed from a Christian work and which, as Comte said, summed up all his wishes for personal perfection—should not this motto in all logical consistency have expressed to the mind of Comte a most cogent reason for the preservation of the Christian religion?

Again, what has the science that would attack our religion to offer in exchange? What, indeed, has a science which, with all the elements for material and the

whole world for a laboratory, cannot reproduce a petal of the meanest flower that grows, which cannot "discriminate between spontaneous activity and living will," which cannot even approximate a definition of life nor explain one whit about the force that permeates all space,—what, indeed, has such a science to offer you and me in exchange for our religion?

If therefore neither religions nor Philosophy nor Science can offer a substitute superior to Christianity in its beneficent influences upon men then he who would destroy or diminish the influences of the Christian religion, be he critic, philosopher, scientist, or—ah, strangest of paradoxes—a worshipper of Humanity, is an enemy to the best interest of mankind.

A LIGHT GREY OVERCOAT.

JAMES H. S. BOSSARD.

Frank Roland was a Senior at Hanlon College. Seldom had a more popular student attended Hanlon. Ever since his freshman days, the fellows had liked Pete Roland, as he was affectionately called. He possessed a rare, magnetic personality and a not too harsh critic would have called him handsome. Tall, dark and slender, his every movement hinted at a hidden strength and endurance. He had been a varsity half back for three years and the last year had been honored with the captaincy. Perfectly honorable and upright in all his actions, universally rated as a true gentleman, "Pete" Roland had one bad fault—a tendency to drink. There was

no apparent cause for such a trait. Surely he had not inherited it, for Dr. Henry Roland was a man of total abstinence, as were his fathers before him. If he had stopped to analyze himself, he undoubtedly would have told you that it was due to a certain recklessness, a love of dallying with danger, of playing with fire. But enough of description. Open the story.

It was a cold night in January—it generally is cold in January, I believe—and "Pete" Roland was sitting with Julia De Mar in the library of the De Mar residence. During the past few months, Pete had sat quite frequently with Julia in the De Mar library.

"Frank," began Julia,—she always called him Frank when she was about to speak seriously. "Frank, Elinor Kolb and a lot of the girls were here this afternoon."

"Having another hen party," said Pete sarcastically.

Julia arose and walked to the table in the middle of the room. She picked up a book and began idly to turn over the pages. "Do you know, they were discussing you," she said after a pause.

"That's nothing strange," replied Frank, "when this crowd of girls gets together, every fellow from here to Kalamazoo is picked to pieces."

"Do you know what they said about you?" asked Julia.

"I must confess a complete ignorance," smilingly.

"Oh Frank," and she ceased paging the leaves in that book, "do be serious for just one minute."

"Well," drawing his face into a frown, "I'm serious now."

"They said that—that" and she hesitated.

"Yes."

"They said it was too bad that a splendid fellow like you drank. That it was a perfect shame," she continued.

"Oh they did, did they," replied Frank.

The silence that followed was awful. Suddenly she turned around. "Frank, why do you do it? What pleasure does it afford you? Don't you see what it will lead to in the end?"

"Who cares," he interrupted.

"You ought to," she replied quickly.

It was he now that hesitated. A struggle seemed to be taking place within him. "Perhaps," he began slowly, "perhaps if there was someone that was very anxious—"

"Oh, I'm sure all your friends are anxious," she interrupted.

"Some one to whom it meant more than to the others, some one—you know what I mean Julia," he added quickly.

She was now sitting in papa De Mar's big chair.

"Perhaps," said a small voice from somewhere in the big chair, "perhaps there is some one." This last blushing-ly.

"Julia," he cried, rising from his chair, "can it be you?"

No answer.

"Julia, did you mean—"

"Didn't I say there was some one."

A portrait of William Shakespeare hanging on the library wall, seemed to look sternly at what it saw.

Chapter 2.

It was the last week in March. Charlie Randall, Roland's roommate, was studying alone in the room. The door opened and Tad Gaston in shirt sleeves stuck his head in. "Alone?" he asked.

"Yes," said Charlie, "come in."

"Plugging," asked Tad, seeing an open book before him.

"Well," replied Charlie, "Old Prattle warned me today that I was lagging behind. Said he should hate to see me passing off conditions at the last minute before commencement. But," closing the book, "I've done enough for tonight."

"Damm me," said Tad, "if I am able

to get down to solid work anymore."

"Well," began Charlie, "if I was I safe as you are, I think I'd manifest a similar inclination."

"Where's Pete," suddenly asked Tad?

"Took a run over to Lynnville to see the manager of Webb's baseball manager about some hitch in the schedule. Said he didn't expect to be back until tomorrow," explained Charlie.

"Thought he was down at De Mar's," replied Tad significantly. "He generally is there."

"Yes," said Charlie, "he certainly has it bad. You know he promised her several months ago that he would not drink anymore, and when Pete does that, well it looks good to me. There isn't a doubt but that it is a good thing," he added.

Tad took out a cigarette case, carefully selected one, placed it between his lips and lighted it.

"It's a funny thing," he began reflectively, "what love will do for a fellow. Here's a chap, often told that drinking was the one blot on an otherwise perfectly clean sheet. What does he do? He laughs at his friends when they tell him about it. Then enter the heroine—a pretty face. 'Oh Frank, promise me you won't drink anymore.' And immediately he became Worthy Templar of the Knights of Abstinence."

"Yes and he's been abstinent all these nights since," punned Charlie.

"Now there is Doc. Marshall," continued Tad, "why doesn't he meet some damsel that will sift him of the evil habit?"

"Speaking about Doc Marshall," said Charlie, "he was in here in the beginning of the evening to borrow an overcoat. Said he was having his pressed

and cleaned. So I gave him Frank's light grey coat to wear."

"That just reminds me, I need a new spring coat, but the wherewithal—O that checks from home like dew, fell nightly from heaven," and the little fellow sighed deeply. But, brightening up, "the reason I came over tonight was to see if you wouldn't help me do my Greek. Old Prattle may warn you, but we know that you're one of the sharks in Greek. And besides, two heads are always better than one, except on a pin."

"I was going to do mine in the morning," said Charlie, "but let us do it tonight. Sleep feels good in the morning."

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Tad returned to his room. Just as he was returning, had he looked out over the campus, he could have seen Doc Marshall, gloriously drunk, wearing Frank Roland's light grey overcoat, staggering across the campus, assisted by two companions. Near noon the following day, Roland returned from Lynnville, and with the four o'clock mail he received a letter that dumbfounded him. It read as follows:

"My dear Frank:

When I asked you to accompany mother and I to Arnold's last night and you said you were compelled to go to Lynnville to see about a baseball game, I had no other thought but that you were speaking the truth. You cannot imagine my thoughts to see you in town last night and the condition in which you were. You crossed under the arc light at twenty-second street, just as mother, father and I were leaving Arnold's. Your presence in the city surprised me, the condition in which you were shocked, grieved and disgusted me.

There is no explanation for your conduct. My parents ask that your visits to our home shall cease. Enclosed find your fraternity pin.

Very Sincerely Yours,
Julia De Mar."

"Pete" was thunder struck. He in town last night. And in a condition! What condition! She spoke about having seen him at twenty-second street when he had been at the Hoynton Club in Lynnville all night with Christy Bernard, manager of Webb University's Baseball team. He sat down immediately and wrote a letter to her, stating that she must have made a mistake, that he had really been in Lynnville. Then summoning a messenger boy, he dispatched it to Julia. The next day he received a very short note. It read:

"Frank: There is no explanation to offer. I could have forgiven you if you had confessed your duplicity and acknowledged your guilt, but—Frank, I thought differently of you. But let us consider the incident closed.

Very Sincerely Yours,
Julia De Mar."

The following day Frank called there but on that occasion as well as on his subsequent call, the servant told him that neither Mrs. DeMar or Julia were in. "When they would be back." That she could not say, she was sorry.

Frank pondered these things in a heavy heart but held his peace, even towards his roommate. And Doc Marshall had returned the coat the morning after he had used it, and absent minded Charlie had made no mention of it to Roland.

* * * * *

Ten days later. Maude Adams was playing the "Little Minister" in Mercer.

Doc Marshall had taken Julia De Mar to see the show. They had just left the theatre and Marshall was vainly searching for a match to light his cigarette. "Curses on such luck," he growled. "Havn't a match in my clothes."

"That's quite a common need of fellows—matches," said Julia.

"That's pretty near right," assented Doc. "They're so cheap, and yet a fellow never has any. Speaking about matches, you remember that unique little match safe I had from my sister last Christmas a year ago?"

"Oh yes, that was a perfect beauty," replied Julia.

"Well," continued Doc, "I lost it the other night. I was wearing 'Pete' Roland's overcoat the night he was over in Lynnville. Was having mine cleaned and pressed. Well, he had a hole in the one pocket and it dropped out for me."

He had worn Pete's coat the night he was at Lynnville! Her heart almost jumped out of her throat. So he had been in Lynnville after all.

"Pardon me," she said, "but when was Pete in Lynnville?"

"Let's see," began Doc, "today is Friday, last Friday, Thursday, Wednesday, oh it was last Tuesday night."

Her head swam. She saw it all as plain as day. It had been Doc Marshall which she had seen at twenty-second street. It was almost a minute before she spoke, but then her voice was calm and steady.

"That was too bad you lost that match safe."

But it was with difficulty that she contained herself until she reached her home. She wanted to fly, to be alone, to think, to laugh, to shout!

Chapter III.

There was no regular post-office at Hanlon College. The mail was left in the Registrar's office and some member of the Senior class generally saw that it reached its destination, but more often the fellows would drop into the office and get their own mail, especially if they were expecting something. On this particular day, Fred. Marshall was expecting something--that something which college men are always living either in expectation or realization of--a check from home. He had taken Julia De Mar to the show last night and it had taken his last cent almost. Accordingly on that particular afternoon, Marshall was the first man in the office after the mail had come, and he happened to be there alone. He glanced over the pile of letters. Yes, here was his letter from home and--What was this, a letter addressed to Frank Roland and in Julia's handwriting! A letter to his rival from *her*. "Why I thought that was all off, heard she had cut him dead," he mused to himself. "Wonder what's in it?" He handled it greedily. He laid it down. "Wish I knew what was in it." He glanced about. Yes, he was alone. "Why not take it?" "All is fair in love and war." He put the letter in his inside coat pocket.

No one will know, he told himself, as he hurried to his room and locked the door. Luckily his roommate was down town. He opened the letter and read it. He sat motionless for a time. Then he glanced out of the window. His roommate was crossing the campus. That woke him up. He hurriedly pocketed the letter and unlocked the door. When his roommate entered he was yawning over his English history.

It was Monday morning and the students at Hanlon were just filing out of chapel, when there was a sudden commotion among the Seniors. Fred. Marshall had struck George Bauer, the right end on the Varsity, and an instant fight had been precipitated. Of course, they were immediately parted. The sacred halls of Hanlon surely could not be desecrated by a fight. After chapel too. Such sacrilege! And among Seniors. This lack of dignity was appalling. But Bauer demanded satisfaction. He had been struck in the face, and he could not be gainsaid. What was to be done! "The gridiron at twelve," shouted some one and all nodded assent.

It was about quarter of twelve that noon when about thirty Seniors had congregated behind the "gym" on the gridiron. Two youths stripped to the waist were putting forth their best efforts to demolish one another. "Pete" Roland was acting as referee to see that all "went fair."

"That fellow Bauer is no slouch," said Tad Gaston, who was on hand and watching the festivities with untold delight. "Wasn't that a bird," he cried as Bauer parried and uppercut Marshall.

"Some one ought to stop this. That man Marshall's face is a sight," said Charlie Randall.

Just then Marshall rushed. Bauer ducked to the right and countered on his jaw. Marshall staggered. Then taking his time, Hanlon's star right end, calmly handed him the finishing wallop.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," Pete Roland slowly counted him down and out.

"Someone get his coat, he is catching cold," said someone in the crowd.

Tad Gaston hastened to pick up that part of Marshal's attire, where that youth had thrown it. He picked it up, at one end. "Hello, I'm dropping his correspondence. What's this," he said, stooping down to pick up a letter that had fallen out of his coat, "a letter addressed to Frank Roland." What was this doing in Marshal's pocket? Here was mystery. He looked around. The fellows were all congregating around the combatants. He put it in his pocket.

As they were leaving the gridiron about ten minutes later, Tad Gaston found an opportunity of talking to Pete Roland. "Here's a letter I found lying on the campus addressed to you" and he handed him the missive that had fallen out of Marshal's coat. This is what he read:

"Dear Frank: I am a miserable girl. Have learned the injustice I have done you. Come to me.

Julia."

He almost ran to the telephone.

"8477 please."

"Hello, is that De Mar's residence?

Is Julia there?"

There was a pause.

"This is Julia."

Another pause.

"This is me."

Another pause.

"I just had your letter this morning."

"How's that? I wrote on Friday."

"Oh, I'll explain later. I can't explain all of it. "Julia."

"Pete."

"May I come down this afternoon?"

"Don't you have classes?"

"Yes."

"Well, that would mean a flunk if you cut."

"May I come?"

"Pete, I—"

"May I come?"

"Pete—yes."

And Pete did come. If you want to know the rest—the portrait of William Shakespeare in the library didn't tell me, so I don't know.

The End.

Coleman, '12, boasts as being the only Freshman who was able to suggest a question on which Mr. H. did not even venture a reply. It ran thus: "Since the people of Poleland are called Poles, why are not the people of Holland called Holes?"

Every lassie has her laddie,
To whisper words of love;
But every lassie has her daddy,
To knock on the floor above.—Ex.

A TOUR THROUGH PLAYLAND.

"The Traveling Salesman," "Jack Straw," accompanied by "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," "Mme. Mischief," with "Myself,—Bettina," for "The Chaperon," went to "The Winterfeast" given by "The Boys and Betty," "The Three Twins" in "The House of Cards" in "Graustark" at "The Top of the World." "The Call of the North" came "Via Wireless" and "The Great Question," of how to cross "The Great Divide" like "Wilfire" in "The Easiest Way," was "The Talk of New York," for "Public Opinion" of "The Honor of the Family" we followed "The American Idea" of taking "The Gay White Way," "The Love Route."

We bade farewell to "Mater" and "Father and the Boys" and, "School Days" being over, left "The Little Stranger," "Little Nemo" on "The Merry-Go-Round," while "Easy Dawson," "The Yankee Tourist" advised us to have a "Strongheart" and "The Fighting Hope." "The Three of Us" were soon "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" and had shortly left behind "The Land of Dollars" where "The Dollar Mark" gives "The Man of the Hour" "The Right of Way."

For "The Right to Live" "All for a Girl"—"Miss Pocohantas," "The Flower of the Ranch"—our guide "Pierre of the Plains," "The Squaw Man," became "Nearly a Hero" in saving us like "Samson" from "The Wolf" and "The Vampire." At "The Crisis" of "The Struggle" with "The Offenders" he fought like "The Devil" and was not "The Man Who Stood Still" but "A Knight for a Day" and it seemed as if we were on "The Road to Yesterday"

"When Knights were Bold." After recovering from "The Battle" we were "Caught in the Rain" and took shelter "Under the Greenwood Tree" in "The Secret Orchard." Here was "A Broken Idol" of "The Goddess of Reason" posed by "The Parisian Model," "The Silver Girl." We did not spend "Twenty Days in the Shade" as "The Thunderbolt" forced us in "A Panic" to "The Mill of the Gods," "The Red Mill," where dwelt "The Girls of Gottenberg," "The Dairymaids" who were "The Daughters of Men" of "Honor." We found there "The Prisoner of Zenda," who, after having been given "The Third Degree" by "The Judge and the Jury" had been left out "On Parole" as "The Law and the Man" had not proved fully that he was "The Thief" who had taken "The Silver Box" from "The Prima Donna." "About Town" it was said that "The Pickpockets" were "Ragged Robin." "The Grand Army Man" and "Mary Jane's Pa," "The Barber Orleans," who were "The Hypocrits," but "The Round Up" would be soon, and at "The Reckoning" "The Test" of "The Truth" of "The Stolen Story" of their "Regeneration" would be proven.

We left "The House of Bondage" at "The Witching Hour" and in "Moonshine" as the "Woodland" was lit up by "The Blue Moon," "The Light Eternal" and "The Comet." By "Dawn of the Tomorrow," after passing through "The Jungle" and "Coming Thro' the Rye" we entered "The Primrose Path" and were at "The End of the Trail." We were soon at "The House of a Thousand Candles" which "The Master Builder" had planned and which "The

Builders" of "The Other House," "The House of Mirth" called one of "The Follies of 1908."

Our hosts welcomed "The Tourists" with "The Soul Kiss." We found that "The Servant in the House," assisted by "Girls" kept "His House in Order," for in this "Lonesome Town" "The Girl Question" was not "The Enigma" as "The World and his Wife" were kept too busy discussing "What Every Woman Knows" concerning "The Morals of Marcus."

Dinner was served in "The Lilac Room" which "The Man from Home," "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" had decorated with "Blue Grass" in which were mingled "The Orchid," "The Rose of the Alhambra" and "The White Chrysanthemum." We soon saw that we were "Paid in Full" for coming, for, among the delicacies served besides "Spring Chicken" were "The Mollusc," "The Tenderfoot" of "Mary's Lamb," "The Golden Butterfly," "The White Hen" and "The Blue Mouse," all of which "The Royal Chef" had cooked in "The Melting Pot."

"Fluffy Ruffles," "The Fair Co-ed" and "Her Sister" "Peggy Machree" served the dinner in "A Woman's Way."

"Among Those Present," were "The Gentleman from Miss.," "The Ranger" and "His Wife's Family" of "Father and Son" and "Papa's Wife," "Lola From Berlin," "The Girl who has Everything," "Miss Innocense," who expected to make "An International Marriage" with "Prince Humbug," really "A Kentucky Boy" of "Algeria." "The Richest Girl" "The Chorus Lady" who had all of "Brewster's Millions" and whose "Clothes" were made by "The Step Sister," "The Girl Behind the Counter," "Mme. Machette," "Brown of Harvard"

and "Artie" "Just Out of College" and who had been "Classmates" there and had fought "The Duel" to prove "The Worth of a Woman," "The College Widow" and of which "The Royal Mounted" had been "The Spoilers" of the fun. Also "Agnes," "A Stubborn Cinderella" and "Lord Dundreary" who were "Divorcons" on account of her "Marriage of Reason" which had been "The Awakening" to her, of "His Double Life" and the weakness of "The Stronger Sex," and to him that "The Time, The Place and The Girl" were "Movers" in the future "Struggle Everlasting;" "Madame Butterfly" "The Japanese Nightingale" and "Tom Jones," "The Evangelist" who were "The Honeymooners" on Honeymoon Trail" and also of the Circus," "The Little Cherub," who by casting "The Spell" saw that "Love Watches" over "Mr. Crewe's Career."

The only objectionable event of the dinner was "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," though "The Gamblers" were cross because they had to play "Checkers" instead of "Bridge."

Later "The Gay Musician," "The Pied Piper" and "Papa Lebonnard" on "The Second Fiddle" played "The Kreutzer Sonata" and then "The Lancers" and "The Love Waltz"—a regular "Waltz Dream" were danced, and "Glorious Betsy," "The Hoyden" did the "Salome" dance which made one think of "The Return of Eve;" and "Marcelle," "The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl" did the "Apache Dance."

In "The Auto Race" which was "Going Some," "Lady Frederick," "The Merry Widow," whose "Popularity" was great and who had just been granted "A Divorce" by "The Consul for Defence" from "The Patriot," "The Yankee

Prince" was "The Winning Miss" and won "The Vanderbilt Cup" much to the distress of "The Man on The Box," "Hook of Holland" who was "The Substitute" for "Salvation Nell," better known as "Kitty Grey" from "Havana"

and who declared by "The Writing on the Wall" that these "Bluffs" used, were all "Sham." "Sporting Days" were soon over and shortly we were "Too Near Home" for "The Likes of Me."

PARKE SHERER.

WHAT PROPORTION OF THE GREEK DRAMA IS READ IN SCHOOLS TO-DAY.

E. F. ROMIG, '11.

Of all the numerous literary gems produced in ancient Greece, the proportion of extant dramatic productions is exceedingly small. In tragedy the works of three writers survive us, namely those of Aeschylus, of Sophocles and of Euripides. Few as they are, they are representative of their age. Aeschylus is the great poet of the supernatural. In his works we are led up to the mysterious sources of divine and moral law. Sophocles, on the other hand, is preeminently the dramatist of human character. He finds a solution to all of the inner conflicts, not so much by a belief in the workings of the Fates as by an analysis of our own natures. Euripides completes the triad. He is the great portrayer of the picturesque in the drama. His works possess the romantic spirit and the tender pathos which never loses its charm to the modern world.

Turning to the comedy, we find but one representative, Aristophanes. It is true that there were many other contemporary dramatic poets, both tragic and comic, but the four above mentioned enjoy the fortune of surviving in a number of their productions, while all of their peers and rivals have vanished

from human memory in everything but perhaps a name with its vain tradition of pristine renown.

Of the surviving dramas, a large proportion is read by the modern student of Greek. They are found in the curricula of the classical schools of Germany, of England and of America. Since the courses of the various colleges differ, the plays mentioned below (which were taken from the catalogs of ten representative American colleges) can, naturally, not all be expected to be found in any single college course.

Of the seven remaining productions of Aeschylus, the following four are read: "The Persae," a magnificent dramatic song of triumph for the victory of Greece over Persia in 480 B. C.; "Seven against Thebes" which tells how the inherited curse of king Oedipus is visited on his sons Eteocles and Polyneices; "Agamemnon," in which is presented the return of that famous king from Troy to Mycenae and of his murder by Clytemnestra; "Prometheus Bound" which treats of a superhuman being, Prometheus, who knows a secret on which the throne of Zeus depends, but will not utter it at any event.

Of the seven extant dramas of Sophocles, four are read. "Ajax" treats of a hero by that name who, overwhelmed by a sense of dishonor, kills himself. "Oedipus the King" portrays the life of Oedipus who, having slain Laius unknowingly, and married his wife, finds out that Laius is his father and that therefore he has married his own mother. He then, in his horror, puts out his eyes. This production is, in subtility of structure, the masterpiece of extant Greek plays. "Oedipus at Colonus" treats of the latter days and of the happy departure from this world of that king. The "Antigone" treats about the violation of one of the decrees of King Creon of Thebes by Antigone and of her punishment.

Seventeen works of Euripides remain for us. Of them but five are read. "The Alcestis" tells how Alcestis died to save her husband, and was brought from the grave to life by Heracles. "Medea" treats of the adventures of a magic princess by that name. "Iphigenia among the Tauri" gives the story of Iphigenia, a votaress, who saves her brother Orestes and his friend, Pylades, from human sacrifice and who is forgiven by the goddess Athena. "The Troades" treats of the sorrows of the widows of

the Greek warriors after the fall of Troy. "The Bacchae" treats of the revelries of the female Bacchantes and portrays the horrible revenge wrecked up on king Pentheus of Thebes by them.

Turning now to comedy, we notice that, of the eleven plays of Aristophanes, six are read. "The Acharnians" is a plea for the peace party in Aristophanes' time. "The Knights" is the continuation of an attack on the demagogue Cleon. In the "Clouds" Aristophanes attacks the new spirit of inquiry and culture. In the "Wasps" he tells of the treatment of the deluded allies of the demagogues. "The Birds" is a medley of sportive fancies, full of allusions to the Athenian follies of the day. "The Frogs" treats of Euripides and Aeschylus competing for the tragic prize and of the winning of the prize by Aeschylus.

Such are the dramas read in the American college today. The bare mention of the plots may make them seem meagre. And yet if a student reads in his college course just one third of the dramas mentioned, he will not only familiarize himself with the plays of classic times but will also acquire an invaluable amount of Greek knowledge in general.

Little Johnny, for a frolic
Ate a melon parabolic;
When the fruit arrived inside,
Little Johnny up and died.
Was the trouble melon-colic?—Ex.

STUDY OF ADDISONIAN STYLE.

 W. W. W. '12.

In the history of the literature of different nations, certain styles of writing take the name of the originator of that certain style. English literature is no exception to this rule and we find the term "Addisonian Style" frequently used.

The Addisonian Style is that graceful, easy-flowing language which marks the works of Joseph Addison. Flourishing at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a time when men investigated rather than dreamed and when poetry lost its imagination and spontaneity, we find this pleasant, natural style as a revision of the former age of poetry.

Addison's writings were mostly in the shape of essays. He seems to have written just what he would have spoken and he was reputed to be a charming conversationalist. The use of familiar and common terms, also the directness of style mark a feature of his works. The humor and wit are worthy of close attention and mark a study by themselves.

These elements cannot help but make the writings very interesting. We turn to the Sir Rodger de Coverly Papers as one of his most interesting produc-

tions and find them as pleasant as our modern novels. No person can fail but understand their meaning, while the wit and friendliness of this amiable Squire holds the readers attention closely from the beginning to the end of the story.

This *same style* pervaded his other writings, and we find his tragedy "Cato" received both by friends and enemies with the same outburst of joy and admiration. His poem on Marlborough was on the *same style* and received the same reception.

Addison lived in a time when manners were rude and morals coarse. He and his contemporaries perceived this fault and strove to correct it. Their writings were pervaded with attacks upon vice and morals setting forth examples of truth and piety in every paragraph. But Addison surpassed his fellows not only in the style but in the method of reform. His attacks and satires were neither sharp or stinging, but on the other hand, through their frankness and gentleness they carried, by far the greater weight and established a model for future students in English Literature.

Grant, '11—Dr., I met a fine german gentleman, who knows you. He is a bartender at—

Dr. W.—That's what you call an, "Einseitige Bekanntschaft."

OUR ALUMNI.

'94. William H. S. Miller, principal of the Allentown High School, died at noon Monday at his residence, No. 46 North Jefferson Street, aged forty-two years. Mr. Miller was seized with his fatal illness six weeks ago, when he was seized with attacks of neuralgia and which finally ended in a complete nervous and physical breakdown. He was confined to bed three weeks and was conscious practically to the end.

The deceased was born in this city November 26, 1867, and was a son of Henry and Sarah Miller, both dead. He was graduated from the Allentown High School, class of '85, with first honors. Shortly afterward he entered the Allentown post office as mailing clerk, which position he filled until 1891, when he entered Muhlenberg College, graduating from that institution in 1894, with first honors.

In September of the same year he was appointed a teacher in the Secondary School of the Second Ward, where he taught two years, after which he was promoted to the High School, where he taught Greek and Latin until he was appointed principal in the fall of 1907 and which position he held at the time of his death.

The deceased was married in June, 1889, at Reading to Miss Emma Bliem, daughter of Rev. J. C. Bliem, who, with one daughter, Ruth, who is just recovering from an attack of diphtheria, survives. Two sisters, Mrs. J. W. Grim and Mrs. James N. Rhoda, both of this city, also survive.

The deceased was an Alpha Tau man and a prominent Mason. He was Worshipful Master of Greenleaf Lodge, No.

561, F. & A. M., in 1905, and a Trustee at the time of his death. He was also Most Eminent High Priest of Allen Council, No. 203, Royal Arch Masons; a member of Allen Commandery, Knights Templar, and Rajah Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of Reading. Besides his Masonic connections he was a member of the Elks and Lehigh Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mr. Miller was a member of St. John's Reformed Church and was actively identified with the activities of the church. He was for many years and up to the time of his death Superintendent of the Sunday School.

The death of Mr. Miller, although not unexpected, as his condition early assumed a critical phase, nevertheless came as a shock to his many friends, to the students of the High School, to all those who sat under him as a pupil and to the members of the Board of Control, whose confidence, respect and esteem he so thoroughly enjoyed and who lost in him a teacher who cannot be readily replaced.

In his short career as principal he gave evidence of the finest quality from an educational and disciplinary standpoint, as instructor and principal. He died all too soon, just when he had barely stepped across the threshold of a career in which he would have undoubtedly realized the highest measure of success and usefulness. He labored beyond his strength and it can be said that his life was the sacrifice he made upon the altar of what he considered his duty.

Honest, upright and conscientious in all things, a kind and loving husband

and father, a good friend, a consistent Christian, he has gone to his reward, leaving behind him a name and memory that will not be soon forgotten.

Allentown Morning Call.

The early death of William H. S. Miller, principal of the High School, caused a wide spread regret and seldom upon the death of a young man are the expressions of regret so numerous. These kind words show the high esteem in which he was held by the people generally. His early death cuts short a useful and active life. He was only entering upon the best and strongest years of his life. The earlier years had been spent in acquiring education and then began the climb upward that resulted in his holding the highest position among the city teachers. His was not an easy path. While he stood at the head of his class at college and while he worked upward to the high position in the schools, it was the result of the hardest kind of work. He was a genius in a capacity for work but there was no easy way in his ascending. It was hard work constant and careful study that won him the position he held and his career as a teacher was an enviable one. Socially he was always responsive and he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of a large number of people.

Editorial in the Allentown Morning Call.

'99. Dr. Frederick A. Fetherolf, a successful young physician of this city, and Miss Mary Irma Sieger were quietly wedded at noon to-day at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Catharine E. Sieger, No. 714 North Sixth street. Pretty decorations of spring flowers and palms and ferns graced the parlor, where the ceremony was performed.

Rev. J. Hiram Sieger, of Northampton, a cousin of the bride, officiated.

The bride made a handsome appearance in a becoming gown. The couple was not attended. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, at which a party of guests, relatives of the couple, attended. The tables were tastily trimmed with flowers and ribbons. Dr. and Mrs. Fetherolf left amidst a shower of congratulations and well wishes on a honeymoon trip to points in Canada and the New England States. They will return on May 15 and will take up their residence at No. 941 Hamilton Street, where the bridegroom has established a successful practice. Hosts of friends join in extending best wishes to the happy young couple.

The bride is a daughter of the late Dr. C. W. Sieger and was born at Siegfried. She graduated from the Luther-ville, Md., Academy in 1904 and in church and social circles has taken a leading and active part. Dr. Fetherolf is a son of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Fetherolf. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1899 and from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1902. He completed his studies by attending Surgical Clinics in 1903 in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London and took a special course in surgery under Dr. Pels Lysen and Professors Oldhausen and Laudau in Berlin in 1906.

Allentown Chronicle and News.

1901. At 6 o'clock this evening in the presence of a hundred guests, Rev. Allen L. Bennner, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., and Miss Edna Grace Erdman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Erdman, of No. 1022 Turner street, this city, will be united in marriage in St. Michael's Lutheran Church. The Rev.

A. T. W. Steinhäuser, pastor of the church, will officiate, using the ring ceremony with the Lutheran ritual. The chancel of the church is decorated handsomely in palms, ferns and Easter flowers.

The bride will be given away by her father. She will be attended by Miss M. Constance Erdman, daughter of ex-Congressman Erdman, as maid of honor. Rev. J. Howard Worth, of Lancaster, a classmate of the bridegroom at Muhlenberg and Mt. Airy, will act as best man. The guests will be seated by Rev. Frank Buchman, of State College; Rev. Emil Fischer, of Brooklyn; Rev. William Horn, of New York City, and Warren Seyfried, of Bethlehem. A wedding dinner will follow at the home of the bride, after which the couple will leave on a honeymoon trip, which will end at the bridegroom's home at Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Harold Marks, organist of St. Michael's, will play the Lohengrin and Mendelssohn's wedding marches and several selections while the guests are arriving at the church.

The bride received many handsome gifts of silverware, linens, cut glass, etc. She is a social favorite and an accomplished musician. For a number of years she was a member of the choir of St. Michael's Lutheran Church and a teacher in the infant department of the Sunday School. She is a graduate

of the Allentown High School.

Rev. Mr. Benner was born at Shoenersville, and is a son of E. R. Benner, who was a merchant of that place and a former Recorder of Deeds. He attended the schools of the township, graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1901 and from Mt. Airy Theological Seminary in 1904. Shortly after his ordination he was elected to the charge at Richmond Hill, near Brooklyn, where he has met with remarkable success. His work has attracted the attention of Jacob Riis, the well-known settlement worker and good friend of President Roosevelt, who has given public endorsements to Rev. Benner's efforts to promote better conditions in the community.

Among the guests will be relatives of the couple from Allentown, Catasauqua, Reading, Philadelphia, Scranton, Bethlehem and Easton. Jenkin Hill, Secretary of the Board of Trade, of Reading, who is an uncle of the bride, will attend with Mrs. Hill and their three sons, Ralph, Layton and Harold. Miss Bessie Light, of Reading, and Dr. May Lichtenwalner, of Philadelphia, will also be among the guests.

Allentown Chronicle and News.

1906. Preston A. Barba has been appointed Harrison Fellow in Germanics at the University of Pennsylvania and is now in Germany occupied with work connected with his studies.



EDITORIALS.

There have been ages, ancient, medieval and modern, and men have marked the time when these began and when they ended as we calender the months of the year. But when you come to inquire about our age, it is like the superficial structure of the earth, which is composed of all the creative periods. It is like our architecture which combines the Hindoo, the Egyptian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Italian and the English. It is like our language which is composed of all languages. Our language is a mass of words derived from Latin, Greek, French and German roots. It is like our climate, within whose broad expanse, different zones of temperature and flora are found, from the pines of Maine to the semi-tropical fruits of Florida and California. All facts, forms, fancies of other continents, of other peoples, and of other ages seemed to be fused together in the American society of the twentieth century.

We are living in a new age. It is upon us. It fills the air. It is an energizing power in the lives of millions. A new thought is sweeping the world. Ships are flying thru the air, and sailing over the ocean beds. Men communicate with men across seas, speaking in sparks that span a thousand miles of space. Science is adventuring into the empire of the dead, peering with eager eyes for signs of the soul eternal. Engineers are leasing rivers, leading them into barren deserts, damming up their waters, and undamming the desolate wastes of land that nature's morbid mood created. Men used to send men with messages, now they send electricity. Men once lifted heavy weights with lever and windlass, now they lift them with

dynamite, steam, and the electric spark. If some Rip Van Winkle, who had disappeared fifty years ago, would reappear to us today, he would imagine he were living in a new world. He would realize the truth of the Scriptures: "Old things are passed away, behold all things have become new."

Our people and our age burn with an unquenchable spirit. The air we breathe is vital with activity. Never before have men lived so fast. To conquer time seems to be the master passion of the age. The other day a man rushed into a telegraph office in Boston, and inquired how long it would take to send a message to San Francisco. "Twenty minutes," he was told. "I cannot wait," he replied and rushed out. This incident illustrates the age. If a train rushes over an embankment, and hurls a score of souls into eternity, men invent another danger signal and crowd on steam. If by tunneling a mountain, that train can reach a given point a few minutes sooner, than by going around it, a million dollars is no consideration, but we tunnel it. But taking all things together, the present age is remarkable for its progress, especially in the realm of science and the advancement of the comforts of the people. The inventions and accomplishments of today are so far reaching in their effects that they shake the very foundations of society. The threads of scholarship, invention, Christianity, patriotism, greed and selfishness are shuttling back and forth, back and forth in the Loom Eternal, weaving strange patterns, new each day, and each day more wonderful.

But it is not only an age of marvel, of invention, of wonder, but also a period of reform, and some of the reforms of today are so far reaching in their effects that they too shake the very foundations of society. This spirit of the new age, this spirit of action and reform, manifests itself in politics. Men are slowly, but let us hope surely, uniting in their efforts to rid legislature of corrupt politicians, who sleep not, nor slumber, who have no loyalty, no principle, no patriotism, but strive increasingly for their own interests; and it is this spirit of the new age, undetermined indeed by the mass of men, yet coming to control their thought nevertheless, that demands the punishment of such men who have made politics a byword and a hissing to the mocking earth.

The spirit of the new age needs to be inculcated in the business world. Our modern business man must lose sight of that spirit of individualism, in which the acquisition of wealth is the loftiest conception and highest ambition in the social order, and incorporate into his transactions more of the feeling of brotherliness, of mutual service and helpfulness, so that the age of gold will be replaced by the Golden Age, and the rule of Gold by the Golden Rule. In the college world, among professional men, in every walk of life, this new age is spreading its powerful and invigorating spirit. It is pre-eminently the age for young people. Their opportunities of today have never been surpassed. At no time in the world's history has the call and demand for young people, for every good purpose been as great as now. At no time did their words and actions count for as much as now. At no time were there as many young men in the

front rank as now. There are more than a dozen instances of young men born since 1880, who have made their mark as leaders. In business and in all professions we see young men forging to the front, doing things that shall be recorded in history. To the procrastinating young man, who idles away the golden hours of youth, always thinking, "Ah, there is time," these last few sentences should be a stimulant. Words of truth and wisdom flowed from the pen of Edward Young, the poet, when he wrote: "Procrastination is the thief of time."

"Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask deathbeds;
they can tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great
mark

Of men and angels, virtue more divine."

In every sphere of human activity, there are those who because of natural endowments, take the lead. They rise above their fellows, not perhaps because of any more concentrated effort on their part, but because of the superior qualities with which nature has endowed them. These, then, become leaders. In politics, each would be governor, senator, or even president. In business, each would be a captain of industry. But all cannot be highest, there must be some lower ones. But each one, be he high or be he low, has his place to fill, his work to do, lest the machinery of the whole be affected. And the lowest must be as faithful and loyal, as true and sure as the highest, or the whole is weakened. "A chain is as strong as its

weakest link." What are we? Are we weak links, rendering the work of those about us useless, because of our intrustworthiness? Or are we strong links, which if by some chance, any should remove, would be a great loss to the others? Whatever we are, we must always remember that we are part of a great plan, that that plan can be helped or hindered as we are loyal or disloyal. Philip Brooks once said that the world would never be converted by the few many talented persons, but by the united efforts of the many one talented persons. Often the seemingly weakest vessel is the most lasting, and the Lord often uses the simplest instrumentality for his own purposes.

The Glee Club has just completed its schedule for the year. Altogether sixteen concerts were given, including such cities as New York, Reading, Lancaster and Allentown. Thanks to a thoroughly energetic management, the season has been a great financial success. Thanks to painstaking and persistent trainers, the quality of the concerts was all that could be desired. But it is not that fact

alone that enabled us to win the applause and approval of more than five thousand spectators during the season, but the interest and conscientiousness of every member of the club. The words of praise and congratulation that are pouring in from all sides are a splendid tribute to the zeal of the members of the club. While the Glee Club may not receive the recognition from some of the college authorities that is due it, we beg leave to say that it is not an organization for "a good time," but is in reality the best advertising medium which the college has and in our humble opinion is one the greatest factors in furthering the interests of the college. The following seven men, all of whom filled prominent roles, have finished their work in connection with the club, due to present graduation: First Tenor, Fritsch, Secretary of the Glee and leader of the Instrumental Club; Kern, quartet; Stetler, second tenor and manager; Rudolph, end man in "Ministrel"; McCormick, president, quartet, first bass; Eichner, first bass, reciter; Bossard, vice-president, second bass, Interlocutor in the "Ministrel"; Wohlsen, second bass.

"Body and soul like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loath to part."

Voice in rear of room while Coleman '12 was trying to translate Latin—"Giddap! Giddap!"

Dr. E.—Yes, I always did think asses and trots bore a resemblance.



"THE MONGOLS"

JEREMIAH CURTIN.

Though Genghis Khan and the fury of his horrible Mongol horde has long been familiar to us, yet it has remained to an American scholar—Mr. Jeremiah Curtin to bring before the public the real Genghis Kahn. Genghis Kahn as a conqueror ranks equally with Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon.

Mr. Curtin has brought the great leader before the public in a new light. After a great deal of study, and much historical research, he has depicted the conqueror in such a way, that we cannot help but regard him as an important factor in the history of Europe. It is not possible to know Europe thoroughly until a study of him has been made.

Genghis Kahn, an obscure Mongol chief, in Central Asia, suddenly rose into great prominence on account of his inroads in all directions. He swept all before him, forced the Tartars to enter his army, and committed the most savage depredations on Christian and Moslem alike. His horde swept as far west as Hungary and Poland, conquering, pillaging and despoiling all that came into this way. In the East he set up the great Mongolian Dynasty in China,

and brought a great part of India under his subjection.

But the influence of these people has extended beyond that of their leader. They played an important part in history until the time of their down-fall of power in the middle of the 17th Century. It was not until the 18th Century that the National Mongolian extinction or absorption occurred. "Most of the Mongols proper are today subject to China, while the rest are under the control of Russia." Mr. Curtin says "Remarkable as has been the part played by the Mongols in history, the part to be played by them yet may be far greater."

Mr. Curtin was a great scholar and linguist. It is said that he was acquainted with seventy languages. He it was who has given the English-speaking people those admirable translations of the novels of Henry Sienkiewicz. He was famous as a traveler, translator, and a compiler of the scattered myths and tales in many lands.

His travels made him equally acquainted with the native Siberians and the Indians of our own western plains. The book is a standing proof of historical research. The foreword is written by Theodore Roosevelt in his characteristic way.

A HISTORY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

By PROF. CARL HOLLIDAY.

An intense interest in Southern Literature has sprung up during the last decade. It has become world-wide in its extent. The Southern people have been influenced by it to such an extent that courses in it are offered in nearly all the Southern Universities. The summer-schools and the literary clubs have taken it up. Lecturers have found it to be a fruitful and pleasing theme.

There was a constant complaint that there existed no connected history of the development of the literature of the South. To fill this long-felt need Prof. Holliday of Cox College, Atlanta, Ga., took it upon himself to give the story of the development of the literature of the South from the earliest times to the present. It extends from the time of Capt. John Smith to the present, when Thomas Nelson Page is in his prime.

The book is well constructed, finely written, and the arrangement and balance are well considered. It is divided into six sections, corresponding to the six distinct periods in the growth of Southern Literature.

- I. The Beginnings (1607-1676).
- II. Period of National Consciousness, (1676-1740).
- III. The Revolutionary Period. (1740-1810).
- IV. Period of Expansion (1810-1850).
- V. Civil War Period (1850-1875).
- VI. The New South (1875-1905).

It is not a perfunctory, but a sympathetic and and exhaustive treatise on the origin of Southern Literature, the conditions under which it was brought about, and the force of circumstances which influenced the thought of the various writers, both living and dead.

The author is a thorough student of the literature of the South, and of the best English Literature. He is a lover of poetry, a critic with a fine sense of discrimination, and a teacher of no small repute.

The South, the land of romance and song, with its long sun-lit days, its moon-lit nights, and its rich odors, has given an inspiration to the author so that he was able to write such beautiful poems as "Southern Summer", "Twilight," "A Southern Night" and "The Cotton-Pickers" who

"Beneath the glaring light of Southern skies, all thoughtless of the luck
That lifts or fills earth's kingdom and
her men,
He onward goes across the far-stretches
He onward goes across the far-stretched
fields
And sings and bends and sings and bends
again
Heaping the fluffy load."

There are only too many readers of American Literature who are sadly ignorant of the great body of Southern Literature, which is so worthy of permanency. Such poets as Timrod, Ticknor, Hayne, Irwin Russell, Wm. Gilmore Simms, John Reuben Thompson, John Esten Cooke, Theodore O'Hara, Joel Chandler Harris, and novelists like Augusta J. Evans, Elizabeth W. Bellamy, Virginia L. French, Mary Noailles Murfree "Charles Egbert Craddock", Grace Elizabeth King, Marion Harland, Mary Johnston, George W. Cable and Thomas Nelson Page are not to be passed by, but are worthy additions to our National Literature as well as to Southern Literature.



MUHLENBERG COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg was represented at the Track Meet by a relay team, running in order named: Toebke, M. Kleckner, Grant, H. Shelly. We were entered in a class with Indiana Normal, New York Law School, Brooklyn Polytechnic and Delaware College. Although our team came in fifth, we feel that we can develop this team to compete with the best. Lack of practice was the only drawback.

On the afternoon of May 5th the Interclass Meet was held. The result was fine and is indicative of an excellent track team next year.

The Freshmen easily won the meet with a score of 54 points. The Seniors followed with a score of 36 points. The Juniors and Sophomores took 16 and 6 points respectively.

The track was slow but in the preliminary 100 yard dash the remarkably good time of 10 4-5 seconds was made. The final dash resulted as follows: H. Shelly, Freshman, first; Kleckner, Junior, second; Nonamaker, Senior, third. Time, 11 seconds.

The other events were:

The Hammer Throw. W. Shelly, Senior, 88 ft. 8 in.; Snyder, Freshman, 87 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Rudolph, Senior, 72 ft. 8 in.

Quarter Mile: Toebke, Freshman, first; Grant, Sophomore, second; Albert, Senior, third. Time 58 4-5 seconds.

Mile run: Janke, Freshman, first; Reiter, Freshman, second; Stuart, Sophomore, did not finish. Time, 5 minutes, 41 seconds.

Pole Vault: Keever, Freshman, 7 ft. 4 in.; Aberly, Junior, 7 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; Nonamaker, Senior, 6 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Shot Put: W. Shelly, Senior, 28 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; Rudolph, Senior, 26 ft. 3 in.; Snyder, Freshman, 24 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

220 yard dash: Keener, Freshman, first; Albert, Senior, second; Grant, Sophomore, third. Time, 27 seconds.

Half Mile: Toebke, Freshman, first; Janke, Freshman, second; Bieber, Freshman, third. Time 2 minutes 16 seconds.

Broad Jump: Rudolph, Senior, 18 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; H. Shelly, 18 ft. 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.; Albert, Senior, 17 ft. 6 in.

220 yard hurdler: Toebke, Freshman, first; Kleckner, Junior, second; Stauffer, Freshman, third. Time, 30 4-5 sec.

High Jump: Rudolph, Senior, 5 ft.; Aberly, Junior, 4 ft. 11 in.; Wunder, Sophomore, 4 ft. 10 in.

120 yard high hurdles: Kleckner, Junior, and H. Shelly, Freshman, tied for first place. Wunder, Sophomore, third.

The highest individual scores were: Toebke, 15; Rudolph, 14; H. Shelly, 12; W. Shelly, 10; Kleckner, 10.

Officials:

Starter, Smith, Y. M. C. A.

Clerk, Shoemaker.

Announcer: McCormick.

Referee, Fogel, U. of P.

Judges, Stetler, Whittaker, McCormick.

Time Keepers, Baringer, Meuller, Miller.

The prizes awarded were as follows:

Loving cup to the class of 1912 as winners of the meet.

Gold Medal to Toebke for highest individual score.

Watch fob to Rudolph, second.

Silver Medal to H. Shelly, third.

M. Kleckner and W. Shelly tied for the bronze medal.

THE MUHLENBERG PERSONALS.

Dr. E.—I guess I must give you more Latin.

Gernet, '10—Don't do it.

Mr. W.—What do you mean by inversely, Mr. Landis?

Landis, '10—Why, that means, the nearer the farther away.

Mr. W.—Consider yourself disgraced.

Reisner, '10, trying to translate "quasi per nebulam."

Dr. E.—That is just like some translations.

Mr. H.—Why was the assembly dismissed?

Henninger, '12—Some one poured water on them.

Brobst, '12 (admiring Keever's oldest Bible)—Say Keever, this Bible looks pretty new. Has it been used since last Fall?

Keever, '12—Yes, Janke has used it.

The Spring Course of Lectures is attracting considerable attention. Many people of the city, as well as the student body, are in attendance weekly. The

president is to be congratulated upon the choice of speakers and subjects. Both are exceedingly modern and of a high order. We hope there will be many more lectures like the ones we have been listening to lately.

It is with feelings of great joy that we welcomed in our midst during the past few weeks the old familiar faces of Behrens, Kern, Mueller, Cressman, Rechtschler, Schock, Wertz and Walper. Behrens and Walper have been advised to take the rest cure until next Fall, when they will put in their appearance for hard work. Mr. Hardy is reported much better, for which we are all very thankful. We trust these men will be very careful. All the men are hard workers, so we advise them, "to be temperate in all things."

The student body lost a valuable and loyal friend by the death of Mr. Charles A. Fondersmith, of Lancaster, Pa. Muhlenberg needs more men like Mr. Fondersmith. "His actions spoke louder than his words." "Deeds not words seems to have been his motto."

EXCHANGES.

As the year is coming to a close and the work of conducting the College journal will leave our hands, we can only say that the hope is expressed that the Exchanges will not be forgotten, as this is a means of keeping different schools in close touch with one another as to the doings of the different edu-

cational centers of our country. As Exchange Editor I wish to thank all the schools for their contributions during the past year and hope my successor may have as pleasant a time pursuing through the exchange columns as I have had.

We wish to acknowledge the follow-

ing exchanges: The Mercury, The Perkiomenite, College Breezes, The Seminary Opinator, Swarthmore Prep. School Quarterly, The College Folio, The School Journal, The Susquehanna, The Comms, The Buff and Blue, The Normal School Herald, The Mirror, The Comenian, The Blue and Gold, College Chips, The Sorosis, The Hall Boy, The Red & Black (Bethlehem Prep.), The Red & Black (Reading High School), The Narrator, The Bethany Messenger, The Karux, The Junto, College Mercury, Purple & White, (Allentown Prep.), Ursinus Weekly, The Thieleusian, The Touchstone.

The College Mercury, of College of the City of New York is a very well constructed paper and shows skill in design and arrangement.

The Easton High School Junto for April is a thoroughly good paper and

the compilers should receive all the credit due them.

College Chips of Luther College for April has a neat cover and good solid contents.

The Normal School Herald of Cumberland Valley State Normal School, although only published four times a year, has the greatest amount of news in the most compact form, and shows some clever write ups for the different columns.

The Buff & Blue, of Gallaudet College, again greets us with its usually interesting April number.

The College Folio, of Allentown College for Women is a very interesting paper and the new staff should be commended for their first production.

Swarthmore Prep. Quarterly is a very good and interesting paper.

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